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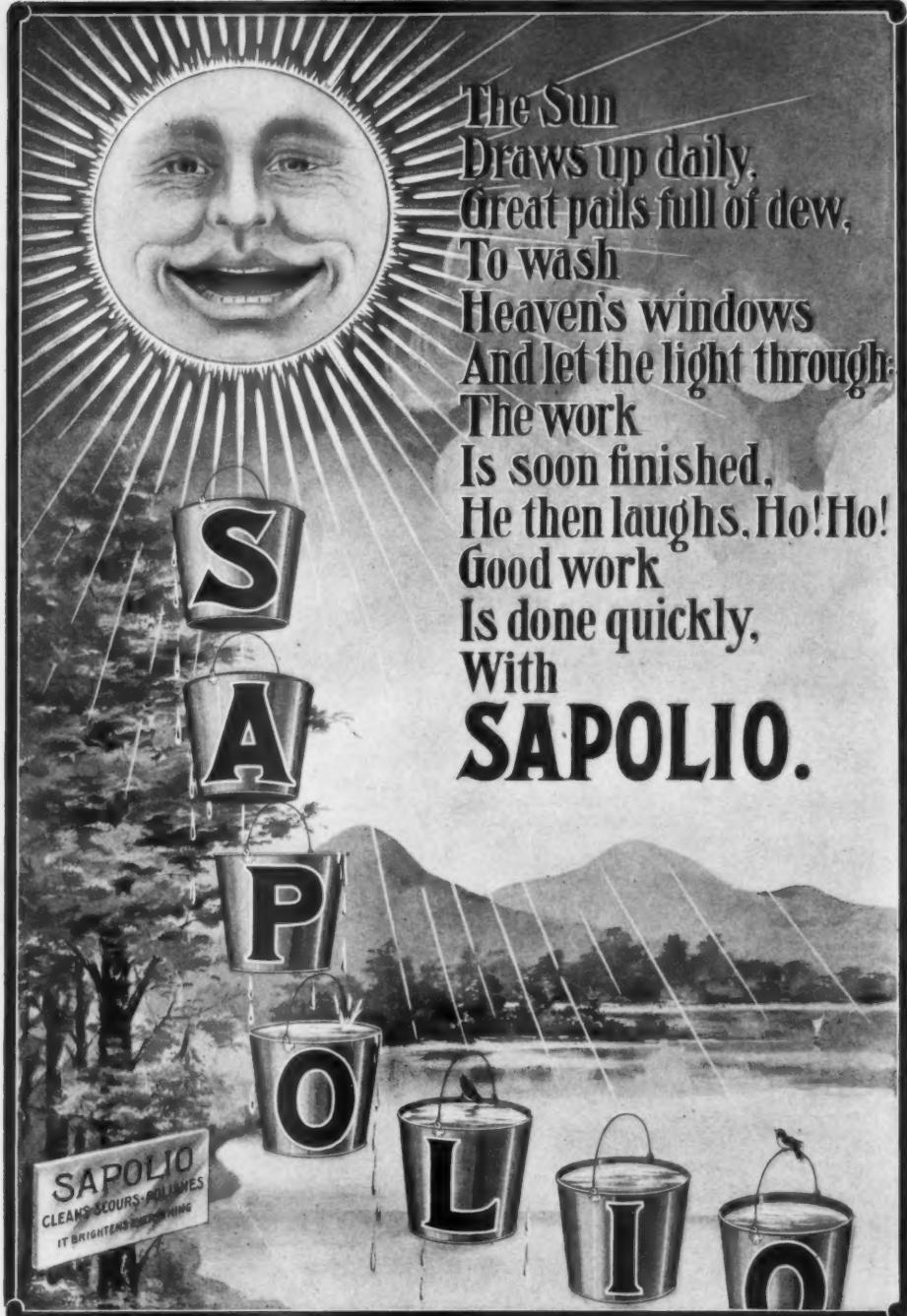
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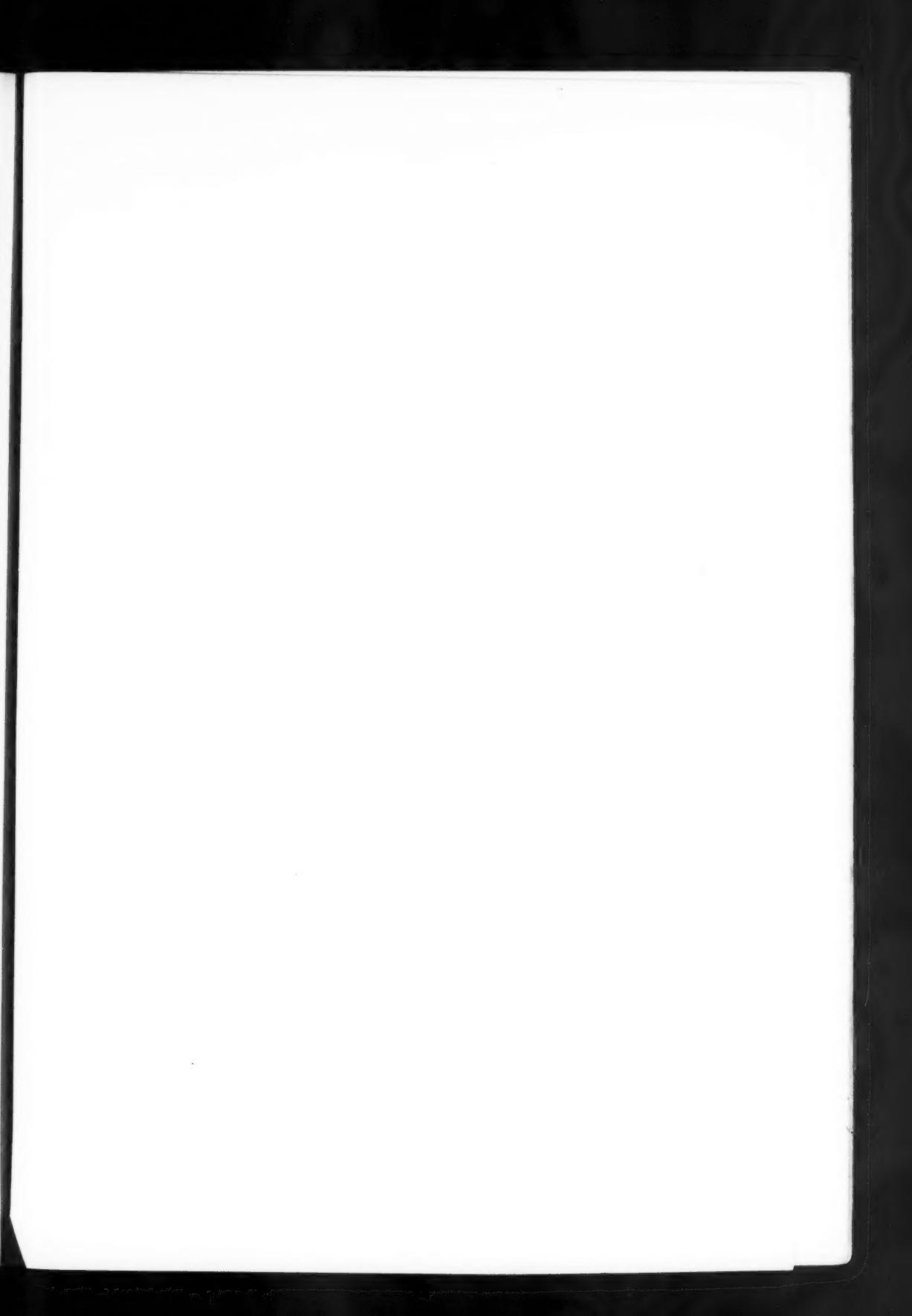


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The Sun
Draws up daily,
Great pails full of dew,
To wash
Heaven's windows
And let the light through.
The work
Is soon finished,
He then laughs, Ho! Ho!
Good work
Is done quickly,
With
SAPOLIO.





HALF-TONE PLATE ENGRAVED BY M. DAVIDSON.

VIEW FROM A NEW YORK MID-AIR CLUB (THE ARKWRIGHT).

THE CENTURY MAGAZINE

VOL. LXII.

SEPTEMBER, 1901.

No. 5.



MID-AIR DINING CLUBS

By Cleveland Moffett
with drawings by Otto H. Bacher.

IT would seem that we are coming back to the world's ancient wisdom touching the housetop, which has been neglected these many centuries in Western lands, although once given high honor, as we know, by men of the East, who set it apart in their dwellings as a much-prized breathing-place, a daily gathering-spot for rest and pleasure. At last in this eager, thoughtless city of New York (which still allows its river-fronts to go as slums) we are realizing how sadly we have erred in this matter, we and our fathers, and how we have wasted a choice part of our municipal heritage by giving over the roofs and topmost spaces of our buildings to garrets, clothes-lines, water-tanks, chimney-pots—neglecting them, in short, when we might have put them to a precious use. It is good to know that we are doing better now and are setting an example in housetop cherishing that is sure to be widely followed. Our

HALF TONE PLATE ENGRAVED BY H. C. MERRILL.

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summer roof-gardens gave a hint of the new order with their boon of cool and quiet, our towering office structures gave the opportunity, and our swift, safe elevators did the rest. And so the mid-air dining clubs have come to Manhattan, springing up as by magic over all the lower island, and offering, I doubt not, more of comfort, possibly of beauty, than ever was found in the famous hanging gardens of old-time Babylon. Fancy climbing afoot and in August to the top of a hanging garden! Much simpler, one must own, to say, "Up," as we do, and be there.

What a wonderful thing it is truly to be able thus by a word and without an effort to fly away from the fume and worry of jostling crowds, from the noise and smell of the streets, up, up over roofs and domes and steeples into the silent skies, where the ledge of your window actually *scrapes* the sky, as they say!

Look! Here comes a man out into Broadway through a door in one of the great stone hives. It is past noon. The man is weary with the strife and strain. Where shall he go for a brief respite and the strengthening of his body? A few years back it must have been to some clattering, bustling restaurant level with the roaring pavement, where was no respite at all, but crowds always, noise always. Now he walks a few blocks, turns in at another door, and takes an express elevator for the fifteenth, the eighteenth, the twentieth floor, and in ten seconds is as much out of New York as if he had made an hour's journey into the country. The din dies away. He is far above dust and clangling cars. He can breathe pure air. And, sinking back in the arms of a hospitable leather chair, he looks down over the city as a tired traveler might look down from a mountain crag.

Such refuge-places from the struggle of business are increasing in New York every year both in number and patronage, and the benefits they have brought already and must bring to our overwrought money-winners are quite beyond estimate. Less frequent at midday, thanks to them, is that depressing spectacle of a prosperous man in the prime of life perched on a stool at some rushing lunch-counter, gulping down a sandwich and a piece of pie. The old idea was that an hour spent at luncheon was an hour lost, and men in fine positions ate like travelers catching a train because—well, partly because it was the custom, and largely because the available cafés and restaurants were topsy-turvy, unattractive places where

the one effort was to hurry the feeders through and replace them with others. The new idea is that a man will often do more business, really accomplish more, between one o'clock and two, or one o'clock and three, at his mid-air club, than in all the hours at his office, and this while enjoying a leisurely meal with a friend or two, eating as gentlemen should, and chatting a bit afterward in the smoking-room.

Whatever may be thought of the business advantages offered by mid-air clubs (I shall consider these presently), there is no question that there is benefit here for the health and a very real calming and fortifying influence. The value of a hilltop to the fretted soul has been known from all time; there is peace at a great height, hope and strength in a broad panorama: is it a vain fancy to ascribe like helpfulness to these midday retreats?

Let one who doubts this remember what manner of place is Broadway in the swelter of August, with its glare of light, its burning cobblestones, its din of hoofs and wheels, its cars jammed with women and men of all kinds and colors, one of the greatest and richest streets in the world, no doubt, but one of the hottest, surely, when the sun beats straight down at noon. In vain the pavement swarm strive to keep cool with shirt-waists and flapping fans and buttermilk at three cents a glass. There is no such thing. They are prisoners in a stove; they gasp for air and look longingly upward where flags fluttering at the top of lofty buildings tell of breezes from the ocean—the ocean that is so near, alas! and yet does them so little good. As things were, one might as well have been in the Jordan valley as here on such a day.

But now—well, suppose we leave our toil of the morning, our business scheming, and try what the mid-air clubs can do for us. A few blocks above the Post-Office rises the Central Bank Building, a gray granite mass piled up sixteen stories over the street and capped by a wide cornice so high that, why, when you look up at it,—bend your head farther back,—it seems to sway out unsteadily. We shall be lunching presently just above that cornice!

It is better already, as we turn into the marble-columned corridor; the outer dazzle is subdued; and as the rapid car bears us upward we feel a welcome downrush of cool air. There is no stop—this is the members' car; and nine, twelve, fifteen, here we are in the Arkwright Club, one that is well worth studying.

And first for a table in the southwest



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VIEW FROM THE MIDDAY CLUB

corner of the large dining-room, if we may secure one, for here is the finest outlook. A big place, as spacious as a ball-room and borne up imposingly by white columns; walls finished restfully in green—that is, what walls there are, for on three sides we look out over the city through continuous windows with single panes five feet square! Now turn to the left, then slowly to the right. Ah! splendid, is n't it? We are so high that all else seems beneath us, and the

view sweeps free from river to river and far down the bay. There is the Brooklyn Bridge, with strings of doll cars trailing over it. There are the spindle piles of Newspaper Row, once counted lofty. And straight to the south cuts the deep, gloomy cañon of Broadway, a narrow cleft between gray and red precipices, in the depths of which we can make out the silent wriggling shapes of men and horses. Away to the north stretches the wide Hudson, and on a clear day we can

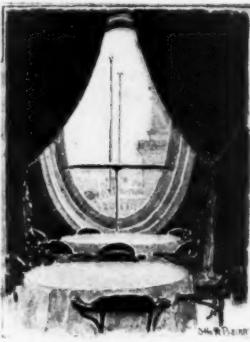
follow it from Grant's tomb yonder down through its spreading mouth to the mass of Staten Island. And see the river-craft! What quiet pleasure there is in watching them, the drifting barges, the laden schooners, the fat ferry-boats plying in and out, with white foam streaking their wake, all comfortable, one feels, out in the cool, wet river! There goes a liner steaming lazily—one of the ocean racers, says the waiter, who knows them all by their funnels. Yes, even the waiters yield to the charm of this place, and one of them stayed his table-setting long enough to tell me how it fills him with awe, sir, every evening when the sun dips suddenly in golden splendor there behind the Orange Mountains. And he described the look of fairy-land that the Jersey shore takes on with all the electric lights twinkling along its water-front. What a contrast, I reflected, between this man with a soul above his napkin and waiters down on the street who never see the river or the hills, who never do anything but hustle plates in red-hot rooms and bawl out orders!

This Arkwright Club (named, of course, after Sir Richard of spinning-jenny fame) does for men in the wholesale dry-goods trade what similar clubs do for men in a dozen other trades. There are the Drug Club, the Wool Club, the Hardware Club, the Merchants' Club, the Aldine Association, the Midday Club, the Transportation Club, the Fulton Club, the Business Woman's Club, and various others, all unique in this, that they have been lifted to the top of very high buildings (no one of them under ten stories) and offer to their members such relief from the stress and nerve-tear down below as was not dreamed of a few years since. They are all prosperous, with a membership ranging from three hundred to twelve hundred, and with long waiting-lists. The dues are from fifty to one hundred dollars a year (usually fifty), and twenty-five dollars for non-residents. The restaurant charges are so moderate that a profit is never looked for in the dining-room; in fact, these are really co-operative eating enterprises, where members get better food for less money than would be possible at any restaurant, and where the cost of membership is virtually paid by the

saving in tips. So that one may consider all the social and esthetic and health-bringing features of these clubs as furnished free. What wonder, then, that they are popular!

"Our club has been in existence only six years," said one of the officers of the Arkwright to me, "and we have made money from the start. We limit our membership to seven hundred, and have a hundred applicants waiting. Why, you can't imagine what this place does for a man on a hot day!"

The Arkwright is remarkable among mid-air clubs for being a "double-decker"; that is, it occupies the top floor and the one beneath it, the sixteenth and fifteenth, these being united by an effective winding stairway of white marble and delicate green glass. The men have the fifteenth floor, the ladies the sixteenth. As to its general arrangements, this club is like the others in having a wide hallway ranged with easy-chairs and lounges, a luxurious smoking-room, abounding in creature comforts, a writing-room, a café, a ladies' room, the two large dining-rooms mentioned, also many pictures about the



A WINDOW IN THE CAFÉ OF THE
ARKWRIGHT CLUB.

walls, and everywhere a splendid panorama to rejoice the eye, everywhere the coolness and quiet that make for restfulness.

Before considering other mid-air clubs in detail, I may explain how it comes that they all have accommodations for ladies; for this, too, is significant in our changing city life. While women are not yet members of these lofty clubs, excepting one of their own, provision is nearly always made for them in the shape of a ladies' dining-room, a ladies' reception-room, and a trim lady's-maid in cap and apron always in attendance. So that, virtually, ladies may enjoy, and as a matter of fact are every day enjoying, all the privileges of these mid-air clubs on the simple condition that they be the wives, sisters, daughters, or friends of members. They use the clubs as they please, order what they please, give luncheon-parties, dinner-parties, tea-parties, anything they like, and at the end it is merely necessary that some one of them sign an authorized name for the expense incurred. Needless to add that the familiar presence of ladies in these mid-air



VIEW FROM THE NEW YORK BUSINESS WOMAN'S CLUB.

resorts gives a charm and color never found in clubs that are merely masculine.

I may add that a step beyond this has been taken—a pioneer step, we may be sure—by a club of wage-earning women who have secured as their very own the fourteenth floor, quite at the top of the tall Downing Building on Fulton street. This is the Business Woman's Club, and has the same fine view, the same advantages and general arrangements, found in the mid-air clubs for men, except that the furnishing is less pretentious; for everything here, from the annual rent of twenty-five hundred dollars down to the piano and plants in the reception-room, is paid for by the women themselves. And I am glad to say that this club does not owe a dollar and has a membership of nearly three hundred, although it has been in existence only a little over a year. It may encourage other working-women to know that this fine success has grown from the efforts of one young lady, a stenographer, who in the spring of 1900 made up her mind that women accustomed

to nice homes should have, even if they are poor, better luncheon-places than the noisy, stifling ones on the streets, where aggressive waiters everlastingly cry, "Sinkers for two and draw one!"

"What are your dues?" I inquired in a visit here.

"Six dollars a year," said a young lady at the desk, "and two dollars initiation fee."

"How much for luncheon?"

"Twenty-five cents for the table d'hôte, and a guest fee of five cents for non-members. You see, lots of girls want to try the club before they join. I'll show you about, if you like."

She led the way into a large room furnished in green and red, with windows on three sides and cushioned seats. Here is the piano and the circulating library, from which members may take books without charge.

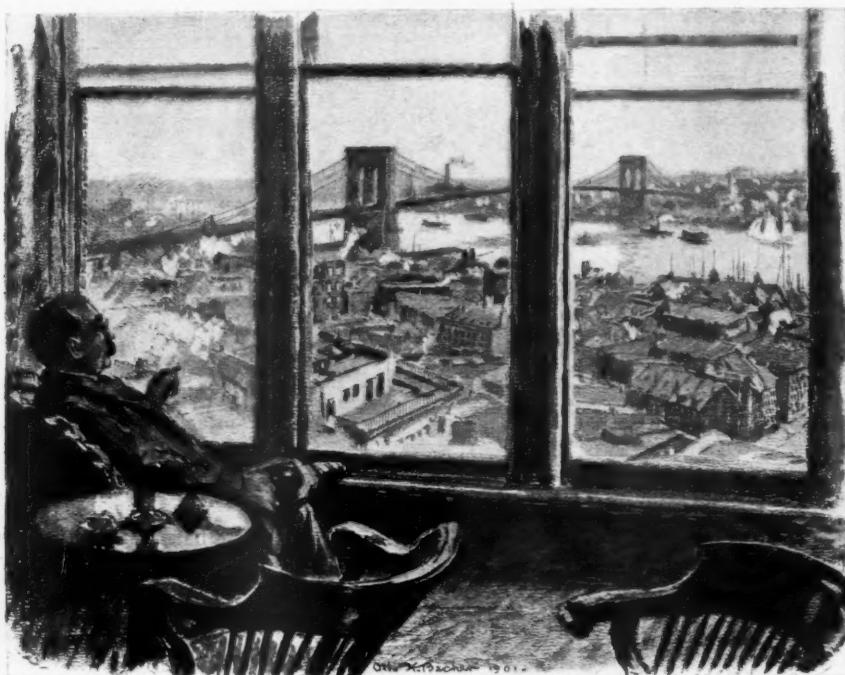
We looked out from river to river, and standing there in the refreshing breeze, it needed no argument to show what good there is for tired girls in such a club.

Then she showed me two "rest-rooms" furnished in blue, with lounges for half an hour's nap against nerves and headache, and the spick-and-span kitchen, and the neat dining-room.

"No men allowed, I suppose?"

She smiled. "I don't think a man would feel very comfortable with a hundred girls staring at him and giggling. On Saturdays, though,—that's visitors' day,—members may

certain business house or office found small variety at luncheon-time from the monotony of their narrow round. Day after day the same little groups would go out together and return together, seldom meeting new men, seldom getting out of the deep-worn channels of thought and talk. It was astonishing how few acquaintances they made in years of this life. New York has a terrible conservatism that walls men about and keeps them



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AN OUTLOOK FROM THE DRUG CLUB.

invite their men friends. And then through the winter we have men at our evening entertainments, and wind up with dancing."

"What do the girls work at?"

"Most of them are stenographers, and they earn good wages. You know, we have an employment bureau in connection with the club, and when ten- or twelve-dollar positions come in nobody wants them. I guess half of our members get twenty dollars a week."

Coming back now to the more elaborate mid-air clubs of the men, we shall find this distinguishing feature in them, that they are developing among New York business men a new kind of sociability. With the old restaurant régime the members of a

apart from their fellow-men unless something comes to break through it. In this case the mid-air club came, and straightway scores of men who were strangers, though in similar lines of effort, were brought into friendly relations, to their mutual pleasure and profit. Rivals in many enterprises, enemies in trade, merchants, importers, manufacturers, jobbers, have met in some mid-air smoking-room day after day, and somehow, between the soothing of a good cigar and the wonderful view, have come into better understanding. Nor can any one say how many deals have gone through by the friendly mediation of a mid-air meal together in one of those favorite corners,



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VIEW DOWN BROADWAY FROM THE HARDWARE CLUB.

where the boats pass, or what troublesome business tangles have untangled themselves through the magic of an after-dinner coffee, with the breeze blowing in. It is hard for a man to be petty or mean or to higgle for trifles with the majesty of those patient rivers bearing in on him. These are the business advantages I mentioned, and experience has shown that they are very real.

We shall find this element of noon-time sociability very marked at the Drug Club, which stands, or shall I say hangs, over the tensest part of that confused business region east of lower Broadway. No wonder men are glad to escape from such a tangle of streets and jangle of sounds! Nor may I omit the smells, as every one knows who has sniffed at William street on a hot day—smells of paint, sponges, tobacco, oils, soaps, and drugs without end.

Now we stop at a massive building, very high and very wide, a smooth reddish precipice over granite columns. It looks a little severe, but in we go and up we go, and find at the fifteenth floor that it is not severe at all. Most genial fellows they are, these lin-

seed-oil magnates, dealers in quinine, manufacturers of drugs, distributors of paints and chemicals. Before you know it they will have you down at the governor's table, where better things than paregoric are served and good stories go the rounds. What a buzz of talk about one o'clock! What jolly faces! Among the four hundred members are men who journey constantly over the country and always have new things to tell. And there are some not in the drug trade; here is a lively table of John-street jewelers, here are men from the Hide and Leather Bank, and behind that screen are a dozen Seventh Regiment veterans.

"We are like a big family," said one of the managers to me. "I suppose a third of our members have offices right in this building. The club brings lots of them here. And see how they enjoy themselves!"

This genuine enjoyment was even more apparent after the meal, when the smoking-room at the east end was crowded and as many chairs as possible were drawn close to the row of panorama windows that bring the river and Brooklyn into the club's front



HALF-TONE PLATE ENGRAVED BY H. DAVIDSON.
FIFTH AVENUE TOWERS FROM THE ALDINE CLUB.

lawn, as it were. The ferry-boats are so near that fancy almost catches the splash of their paddles. The old bridge, with its twin towers and drooping cables, reaches away almost underfoot, while on the left is the new bridge, the daily growth of which has been watched by members for months with a sort of proprietary interest. And there at the left is another familiar landmark (but not up to our height)—the tall, strange shaft of the dingy shot-tower.

One would scarcely expect to find a choice collection of paintings in a club of this kind, yet here they are on all the walls, a genuine Murillo, a genuine Rubens, and dozens of others, fifty thousand dollars' worth, nearly all of them loaned by members. So that, looking within or looking without, the eye rests upon something of beauty, and that in itself is a quieting and inspiring influence. Also, for the further joy of all concerned, there is the ladies' dining-room down at the other end, finished in pale green and abundant in gaiety.

Coming back now to Broadway, we may look in at the Hardware Club, one of the largest and finest of these mid-air institutions, and fortunate in site, for it overlooks the City Hall Park from atop the Postal Building—overlooks all the city, too, from its

four sides. A charming feature of the club is the long stone balcony that stretches in front of the windows, full a hundred and fifty feet of open promenade circling the fourteenth story on the east and mainly on the south, whence the eye takes in all the bay, the islands, the Statue of Liberty, and the ever-changing colors. Sometimes in summer tables have been ranged along this balcony, but usually, the treasurer assured me, there is too much breeze for that. Fancy a place on Broadway where there *could* be too much breeze—in August!

The rooms of the Hardware Club are large, and arranged to open one into the other, so as to give continuous space for banquets or special gatherings. Among the six hundred resident members are many not in the hardware trade—lawyers, judges, politicians, business men in general; and all of them have been generous in loans for decoration. There are many paintings, one by Troyon. There is a portrait of Lincoln over a bronze tablet bearing his Gettysburg address. In one room there is a large stuffed alligator.

I suppose I should mention that the kitchen here is above the club proper, in a separate wooden structure resting on the roof. In this structure are kept all the odors of cooking, and all clatter of the steam



HALF-TONE PLATE ENGRAVED BY H. DAVIDSON.

MADISON SQUARE GARDEN TOWER AND THE EAST RIVER FROM THE ALDINE CLUB.

dish-washer. It appears that no fewer than eighty servants are required for the work of this one club.

Passing on in our tour, we shall find the Wool Club, in the Wool Exchange Building, ministering to the midday needs of men located west of Broadway and a little farther up-town than the Hardware Club. Here are some five or six hundred members, about forty of whom have offices on the premises, so that these men need not put foot outside the building during business hours unless they please. They may even, in times of stress, order meals in advance, and not start up for the dining-room until things are actually on the table. Think of that for refinement of modern business!

What I liked best in this club, next to the view, was its circular café, with an effective frieze and a dome-shaped ceiling that shows a pleasant blending of soft tints. There is also a circular lounging-room finished in a dull green, and a circular hall in marble.

The tendency of these mid-air club buildings to become great business homes for the dwellers in them is seen best, perhaps, in the New York Life Building, which carries on its top floor the Merchants' Club, the oldest and most exclusive of the mid-air brother-

hood. This is a rich man's club, a rather formal club, with everything very solid and expensive. The older partners in prosperous concerns like to come here—men who can take things easy; while the younger men still in the hard fight of business prefer the Arkwright, which rises high only a block down Broadway, and seems to nod briskly across the gulf to its venerable white marble friend. It is remarkable what attractions this New York Life Building offers to its tenants. Besides the Merchants' Club there are within its walls a bank, a telegraph office, a barbershop, a fine news-stand, a fruit-counter, a manicure-room, an office of type-writers, a corps of messenger-boys, a chiropodist, a cigar-stand, and a dispenser of various drinks. All that is needed, one would say, to make the thing complete are a theater and a church.

Moving on up-town to the region between Union Square and Madison Square, we shall find the Aldine Club, with an outlook on Fifth Avenue and an inspiring panorama besides. It occupies the fourteenth story of the Constable Building, near Nineteenth street, and in matter of sociability offers even broader advantages than the others, for here the membership includes not only business men, but workers in many other lines. Architects

come here, and writers and editors. Men who follow the arts chat with men of affairs across board and brush against them in argument, to the general broadening, while the club itself takes on a peculiar and interesting character that is indicated somewhat in its decorations. There are more books here than in most of the clubs, and about the walls are fine paintings and autograph letters from celebrities, and rare old playbills, and in the directors' room an interesting collection of samplers, some of them over a century old, these, as well as many of the paintings, lent by a member who is a connoisseur of art.

No one can lunch at the Aldine without being impressed by this diversity of its interests. One meets all sorts of men here, and most of them worth knowing. There are representatives of great publishing houses, editors of well-known magazines, editors of religious weeklies, keen advertising men, heads of the retail dry-goods houses, names that everybody knows from seeing them constantly in print; and here they are in the flesh, red-faced men, gray-bearded men, stout men, real men, eating with an appetite and talking with animation between groups. It may be that outside they are at swords' points, this owner of a department store cutting prices in a shocking way on the books of that tall publisher who is offering him a cigar; but here they are good friends. Even those two tables of school-book specialists, who almost come to blows in their newspaper quarrels, are laughing now at one another's funny stories, on the best of terms.

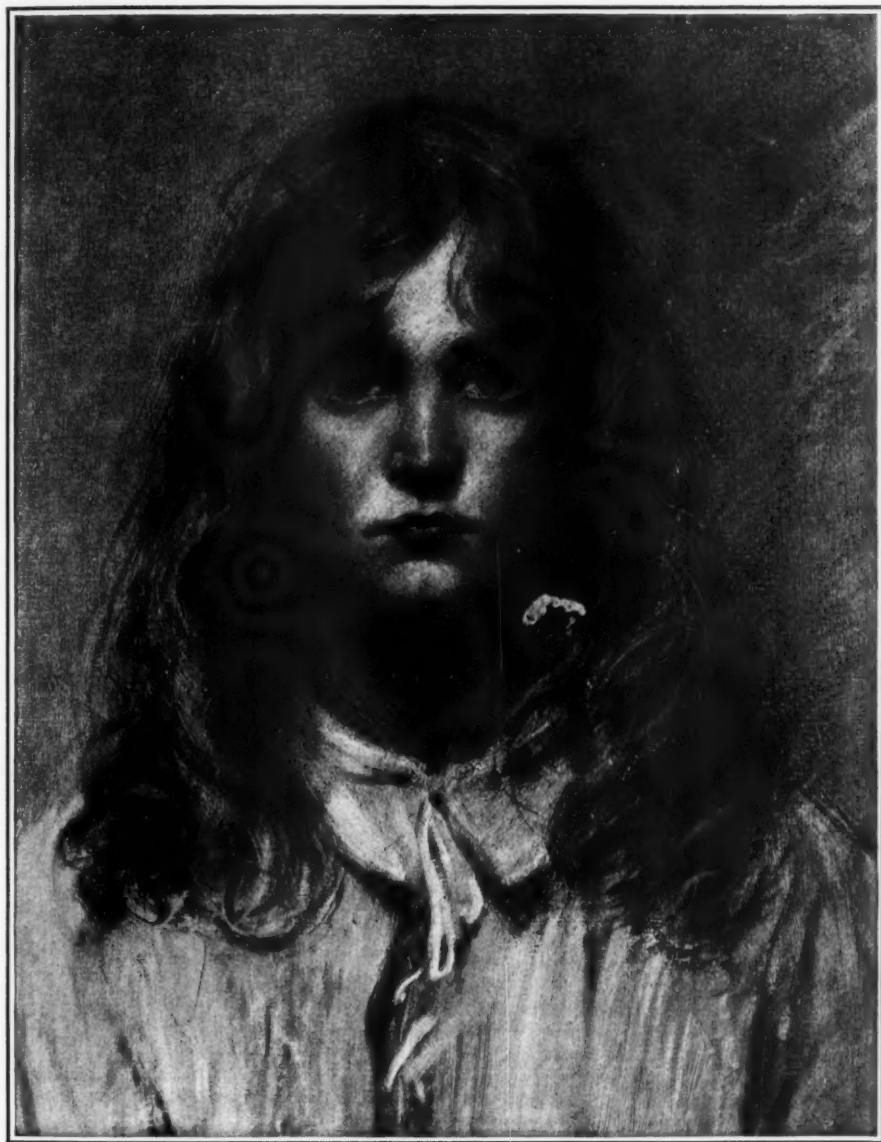
A feature of the Aldine Club, and to some extent of the others, is the regular occurrence of special dinners in honor of this or that distinguished person. There was one for Sir Henry M. Stanley, one for Conan Doyle, one for Mark Twain; and there have been various jollification dinners, midnight suppers, college-society spreads, April-fool banquets (with wooden cigars and cocktails that won't pour out), all tending to keep the club spirits young. The Arkwright Club has done something of like sort with dinners and speech-

making in honor of Andrew Carnegie, T. B. Reed, and others. In short, these mid-air clubs are every year extending their functions and reaching much beyond the rôle of pleasant luncheon-places. This applies to many that I may not now consider in detail—to the picturesque Pilots' Club, overlooking the bay from a high building at the very southernmost end of the island, where the brave men who take our liners in and out are wont to meet for a quiet hour; to the little-known Standard Oil Club, on lower Broadway, where industrial kings find inspiration in the view; to the Transportation Club, on top of the Manhattan Hotel at Forty-second street, that puts railroad men in touch with the skies; and to many others which are rapidly taking a distinct and permanent place in the city's club life.

Of course when all is said and done, and mid-air clubs have increased and multiplied over the island as much as may be, there will remain tens of thousands who can never join these clubs and would seem condemned to follow the old stifling, noisy way of restaurants on the streets. Yet even for them there is hope. With increasing demand for lofty eating-places must come the supply. Why not? Rents are lower at the top of buildings than down below, and elevators run everywhere. Already the experiment of public roof-restaurants has been successfully tried, and no doubt the lead will be followed. Every day, for instance, men and women crowd for luncheon to the twenty-third story of the American Tract Society Building on Nassau street. And there are scores of other high buildings the top floors of which might be turned into delightful restaurants, to the general rejoicing.

When we consider what blessings have been brought already by the mid-air clubs, we can only hope that hundreds of similar places will in time be established, so that people of all kinds, harassed toilers in every part of this terrible summer city, may, if they will, for at least an hour every day, find a breath of cool air and a little rest and comfort.





HALF-TONE PLATE ENGRAVED BY H. DAVIDSON. SEE "THE CENTURY'S AMERICAN ARTISTS SERIES" IN "OPEN LETTERS."

"MOLLY." PAINTED BY JOSEPH LINDON SMITH.

ADAM BREWSTER.

BY LILLIE HAMILTON FRENCH.

WITH DRAWINGS BY CHARLOTTE HARDING.

I HAD this story from General Wadleigh, who was here to-day. He came just before five, his cheeks red from the biting wind, his gray mustache frozen. I threw on an extra log when he appeared, and we took our tea-cups close to the fire. He sat in that high-backed green chair of mine, with its arm-rests, a chair which, I have noticed, invites most men to confidences. But, then, anything specially comfortable usually does.

And we were comfortable. The andirons shone, the logs flamed cheerily. The yellow light of a bleak winter sunset sifted through the windows. Nobody else rang the bell. A man always loves it when nobody else rings the bell. The general, too, was in one of those moods which, since I first knew him as a child, I have loved in him best. He seemed to be talking rather to himself than to me.

I knew something was coming the moment

I saw him stir his tea, looking over his cup and into the fire. When the general's gaze wanders, now resting on a picture and now on a book, it means that his talk is to be agreeable enough, but brief and desultory, and that, without having said much, he will be up and off again, like a bird that has alighted only to make ready for further flight. But when he stirs that tea-cup, just before he drains it, and gazes dreamily before him, I know that a recollection has moved him, or that a thought which has been agitating him all day is to find expression at last, I representing, of course, merely that fortuitous circumstance which inspires a final utterance. Most women, if they but knew it, represent little else to men.

The general, it seems, had been reading this afternoon some reports sent him on child study in relation to the age at which the first permanent and conscious impression is made on the mind. This had led him, as he told me, to recall his own impressions. The earliest of these clustered about Adam Brewster, his mother's uncle, a young daredevil of a fellow, as the general described him, with long, lithe limbs and broad shoulders, and a lock of red hair always falling rakishly over the middle of his forehead.

"He was in church when I saw him first," the general said, putting his tea-cup down and bending his head for my permission to light a cigarette which he took from



"I LIFTED ADAM'S CAP AND WAVED IT."

his pocket. His cigarette, by the way, is generally lighted only to go out again, but I indicated my consent—I always do. Then the general went on: "I was only two years and a half old at the time, but I recall it all as if it were yesterday. He was leaning against the wall by the side aisle, facing the congregation. His handsome head was thrown back, his clean-shaven chin supported, after the fashion of his day, by a high white linen stock. His hands were in his pockets, and his eyes drawn together with the look of an artist studying the effects of moving light for his picture.

"I suppose that he must have made the impression which he did on me, stamping himself instantly and indelibly on my mind, because he was the only quiet person in the church. Everything else about me was uproar and confusion. My mother, with a loud scream, had jerked me off the floor, and held me up over her shoulder out of the way of a pack of yelping foxhounds leaping over our pew and knocking my elder brother down. There was the greatest din and confusion you ever heard, men, women, and children shouting and crying and dragging one another out of the way, while a pack of thirty hounds, sniffing with noses to the floor, yelping as they went, were sweeping like a whirlwind through the church, over the pews, through the chancel, over the pulpit, one after another. Then, with the up-and-down movement of a rope that is being waved, the whole struggling procession of them jumped up and out through a high window, dashed down the street, and went baying off to the woods beyond.

"The story leaked out before long. I think they tell it there to this day. Adam had been rusticated from college for some prank, and was sent to a quiet country town nearby, where my mother happened to be. The minister had not liked his conduct in church. He used to read novels there, I believe, hiding them between the covers of his Bible; and the rest of the Sabbath he defiled, so they said, fishing and hunting, or he lay in the grass and smoked, and, worse than all, he hunted with the hounds. Once or twice he was held up as a public reproach by the parson, as was done in those days. Adam wanted to get even, and that morning before dawn—it was his last Sunday in the place—he had dragged a dead fox down the street and into the churchyard, up the yard and into the church, up the aisles and over the pews and the chancel, then out through the highest window into the street. When this

was done, he had hired a small boy, who was never to tell, to set the dogs loose just as the sermon was beginning."

The general was laughing when he finished this part of his story, tapping the arms of his chair as he looked at me over his glasses. Then he relighted his cigarette, and with the match still raised to it, he began again. "Adam lived to be publicly prayed for once more," the general said, throwing his match into the fire, and ignoring the ash-receiver beside him. "But this was after he had been graduated and had gone back to Branford to practise law. They gave his name out in meeting one night, and some hints, I believe, were made about the woman Parnell Hooper. At any rate, they prayed for my uncle as a brand to be snatched from the burning. Every one had something to say, drawing the Lord's attention to one and another of Adam's particular sins. My mother said that she had never heard such a list nor such prayers.

"Adam listened to it all without moving a muscle, sitting upright in his pew, his arms crossed; but just before the meeting closed he rose and bowed, bending that handsome head of his very low, and looking about the meeting-house, as if he meant to thank each individual person in it. Then in low, clear tones that reached to every part of the building, and with an air of courtesy which he knew how to assume when he chose, he began: 'I want to thank you one and all for your kind solicitude on my account, and if I may be permitted to add a further request to those already offered in my behalf, it would be this, that when I find myself where you have insisted I must go, in hell, I may be made stoker for the entire Branford district.' His handsome head was held still higher when he finished, and his blue eyes shone black, but the touch of a grateful courtesy was still in his voice. There was nobody like Adam for manner. My mother said that he never was prayed for in Branford again, never at least in public, though I know one woman, God bless her! whose prayers were said for him every night.

"The town authorities gave him up after that, as an outlaw, and made only one more attempt to bring him into line. This was when the men had to train, as they called it in those days, for the militia, and he was ordered out with the rest. He refused at first to go, the country being at peace. When they threatened him he appeared striding over the village green with those long, lithe limbs of his, an old Revolutionary musket that had belonged to his grandfather



HALF-TONE PLATE ENGRAVED BY H. C. MERRILL.

"I KNEW THAT SHE WAS SOOTHING HIM."

C. H. MERRILL

thrown over his shoulder. The children all loved him, and he caught up a little girl, and carried her on his other shoulder, laughing, when he put her down, so that his white teeth gleamed. I saw it all from where I sat on the whitewashed rail that shut in the village green. When he fell in with the other men, he looked round smiling, while he rammed the powder from his pouch into

the barrel of his gun. Then he threw back that splendid head of his, and lifted the musket to his shoulder. 'Sing out when you're ready,' he called to the captain. 'I've twenty pounds of powder in.' But the captain, and all the men after him, broke ranks and fled, leaving Adam alone. He went home whistling. This time he carried me on his shoulder. When we passed the captain's

house, I lifted Adam's cap and waved it. They never ordered him out again."

The general's cigarette had gone out, and he sat tapping the arms of his chair with meditative fingers. I lighted a match and handed it to him, but I said nothing. I knew that he had forgotten his child-study reports and was safely launched on a sea of recollections—a sea always full of treasure-trove for me.

"There was nothing above or below ground," he continued, "of which Adam was afraid, except his old mother, and he never was afraid of her, they used to say, until he knew Parnell. Anyway, Adam always waited until his mother was in bed before he went to see Parnell. Then he would throw a cloak over his shoulders, and choosing a different path each night, he would walk a mile and a half through the woods to her house. Sometimes the boys sneaked after him, asking him if he were going 'Parnelling.' I threw a stone at some of them, I remember, for Adam was a kind of demigod to me, with his handsome head and broad shoulders, and after a certain night in my life I always thought it my duty to protect him and Parnell. But he would not answer when they shouted, only draw his cap down over his eyes, and stride off in another direction through the darkness. Yet, for all their jeers, he never missed a night at Parnell's house for twenty years.

"We all used to think that his old mother did not know where he went, but she did. She knew everything. I believed when I was a boy that she was a witch, and I think that I believe so still. She lived on the green where, inside its whitewashed railings, the militia was trained, and just opposite the church in which her son had been prayed for. A thick green vine grew over the top of her lower blinds, like a big bushy eyebrow, it always seemed to me, over a little eye of a window. And the pupil of this eye, I used to think, was old Mrs. Brewster's wizened face, sometimes larger as she neared the pane, and smaller as she drew back, as if the pupil of an evil eye were contracting and expanding. She was always behind that window-pane, watching everything. And just because people were afraid not to go, they all went and told her all their secrets, and all the secrets of everybody else. She had the sharpest tongue I ever knew, and would say cutting things about persons who were absent, so that no one liked to stay away.

"I once heard my mother declare that Vol. LXII.—75.

Parnell's father had jilted old Mrs. Brewster, which was why she was so hard on the girl. But my grandmother used to say it was because Parnell was the better cook, and looked after Adam, and knew, too, how to keep the house in order, which Mrs. Brewster never did. She was n't long enough away from the window for that. Adam would have starved, they all said, but for Parnell. She had a hot supper waiting for him every night. There were no servants anywhere in Branford in those days, but even if there had been, Parnell would rather have cooked for Adam herself. It was the only thing that she ever worried about—any one else ever cooking for Adam.

"I never would call old Mrs. Brewster aunt. She was too cruel to Parnell. Yet once, I remember, I helped to save her life. It was a bitter night, the thermometer 'way below zero, and the snow so hard that it creaked when the wheels went over it. A fire started about nine o'clock, and ran down one side of the green. All the different neighbors went to work with wooden buckets; but when the fire got within a door or two of Mrs. Brewster's, my grandfather called to me. He made me come in a hurry, get between the shafts of an empty sleigh, and drag it while he pushed it across the green. He went up her stairs, lifted her screaming out of bed, and rolled her up in a blanket, though she was calling to him to stop and put her down. When he got her in the sleigh, I pulled again and he pushed, and so we went over the green. Oh, but it was merry going! She was crying, 'My types! my types! I want my types!' And my grandfather was shouting to me to go on, and to her to shut up, and the houses were burning about us; but she called so long and so loud, 'My types! my types!' that, by Jove, we had to turn and drag her back to the house. Then we found that she wanted a row of daguerreotypes that were set up on her parlor mantelpiece. I never saw my grandfather furious before. Adam was away; he had gone to see Parnell. Nobody had any great respect for his mother, and she did nothing to inspire it.

"After the night of the fire she never stopped nagging her son about Parnell. She used to watch the girl drive by with eggs and butter. Then the pupil in that eye of a window would grow big, with her wizened face pressed closer to the pane. I used to think that, if she could, she would spring out on Parnell, she hated her so. My mother had heard her declare that the girl should

never enter her house except over her dead body; and she had seen the old woman fling herself on the floor before Adam and cry out that her only son was trying to rob her of her home, and that there was no one to take care of her. It was pretty rough on Adam, and I believe that his mother *was a witch.*"

The general paused. It was almost as though he hesitated to go on. I saw night settling outside, the new moon an amber crescent over the bronzed Diana on the tower. I knew, too, that he had an engagement for dinner; but I did not want him to go until he had told me more of Parnell, this woman who, for twenty years, had held such a man as Adam Brewster. There were other women who might value the secret that she possessed.

So I ventured to break in on the general's quiet, asking him who Parnell was.

"Parnell!" he said, rousing from his reverie. "Parnell Hooper! I forgot that you did not know. She lived with her old mother on a small farm about a mile and a half out of the village, just beyond the woods. The Dipper set just over the trees near her house. I saw it one night when I went there, and I have never seen it since over trees, not even in the West, without thinking of Parnell's house. Nobody in Branford had anything to do with her, because her father, who had once been richer than any of them, had died in poverty and disgrace, and those were the days in which the sins of the father were visited by every neighbor on his children for generations. For all that, the people in Branford bought eggs and butter from her. Parnell did everything about the house, and kept it in spotless order; and every night for twenty years, as I have said, she had a hot supper waiting for Adam. It took a New England woman of that time to keep anything up for so long. I never could see how she managed it, for that old mother of hers had her on the jump all day. She was always wanting something, or complaining about something, or saying that everything that Parnell did ought, on general principles, to have been done in some different way. She had a cushioned rocking-chair in Parnell's pretty kitchen, and she always sat there, directing a running fire of criticism on Parnell's every act."

"I never saw an old woman with such a wrinkled face. It was as full of seams and hollows as the trunk of one of the oak-trees that bordered her farm. Yet when she smiled I knew, even as a boy, that once she

must have been pretty, her hair was so fine and so smooth, and her brow so well modeled. Parnell inherited the hair and brow. When I said, 'How do you do?' the old lady would answer, smiling as she spoke, 'I have n't seen you since the last time, have I?' It was her favorite joke, and she never missed it. After a moment, too, she always began with her favorite sorrow.

"I have discovered since then, what I did not know as a boy, that every one else in the world has also a favorite sorrow, kept for interviews with friends. But I must say that I've never known a sorrow so carefully and becomingly chosen as Mrs. Hooper's, and out of a long life full to the brim of them, too, of deaths and disgraces, and all the stings of biting poverty and neglect. It took just the touch of a little sympathy or friendliness like mine to bring to the surface Mrs. Hooper's favorite sorrow. After I had been there for a few moments she would look at me suddenly from under her withered eyelids, and say: 'I've never known a father or mother. I'm all alone in the world. They died when I was nothing but a mite of a baby, and my grandfather brought me up.' I would remind her of Parnell, who even then was busy in caring for her mother, but Mrs. Hooper would always answer: 'Yes, Parnell's a good girl. I'm not making any complaint against her; she does all that she can; but I've been an orphan ever since I can remember.' Her eyes were too old for tears, but the edges where the lashes had been would grow red with a grief that had lasted her for sixty years. Parnell used to hear her say it time and time again, though the old lady liked to say it when Parnell was n't listening. I never saw the girl out of patience with her mother, nor heard her fret; nor did she ever lose the lovely brightness of her face—never in all those twenty years."

"But did n't Adam ever marry her?" I asked, my heart suddenly stirred with sympathy for this woman, long since dead. Men seldom understand a patience that keeps a brightness in the face. I wondered if Adam did.

"Yes. When old Mrs. Brewster died," said the general, "Adam ripped the vine off that evil eye of a window, and tore the window itself away, putting a big glass in its place, curtaining it, and filling it with the flowers that Parnell loved. Then he put Parnell's chair there. They went to the church where Adam had been prayed for. Adam was older then, and that rakish lock on his forehead had lost all its abandoned manner. But he held

his head as proudly as when he had defied them all. His shoulders were as broad, his limbs as lithe, and his features as immovable when he led Parnell up the aisle as when he had thanked the congregation for their prayers. But the look on her face was like nothing I have ever seen, except on one of those great mountains in the West when an early sun lights it with a sudden dazzling glory. They walked home side by side, across the little green where the militia used to train, and then up the steps of his porch. But when he got to the threshold he stepped quickly ahead, and, turning, he held his two arms out to Parnell, taking her in them. Then they went inside and shut the door."

The general rose quickly. I knew that he ought to go, but I threw another log on the fire, and, turning, I asked him why, if Adam loved Parnell, he had let her suffer all those twenty years.

The general was standing, hat in hand, just back of the green chair. He paused at my question, then resting his arms on the head of the chair, and still holding his hat, he looked into the blaze. For several moments he said nothing, while I waited. I knew him too well to break in upon his reverie.

"I don't think that she ever really suffered," he said at last. "Her love was too big for that. It was he who suffered, daredevil as he was, not she. I was a little beast to have done it, and I'm ashamed now to tell you, after nearly fifty years: but I looked through the window once when I was a small boy, and she was waiting for Adam. I ought to have been thrashed for it, only no one ever knew it except Parnell. I told her afterward. She took my face in her hands and looked into my eyes for a long time. I tried to look away, but I could not. Then she put her left hand under my chin, and with her right one she pushed back my hair, and looked into my eyes again, leaning over at last and kissing me on the forehead. 'I'm not afraid of your doing a mean thing a second time, Robert,' was all she said, and I would have died for her after that.

"You see, she minded it because I had seen Adam when I looked in. It was later than usual when I did so, and her old mother had gone to bed. Everything was in spotless order. Her kitchen was always white and shining. The only color that night was in the blaze of a coal in the stove, and in the blossoms of geranium that were always in bloom in her window. The table was set for Adam, and Parnell sat in her mother's rock-

ing-chair, glancing now and then at the wooden clock on the mantel. It must have been ten o'clock when the door was thrown open at last and Adam came in. I could tell in a moment that something was the matter. He dragged his great cape off, and threw his hat on a chair; then he lifted up his hands, groaning, and said, 'I can't stand it any more.' Parnell never moved. It was just as though she had heard it before and knew what was coming. In a moment he was over by her chair, kneeling before her, his arms about her neck, his head on her bosom. He was crying. I heard his sobs. I could n't believe it was Adam. Afterward he jumped up quickly, and dashed the tears out of his eyes, striding up and down the floor. 'You must come home with me, Parnell,' he said. She got up and shut the door, so that her mother could not hear. 'You must come with me, you must, you *must*. Never mind what my mother threatens to do or what she says. You must come, and give the lie to all their slander. It kills me to hear them talk, and it's ruining you, and the house is mine, and not my mother's. She need n't live in it another day unless I choose; I can provide for her elsewhere. I can't stand it, and I won't.' He said many other things, and walked up and down the floor, and leaned his head against the door, over his folded arms.

"Parnell waited, then she called him to her, and he came, kneeling down by her again. She put his head on her breast, and rested her cheek on his hair. She talked so low at times that I could not hear everything, but I knew that she was soothing him. Once she said: 'They've got their kinks and their queer ways, Adam, but they're our mothers, dear, and they've been given us to take care of. It's always that way in life: first we're helped up a hill; then we must turn round and help those who helped us, when they go down on the other side. And once, Adam, they mothered us. We can never forget that, and we must mother them now. We can't throw off our burdens till our work is done. Some women have little children to care for, and some men and women, like us, Adam, have to take care of the old children who have never grown up. We can't throw the burden off. But if we have each other, it ought not to be so very hard.' When she said this, there was something in her face that, boy as I was, made me feel as though I had been robbing a church. I dropped from that window and went home, but I've never doubted since that night what a woman's

love could be. Still, it was a mean trick to have looked through that window," the general added, holding out his hand in good night to me; "and I ought to have been thrashed until I could n't stand."

I followed the general to the door. He is many years my senior, and I helped him on with his overcoat. "But, general," I said, when his coat was on and his cane in his hand, and he stood ready to go, "other women have loved men for nearly as many years, loved them as much as Parnell did, men with none of Adam's wildness of character, and yet you know as well as I that the story is at least unusual. What do you think was the secret of her power?"

The general stopped, his back to the wall, his hands folded over the cane held in front of him. He might have been an officer at "parade-rest." "I have often wondered myself," he said slowly, his eyes lowered, as if he were thinking out again the thing that he had often thought before. "Parnell never had any children, and yet when I want to

fancy what a Madonna's face should be, I think of hers as it was that night in the farm-house kitchen when she leaned over Adam sobbing on her breast. There was always something of the mother about her, to old and young, something too big to harbor the little spites and disappointments, the jealousies, that many women would have known. She had that kind of love for Adam, a touch of the divinely maternal I believe it was, that nursed no slight, and had no thought of itself, and cared only to keep him up to the best in himself. But then it might have been only because she was Parnell—just Parnell, the bravest woman I have ever known."

When the general had gone, I went back to my seat by the fire. The vision of Parnell and Adam in the farm-house kitchen haunted me. I wondered what the world would be with more women like her in it. I had no heart to dress for dinner. Instead, I lighted my lamp, that I might write her story down, just as the general told it.



THE CROWN OF THE CONTINENT.

BY GEORGE BIRD GRINNELL.



AR away in northwestern Montana, hidden from view by clustering mountain-peaks, lies an unmapped corner—the Crown of the Continent. The water from the crusted snow-drift which caps the peak of a lofty mountain there trickles into tiny rills, which hurry along north, south, east, and west, and growing to rivers, at last pour their currents into three seas. From this mountain-peak the Pacific and the Arctic oceans and the Gulf of Mexico receive each its tribute.

Here is a land of striking scenery. From some bold headland that rises abruptly from the plain, one looks eastward over naked yellow prairie. Near at hand, the ground is undulating, rising and falling like the swell of a troubled sea, but smooth and quiet in the far distance. Away to the east rise from the level land the three sharp pinnacles of the Sweet Grass Hills. On a clear day the dark column of smoke from the coal-mines

of Lethbridge is seen seventy miles to the northeast. Here and there the yellow of the plain is broken by winding green water-courses, along which grow fringes of cottonwoods and willows, and at intervals little prairie lakes gleam like silver in the sun.

If one turns his back upon the prairie and looks west and south, the view is barred by a confused series of unknown mountains. Here are cañons deeper and narrower than those of the Yellowstone, mountains higher than those of the Yosemite. Some are rounded and some square-topped, some are slender pinnacles, and others knife-edged and with jagged crests, each one a true sierra. Many are patched with snow, and the highest wear their white covering from year's end to year's end. Along their verdureless slopes slow-moving ice rivers still plow their deliberate way, relics of mightier glaciers, the stiffened streams of which in a past age fashioned the majestic scenery of to-day. These old glaciers dug out for them-

selves channels between the mountains, and, when the ice melted, left deep cañons, the walls of which sometimes rise vertically from three to four thousand feet above the course of the stream flowing through the valley; or, again, they stand farther back, and are faced by long steep slopes of rock fragments fallen from the heights above. Often this talus is bare, or it may be covered with a dense growth of sturdy pines up to the limit—here less than eight thousand feet—where trees will no longer grow.

The rock which composes the mass of the mountain is very ancient, probably Cambrian. It consists of some thousands of feet of heavily bedded slates and shales capped by limestone. These rocks yield easily to the weather, which has carved out the mountain-peaks in fantastic shapes, which lend a strange interest to their profiles.

This region lies just south of the United States boundary-line and on the backbone of the continent. It includes in its eastern watershed the northwest corner of the Blackfeet reservation, and on the west an unexplored portion of Missoula County, and is roughly bounded by the parallels of 49° and 48° 30' north latitude, and the meridians of 113° and 114° west longitude. In the southern portion of this territory rise Cut Bank and Milk rivers, which flow in a generally easterly course. Northwest of the heads of Milk River, a long ridge runs out in a northeasterly direction from the point of Divide Mountain, forming a crest which separates the northern and the southern waters. This is Milk River Ridge, which on its northern and western slope drains into the St. Mary's River, six hundred feet below, and on its southern and eastern into Milk River.

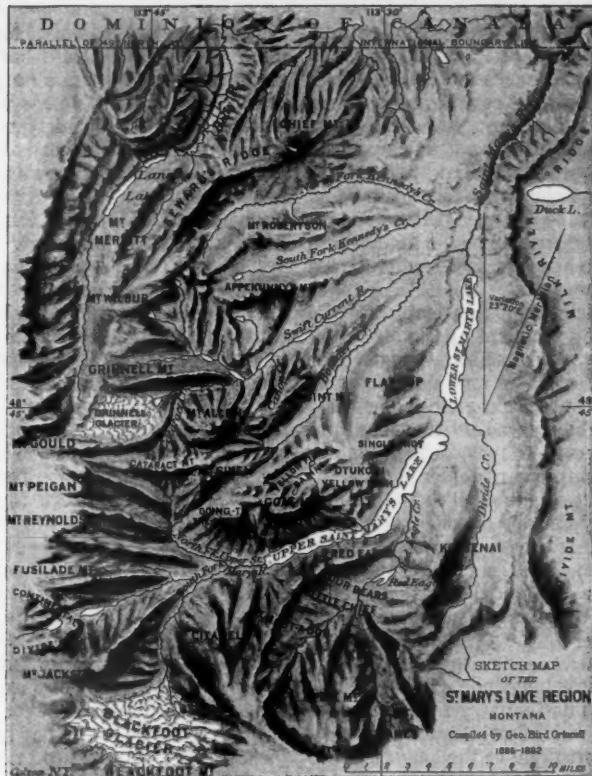
This region is known throughout northern Montana as the St. Mary's Lake country. In a narrow valley running back into the mountains lie two great lakes, the upper about twelve miles long, and the lower seven. These are enlargements of the St. Mary's River, a branch of the Saskatchewan, and receive the drainage of a wide area. Here, forty-eight years ago, Hugh Monroe, a devout Catholic, assisted by a party of Kootenai Indians, set up on the shores of the lower lake a great cross made of two pine-trees, and called the lakes St. Mary's. In 1853 Mr. James Doty, of Governor Stevens's party, who visited the lakes, called them Chief Mountain Lakes, after the great mountain known as the Chief, or the King, which rises almost from the prairie in a solitary needle of rock to a height of more than ten

thousand feet. Since Mr. Doty named these lakes they seem to have been unknown to geographers. The name he gave them appears on many maps, but is wrongly applied to two other lakes thirty miles west and north, which form the head of the Walerton River and are locally known as the Kootenai Lakes.

This is the Blackfeet land, and for the Indians it is historic ground. A century ago it was owned by the Snakes and the Crows. In those old times, we are told, there was no war. Members of one tribe visited the camps of others, and after friendly meetings parted in peace. But already the white man had come, and had introduced among the Indians the temptation to war, as well as the means for carrying it on. Horses brought up from the south reached the Snakes, Flatheads, and Crows, and at length became known to the Blackfeet, who were then a mountain people and lived in the timber on the heads of streams flowing into the Saskatchewan. The Blackfeet wanted horses, and knew of no way to get them except by capture from their neighbors. About this time, too, the French traders from Montreal had supplied them with guns, powder, and ball. They had learned how to use these new weapons, and so had gained confidence in themselves. Their descendants of to-day have said to me: "Then first we learned to take courage, and to venture out of the timber on to the prairie, and to make journeys to war."

In their raids for horses the Blackfeet pressed farther and farther southward, driving their enemies before them, at first beyond the St. Mary's River and then beyond the Yellowstone. The Crows retreated southward and the Snakes southwest over the mountains; yet because of the great abundance of the buffalo on the plains, hunting-and war-parties of their enemies were constantly invading the territory which the Blackfeet had conquered, and so the Chief Mountain country was always a debatable ground where Blackfeet, Crows, Snakes, Gros Ventres, Crees, Assinaboins, Flatheads, Kootenais, and Stonies came to hunt, trap, and—when they met—to fight. All the prominent landmarks have their legends, stories of religion or of mythic heroes or of adventurers of later times. The Blackfeet remained the possessors of the territory, and though bit by bit their lands have been taken from them by the whites, they still retain the country of the Chief Mountain Lakes.

It was once a great game country. Over



the far-stretching prairie roamed countless thousands of buffalo, and their advancing hosts creeping up along the mountain-sides covered the foot-hills and surged up the narrow valleys, as the swelling tide overflows the reefs and fills up the estuaries on some rocky shore. Far and near the prairie was black with them, and then again, in obedience to some mysterious impulse, the mighty herds receded and left it bare. In those days deer and elk without number fed in the river-bottoms. Antelope dotted the plain. Moose, elk, and mountain bison had their homes in the thick timber, and wore deep trails through it from park to park, and down to the water, and again up to the high naked buttes, where they liked to lie in the sun. Still higher, along the faces of rock slides and cliffs, are the hard-trodden paths worn by the mountain-sheep and the white goats, which dwell above the timber-line, and only now and then pass through the forest.

The game is almost all gone now from mountain and plain. Buffalo and bison are extinct everywhere, but in the dense forest a few moose, elk, and deer still exist, and, as

of old, bears prowl through the timber, tearing to pieces the rotten logs for worms, or turning over great stones to find the ants and beetles on which they prey. On the high lands game is more abundant. The cliffs are still climbed by the nimble sheep and the sure-footed white goats, and there is no reason why the hunter should starve. During the migrations there are swans, geese, and ducks in great numbers; five species of grouse are found on the mountains; the streams and lakes swarm with trout and whitefish; and in early autumn the hillsides are covered with huckleberries.

The region is one of great precipitation. The warm west winds, which bring their freight of vapor from the distant Pacific, are chilled when they strike the cold high peaks of the main range, and their moisture is condensed, and much of it falls as rain or snow. Looking from the summit of Mount Allen, at an elevation of about eleven thousand feet, I have seen half a dozen tall peaks which lay west of my station, all apparently smoking like so many factory chimneys. A fresh wind was blowing, and not a cloud was to be seen

in all the blue arch, yet from each of these cold pinnacles of rock a long streamer of heavy mist swung off to the southeast, hanging level in the air as the smoke of a passing steamer hangs over the sea, hiding the view; and in the shadow of each streamer of cloud more or less rain and snow was falling. It is this precipitation that maintains the glaciers which still lie on the north sides of all the higher mountains of this region.

My earlier visits were hunting-trips, and my time was spent climbing the mountains near the lakes for game, or fishing in the wind-swept waters; but I soon learned that the region was unexplored, and when from the summits of peaks about the lakes I looked back into the range and saw others yet unnamed, I felt a great desire to learn something more of this unknown country. Since that time I have been to the head of unexplored tributaries of Cut Bank, up the valley of Red Eagle Creek, to the head of the Upper St. Mary's River, as well as to the head of all the branches of Swift Current and a long way up Kennedy's Creek.

No words can describe the grandeur and majesty of these mountains, and even photographs seem hopelessly to dwarf and belittle the most impressive peaks. The fact that it is altogether unknown, the beauty of its scenery, its varied and unusual fauna, and the opportunities it offers for hunting and fishing and for mountain climbing, give the region a wonderful attraction for the lover of nature.

The territory of the United States has been pretty thoroughly gone over. Parties of the United States Geological Survey have sought out regions which were unknown and have mapped them, roughly or in detail; army officers with small bodies of troops have made hasty reconnaissances into others; individual hunters and trappers have penetrated where larger parties could not go; and most persistent of all has been the prospector, who in his search for "mineral"—as he calls the precious metals—has worked his way to the head of almost every stream. A few years ago I should have said that there was no place in the United States where the white man had not been. But where man goes he leaves behind him traces that endure for a long time. He cooks his food, and the ashes of his old camp-fires and charred ends of extinguished brands remain for years; he chops wood for fuel, or hews out for himself a trail, and chips and the cut ends of the sticks tell of his passage; his horses leave their signs behind them. All

these things the mountaineer notices, and each sign tells its story. Such evidences of man's passage have been wanting in most of the valleys of the Chief Mountain region that I have traversed.

Beyond the head of the lower lakes wagons cannot go, and the traveler who wishes to reach the heads of any of the streams must leave his wagon and start into the mountain with a pack-train. This means that all his possessions—his food, his bedding, and his camp furniture—must be lashed on the backs of horses or mules, and so carried through the dense forests and up the steep mountain-sides. This is a pleasant mode of traveling, though it is slow and entails much more labor than traveling in a wagon. It has, however, the great advantage that it makes one independent. With a pack-train the explorer can go almost where he pleases. Neither dense brush, close-standing timber, nor steep hills furrowed by deep ravines can stop him; wherever a man can ride, a pack-horse can follow.

A well-broken pack-train moves on through the whole day with but little attention. Each animal has its own place and will fight to keep it. The post of honor is next to the horse ridden by the leader, and is usually occupied by the best fighter in the train. The animals display remarkable intelligence in avoiding obstacles and in keeping their loads in proper shape. There is a great deal of character in horses and mules, and as a packer is obliged to handle each one of his animals several times each day, he soon becomes acquainted with the idiosyncrasies of every one of them. Some are always gentle, easily caught, intelligent enough to stand still if they feel that their loads are coming loose; others are wild, readily frightened, and always making trouble. Some, while apparently well disposed, lack sense and are constantly getting into difficulties. They get "hung up" in timber, fall over cliffs, mire down in swamps, and try to drown themselves when crossing deep rivers. For some of the animals in his train the explorer comes to have a real affection, some he dislikes, and some he holds in contempt.

Wherever it is possible, those who travel through unexplored mountains make use of old game-trails, for in its migration from place to place the game selects the easiest paths, and these wild animals have been the real road-makers in Western exploration. Mountain men have an old saying: "The deer made the first trails; the elk followed the deer, the buffalo the elk, and the Indians

the buffalo; after the Indians came the trapper; then an army officer came along and discovered a pass."

In these rough mountains the most practicable routes for horses are in the stream valleys or just above them; but at best progress is slow. In a bad country accidents and delays occur continually. Animals become wedged in between trees, fall down while crossing swift-running streams, lose their footing on steep mountain-sides, and roll far down the hill. Many of these mishaps involve the repacking of the animal, and when to this is added the fact that the train is winding about to avoid obstacles, now climbing hills and again descending into valleys, it will easily be seen that, however long the day's march may be in hours, it seldom covers many miles.

On the September day in 1891 when our party of five men set out to try to reach the head of the St. Mary's River above the lakes, we were late in getting away from camp. This is always to be expected on the first day's march. Pack-saddles and "riggings" are to be fitted to the horses, provisions, cooking-utensils, and blankets to be sorted out and made up into packs; and this, with the loading of the animals, takes a great deal of time. After a day or two, when each packer knows just where every article belongs, the work is much more quickly done. At length the last rope is made fast, and the leader of the train rides off up the trail. The pack-horses fall in behind him, and the other riders, after giving a last look over the abandoned camp-ground to see that nothing has been left behind, take their places in the line, distributing themselves along it, so that each man has in front of him one or two animals which are his special charge. He must keep them from lagging and must watch their loads.

The trail follows up the west shore of the lake, for two miles passing through dense growths of aspens, and then into a long, wide prairie which is crossed here and there by the wooded courses of little streams. To the right, or west, and little more than a mile distant, tower the cliffs of Single Shot Mountain; while across the lake, hills wooded with dense pine forests rise toward Milk River Ridge and the point of Divide Mountain. About seven miles above the end of the upper lake is the true gate of the mountains. Here two long points, from Red Eagle Mountain on one side and from Goat Mountain on the other, jut out into the lake and almost meet, forming the Lower Nar-

rows. The northern face of the ledge from Goat Mountain is vertical and can be climbed at only one point, and there by a very steep trail. Most people prefer to ascend this on foot, leading their horses, and a little excitement is usually given to the scramble by the rocks which, loosened by the horses' hoofs, come bounding down the slope. Occasionally it happens that a pack-horse loses its footing and rolls down, hoofs over load. This is worse for those below than a fifty-pound rock, because less easily avoided.

After climbing the point of rocks, the trail winds through the green timber near the foot of Goat Mountain, and then passes out on to the steep slide-rock, which in many places extends from the lake shore, in a slope broken only by cliffs, up to the walls of rock forming the mountain's crest. Ever ascending, the trail climbs this slide-rock, following an ancient path trodden into the rock by the game, and at length passes along a narrow ledge with precipices above and below. A little alder-grown trickle of water crosses here, and this was where our party met with its first accident.

For a few yards below the crossing, the sharply sloping mountain-side is overgrown with alders, and then breaks off in a cliff one hundred feet high. The trail is twelve or fifteen inches wide, but appears narrower, for the summer's growth of weeds, grass, and alder sprouts extends out over it. The man who was in advance was on foot, leading a pack-horse. After him came another loaded animal, and this was closely followed by two horsemen. When these were within a few yards of the brook crossing they heard a yell of dismay from the man in front, and then a shout: "The black mare has rolled down the hill!" Slipping off their horses and leaving them standing in the trail, they ran forward, and reached the scene of disaster just in time to see the second pack-horse spring upon a large flat rock which lay in the way, and as its four unshod feet came down on the smooth stone, it slipped, lost its footing, and rolled slowly off the trail. It had not fairly got started before the men had it by the head and had stopped its descent, holding it by the loosened hackamore. The animal made one or two struggles to regain its footing, but the brush, the slope, and its load made it impossible for it to rise, and it lay there while the three men held it. Meanwhile the black mare by a lucky chance had regained her feet before reaching the precipice, and was now making her way up the slope toward the trail.



DRAWN BY DE COST SMITH. ENGRAVED ON WOOD BY C. W. CHADWICK.

RESCUE OF A PACK-HORSE FROM THE BRINK OF A PRECIPICE.

To get the pack off the fallen beast was the first thing to be done. A man climbed down the rocks behind the horse, so as to be out of the way of its feet if it should flounder, and cut the lacing which attaches the hook to the lash cinch, thus freeing the load, which was then readily pulled aside, and with a little effort and help the horse stood on its feet and was led up to the trail, and then on to a grassy bench where there was a little level ground. The other horses were then carefully led past the dangerous point, and as it was now late in the after-

noon, and the work of repairing damages would occupy an hour or two, we camped here, and after stretching ropes across the trail so that the horses could not go back, turned them loose to forage on the ledges. While supper was being cooked, a large white goat came out to the edge of the cliff three hundred yards above us, and made a leisurely inspection of the camp.

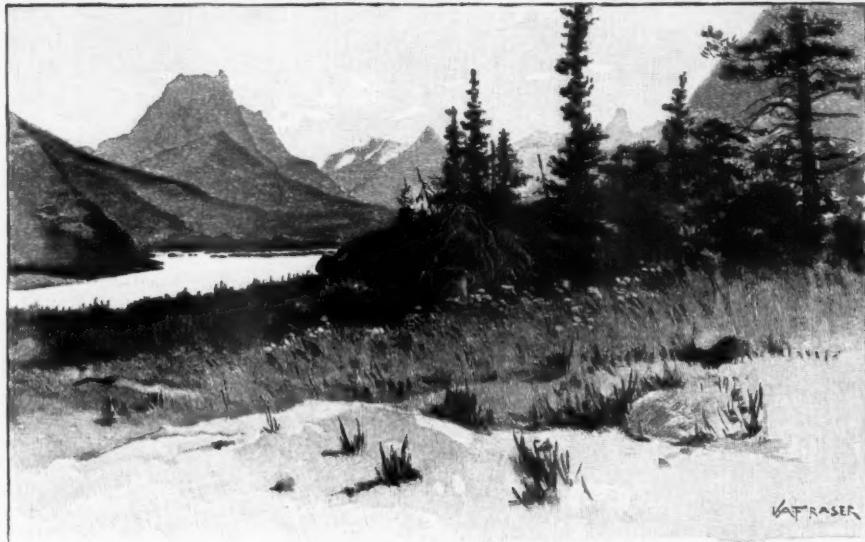
Two days later we had made some progress up the untraveled valley of the Upper St. Mary's and had camped on the edge of a narrow grassy park in the valley of the

Almost a Dog.
Citadel.

Fusillade.

Reynolds.

Shoulder of
Goat Mountain.



DRAWN BY J. A. FRASER, FROM AUTHOR'S PHOTOGRAPH. ENGRAVED ON WOOD BY C. SCHWARZBURGER.

VALLEY OF THE UPPER ST. MARY'S RIVER, FROM THE SIDE OF GOAT MOUNTAIN, SHOWING THE
UPPER END OF UPPER ST. MARY'S LAKE.

south branch of the river. This is much the larger of the two streams, and its milky water shows the presence of glaciers at its head, while the north fork is clear.

On the left of the camp towered the vertical cliffs of Citadel Mountain; the high wooded shoulder running down from Mount Reynolds was to the right, and before us, up the valley, stood the peak of Fusillade and the rounded mass of Mount Jackson.

The following day's march was very laborious. For the first few miles no obstacles more formidable than fallen timber, dense alders, and mire were met with; but after we had passed the point of Citadel and turned south, progress became very difficult and slow. Many years ago an avalanche had swept down the valley and overthrown its great trees, which now lay piled up on the ground like giant jackstraws, barring the way, and it was necessary to climb a shoulder which runs down between the valley and Citadel Mountain. The ascent of this was steep, and the ground was thickly overgrown with tough brushwood, standing shoulder-high, among which lay the rotting trunks of great trees fallen years before. The combination was very discouraging, and it was not long before the horses became so tired that they refused to face the brush, and I had to dismount and lead my animal, breaking a trail as I went. To add to our discom-

fort, rain began to fall about midday, and in a very short time all hands were thoroughly soaked. After an all-day struggle with brush, fallen timber, and hills, we found ourselves at night in a little grassy meadow lying between two old moraines, almost at timber-line and only a few hundred yards from the foot of the great glacier which runs down from the mountain to the south. Here we made our camp, and a few stunted spruces gave us half a dozen lodge-poles. Though wet and weary, the men, as they worked to make camp that night, carried about with them a feeling of contentment born of difficulties overcome and an object attained, and one of them referred to the little party as the "get there" brigade.

The camp stood on the east side of the valley. To the south and southeast were the moraines and ice-fingers stretching down from the great Blackfoot Glacier, and behind these the sloping mass of ice rises toward the mountain's crown. East were the vertical walls of Citadel Mountain; to the west stood Mount Jackson, and to the north was Fusillade. The Blackfoot Glacier is by far the most imposing that I have seen in the Rocky Mountains south of the Canadian boundary. From our camp in this valley we could see only a small part of its lower end, but I have looked on this mountain from two different points of view, at a distance of a

dozen miles, and have seen that the glacier covers the whole northern side of the mountain. The mass of the ice lies behind (south of) Citadel Mountain and west of the great crest of rock from the eastern side of which flow waters running into Red Eagle Creek. At the foot of this main ice is a lofty cliff, and over this pour great milky streams, the volume of which seems at least one half of the water which flows into the St. Mary's Lake.

Mount Jackson, one of the highest moun-

derful spot, climbing the mountains and hunting goats and sheep and ptarmigan. Goats were abundant and tame, but the member of the party who had the nearest view of them was one who had never before been in the Rocky Mountains. He was laboriously working his way up some vertical cliffs, and, needing both hands to climb with, had strapped his rifle on his back. As he raised himself up over a rock he met face to face, and not forty feet away, a large goat coming toward him. The two saw



DRAWN BY W. H. DRAKE, FROM AUTHOR'S PHOTOGRAPH.
CUTTING A TRAIL THROUGH FALLEN TIMBER.

tains to be seen, is a rounded mass, in part ice-covered, as is also the high ridge by which it joins the shoulder of the Blackfoot Mountain. North of Jackson is a deep valley which separates it from Fusillade Mountain. At the head of this valley is a little lake, and beyond the lake a low saddle, over which a trail across the range could easily be made. On the west side of this pass is another little lake, from which a stream runs southwestward toward the Pacific Ocean. The wall of rock separating these two lakes is not more than one hundred yards in thickness, and to tunnel it would afford a passage for a railway with but slight grade.

We spent nearly two weeks in this won-

each other at the same moment, and at first astonishment held each motionless. In a moment the goat recovered himself and started back up the mountain, and by the time the hunter had freed his gun, the game had disappeared behind some rocks and was not seen again.

A goat-hunting incident gave Fusillade Mountain its name. We had moved our camp to the little lake below that peak, and one morning two of the men climbed high up on its side in pursuit of a dozen or twenty goats which made it their feeding-ground. The day had passed, and we had heard no shot, and from the camp could see the goats still feeding undisturbed. Just about sunset,



DRAWN BY J. A. FRASER, FROM AUTHOR'S PHOTOGRAPH. ENGRAVED ON WOOD BY E. M. DEL' ORME.

GOULD MOUNTAIN ENVELOPED BY CLOUDS: THE LOWER EDGE OF
GRINNELL'S GLACIER AND MORaine.

as we were eating supper, the report of a gun was heard far above us. Glasses were leveled, and as shot after shot rang out and echoed along the mountain-side, we saw puffs of blue smoke rising from a point far below the goats. These at first did not seem to be interested in the shooting. Very likely they had never before heard a gun. But at length, when the balls began to strike near them, they jumped about a little, and at last, looking like so many flies crawling up a wall, all slowly clambered up the mountain and passed out of sight over the top. When all had disappeared, the hunters, who had been shooting at long range and had not expected to hit anything, rose from their places of concealment and started down

toward the camp. They had come but a short distance when over the top of the mountain all the goats appeared again and crawled deliberately down the seemingly vertical wall back to their feeding-ground.

We had intended to go to the head of the north fork of the river, and perhaps to take our train across from there to the head of Swift Current River, but we found so much to do on the south fork that this plan had to be postponed for another year.

The journey down the valley to the lake was rough, but was accomplished in two days. For two or three miles above the head of the upper lake there are signs of travel in this valley. Old Indian blazes are seen on the trees, and occasional choppings. But be-

yond this we could detect no indications that man had ever been over the ground, and it added something to our satisfaction to find that there were no camp-fires, no choppings, no signs of horses. The region seemed unvisited.

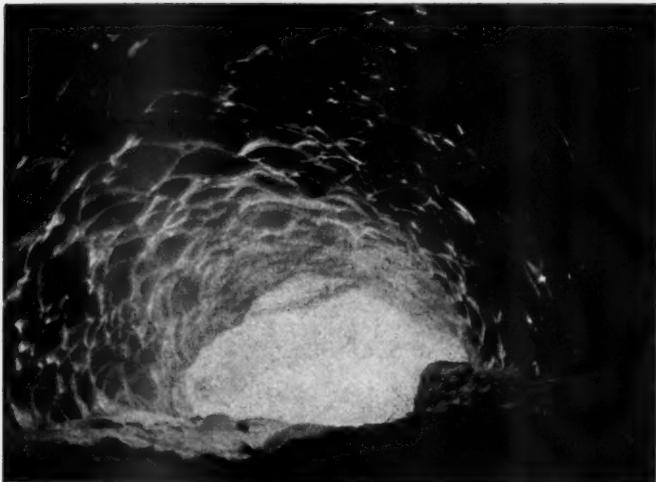
Two miles from where St. Mary's River leaves the lower lake, it is joined from the west by a large stream known as Swift Current. The valley of this river is narrow where it joins that of the St. Mary's, but above this it becomes wider. The mountains which inclose it on each hand, at first low and round-topped, gradually become bolder and higher, and at last are continuous walls two thousand feet in height, broken at intervals by "basins," each one narrow at its mouth, but often wide within, from which pour torrents fed by melting snows, or by springs high up in the rocks. Swift Current valley is straight, and as one rides along toward its head he can see the long, narrow mountain which separates its two branches, and the great mass of ice which supplies water for the southermost of the two. Up this valley for perhaps fifteen miles, passing through the groves of aspens and the grassy parks which lie on the north of the stream, runs a well-worn Indian trail. On the south side, the heavily timbered mountains, still the home of a few moose, stand close to the river. At intervals along the stream are little lakes, and the fifth of these, counting from its mouth, receives the two main branches into which Swift Current is here divided. Just below this lake are the falls of Swift Current, two broken cataracts or steep cascades, one of fifty and the other of seventy-five feet, beautiful waterfalls, but insignificant in comparison with their surroundings.

The first day's journey up the stream usually carries one to a large grassy park below the falls, where Indian hunting-parties make their permanent camps. Once these mountains abounded in sheep and goats, and everywhere about this park may be seen the sites of old Indian camps, with rotting lodge-poles, old fireplaces, and piles of bone and hair, showing where game has been cut up and hides dressed. Above this park the trail forks, the right-hand branch following up the north arm of the river toward Mount Wilbur, and the other, which is blind and not easy to find or to follow, crossing a shoulder of Mount Allen and keeping on the south side of the south branch of the river to its head. On this arm of the stream are two glacial lakes, each a mile long, the westernmost of

the two lying at the foot of the great precipice, beneath a large glacier.

When the old camp-ground is reached, the pack-animals are quickly caught and relieved of their loads, unsaddled and turned loose. Meantime one of the men has taken the ax, and stepping off among the pine timber, is felling straight, slender poles. Before long, other men go to him, and bring the lodge-poles to the camp, where they are smoothed and three of them tied together at the proper height, to make a frame for our dwelling. These having been raised and their butts spread so as to form a tripod, other poles are set up against the forks, and the top of the lodge is tied to the last pole. When this is in position, the canvas is spread over the frame. Then the front of the lodge is pinned together, the outside poles fixed in the ears, the border of the lodge pinned to the ground, and we have a comfortable house which is warm, water-tight, and wind-proof. The fire is built on the ground in the middle of the lodge; the beds are spread about the walls. Outside saddles and ropes are neatly piled up, and we are at home for a night or for a month. The evening meal is eaten about dark, and the hours before bedtime are spent about the fire. The camp is roused at dawn, and while breakfast is being cooked, some one goes out, finds the horses, and drives them close to the camp. After breakfast, while some make up the packs and tear down the lodge, others catch and saddle the animals, which are soon packed, and before long the train is strung out over the trail on the day's march.

Below the westernmost of the two lakes on the south branch of Swift Current is a little spruce-dotted meadow in which we always camp. Here there is grass enough for a dozen horses for two or three weeks. Across the lake, to south of west, is the great cliff above which lies the ice, north of the glacier, the dividing ridge between the two streams, and south, Mount Gould, a huge buttress of which, Monroe Peak, each day interrupts the sun, and, like a vast dial, from ten o'clock till two, casts its slow-moving shadow across the waters at its foot. East of Gould Mountain and the range which runs southeast from it is the narrow valley of Cataract Creek, four or five miles long. The stream rises in the divide which separates the Swift Current system from the north branch of the Upper St. Mary's River, and is fed by banks of permanent snow and ice which lie in the ravines and on the rugged shoulders of Mount Gould. On the



FROM A PHOTOGRAPH. HALF-TONE PLATE ENGRAVED BY ROBERT VARLEY.

ICE CAVERN UNDER THE GLACIER ON CATARACT CREEK: VIEW OF THE MOUTH FROM THE INSIDE.

other side of the valley is Mount Allen, one of the highest mountains on Swift Current.

On my first visit to the Swift Current Glacier I approached it by climbing up the face of the precipice at its foot. The climb was long and hard, and though we started about three o'clock in the morning, it was long after dark that night when we returned to the camp. Most of the time after we reached the ice was devoted to examining it, though we stopped long enough during the ascent to kill a great bighorn, the tracks of which we found in the new snow on the edge of the glacier. Following these footprints, which led in the direction we were going, on rounding a point of rocks we saw the sheep standing in a snow-drift on the mountain-side far above us. A quick shot was made, and with one bound he disappeared from view; but on climbing up to where he had stood, we saw from the blood and footprints in the snow that he was hard hit and could not go far. He had turned down the mountain, and one of the men followed him down the cliffs and over the snow-banks till he found him dead at the foot of a precipice. The other two men went on higher, and spent some hours upon the glacier, which was then, in November, covered with new snow.

On another occasion, some years later, I found this glacier melting rapidly in early September. It was everywhere extensively crevassed and pierced by deep wells, into which the brooks which seamed the surface of the ice poured with loud roarings. In-

deed, the rush of many waters here was fairly appalling. The tinkle of the streams above, the echoing fall of the plunging torrents, and the hiss of the confined water rushing along beneath the ice, made up a volume of sound so great that ordinary conversation could not be heard. It was here and at this time that I carelessly put myself in a position of serious danger. Though unprepared for ice work, I was anxious to climb an arm of the glacier which led directly to the mountain's crest, and not realizing the steepness of the ascent, I set out. Before I had gone half a mile over the ice, I wished myself back on the rocks again, for the incline was constantly increasing. I knew that if I lost my footing and began to slide down the sloping ice I should not stop until I had fallen into one of the bottomless pits or crevasses of the main glacier; and a man who had fallen into one of these would have but a very short time in which to think over his past life. To attempt to retrace my steps would be greatly to increase the danger of making a fatal slip. There was no course except to keep on climbing. I made my way to the border of the finger of ice which was embraced by the two shoulders of the mountain; but next to the rock it had melted away, and I looked down into a deep trench there, which ran back far under the ice, and from the blackness below came up the roar of the torrent and the rumble of great rocks crashing against the stream-bed as they were hurried along by the water. Keeping near the edge of the ice, I slowly

and carefully climbed higher and higher, and at length reached a place where a point of solid rock jutted out to within six feet of the edge of the ice. Here I sprang across the chasm and landed safely on the mountain-side.

About the heads of Swift Current there is abundant opportunity for a mountaineer to stretch his legs. The north branch takes its rise in two streams, one heading in an odd double glacial lake at the foot of Mount Wilbur, and the other among lower mountains to the northeast. At the foot of Wilbur, and lying against the vertical cliffs which rise without a break thousands of feet above it, is a little glacier less than half a mile square, which is constantly pushing out into the lake. The waters carried by the eddying winds against this ice undermine it, and as this goes on, sections of the glacier fall off into the water, so that the little lake is dotted with a multitude of tiny icebergs, which, driven hither and thither by the wind, glitter in the sunlight until at last they melt, the supply being kept up by other fallen masses of the glacier. So here in the Rocky Mountains we have a little iceberg factory. The basin or little valley from which this stream flows is narrow and hemmed in on three sides by marvelous rock walls. Apparently vertical, this barrier rises for thousands of feet, terminating in a serrated ridge, over which it would seem that nothing but a bird could pass. Although seemingly vertical, these precipices can at some points be scaled by an active man, and from their summits one looks down into the narrow valley of Belly River, walled in by high gray and glacier-bearing mountains.

Our work in the mountains is not all pleasure. Often we have a "spell of weather" which forbids climbing or hunting. A blizzard sweeps over the range, and deep snows and bitter cold confine us to the lodge, and we await the advent of a favoring chinook to melt the snow. At such times short excursions are made with the shot-gun for ducks or grouse, or we wade through the drifts over the lower lands and try to find the lynxes and coyotes the tracks of which are seen in the snow, or even the bears, which have not yet entered on their long winter sleep. Much of the time, however, is spent in the lodge, where, after the few books in the camp have been exhausted, we are driven to entertain one another with stories.

Men who have seen much of the wild life of the old frontier have usually a good store

of interesting reminiscences, if they can be induced to talk. As a rule, however, they are rather silent; but days of confinement often lead to the discovery among the company of some man who has an unexpected fund of good stories. Many of these will treat of personal adventure or of curious observations on the habits of birds and mammals. If Indians are in the party, they will sometimes tell stories of their own—tribal traditions of the beginning of things, of the time when their gods lived upon the earth and mingled with the people, of the magic doings of powerful medicine-men, besides many tales of the prowess of ancient warriors of their tribe. Often these weather-bound story-tellings will bring out enough interesting material to fill a volume. The tales are sometimes related with great power and even beauty. Little time is wasted in word-painting; it is the action which the story-tellers deal with. Terse, epigrammatic phrases and the expressive gestures of the sign-language with which they supplement their spoken words lend a wonderful force to their narrations.

A special interest attaches to the traditional stories of the Indians, of which each tribe has its own, handed down from generation to generation by word of mouth. Such a story is the Blackfoot account of how the people first received arms. "Old Man," it must be explained, is the Blackfoot Creator and chief god.

The old men say that Old Man, soon after he was born, made the people. Instead of giving them long fingers, he made their hands like those of the bear, and they dug roots and ate berries for food.

In those days the buffalo used to eat people. It was a long time before Old Man found this out, but one day he came along and saw them feasting on a woman they had just killed. Then Old Man felt very badly; he sat down on a rock and cried, and tore out his hair, and tried to think what he could do to save the people. "Hai-yah!" he cried, "I have not made these people right. They cannot defend themselves." He sat a long time thinking what to do, and at last he knew; so he went to where there were some people, and split their hands, making long fingers instead of short claws. Then he made some bows, arrows, and knives, and taught the people how to use them. He made their right arms the strongest, so that they could bend the bow with great force.

"Now, people," he said, "you will survive; now you can defend yourselves. Kill plenty

of the buffalo next time they come. The meat is good to eat, and the robes will make you warm clothing."

By and by the buffalo came again, and the people did as the Old Man had told them. The first arrow struck a buffalo in the side.

"Oh, my brothers," he cried, "a great fly bites me!" and he fell down and died.

The people killed many more buffalo, and at last those still alive saw that the people were shooting them. "You people, you people," they cried out, "do not kill any more of us! We will never eat any of you again."

Then Old Man, who was sitting on a rock looking on, said to them: "Hold on! We will gamble to see which shall be eaten." He called all the animals to help the people, and they all came.

First the elk played against the buffalo and lost. The different animals in turn gambled against the buffalo and lost. On the third day, all had played except the mouse. His turn was now come. He took the bones in his little paws, and all the people and animals shouted: "Take courage, little mouse! Take courage, little mouse!" The mouse took courage, and made his paws go so fast that the buffalo could not tell which one held the bone with the black mark. They guessed the wrong one and lost. Then every one shouted, they were so glad. The people strung their bows and killed many fat cows, enough to give all the animals a feast.

Afterward Old Man gave the buffalo skulls to the mice. Even to this day you will see that they make their homes in them. This is how Old Man paid them for saving the people.

The Chief Mountain region has a real value to this country, and this consists in its being a reservoir for the storage of the great amount of moisture precipitated here. For eight or nine months of the year this moisture takes the form of snow, and supplies the annual waste caused by the melting of the glaciers. Without these glaciers and the far-reaching fields of snow which lie on many of the mountains, the lakes and the rivers would soon go dry. At present all the watercourses are full at all seasons of the year, and the winter's snows, protected by dense pine forests, are still slowly melting in June and July. The St. Mary's River is a very large stream, and south of it, until

we come to the Missouri River, there is none carrying an equal volume of water flowing out of the Rocky Mountains to the eastward. A plan is already on foot to divert the St. Mary's from its present course and turn it into Milk River. If this should be done it would render irrigable many hundreds of square miles in northern Montana which are now quite without value from lack of water. But if the forests of the Chief Mountain region should be swept away by fire or the ax, its value as a reservoir would be gone. Large tracts of forest on Swift Current have been burned over by hunting-parties of Canadian Indians, and this danger is ever-present.

Persons who have given intelligent study to the problems of forestry and the needs of the arid West appreciate the importance of protecting the sources of rivers flowing from the Rocky Mountains over the plains east and west, and it is obvious that the greater the number of settlers who establish themselves on these dry plains the more water will be used and so the more needed. The question of water-supply is the most important that to-day confronts the States which border the Rocky Mountains. Already many of these States are feeling in the lessened volume of their streams the evil effect of the wasteful destruction of their forests. Great rivers like the Platte, the Arkansas, and the Rio Grande receive in a short time the quickly melting snows which lie on the naked sides of the mountains in which they rise, and when this flood is over, they fall at once to their summer level. Besides this, they are tapped all along their courses by flumes and ditches, which carry off the water and spread it over the ground. The result is that even these large rivers dwindle in midsummer and autumn to mere trickles of water, or become wholly dry. Their waters have been used up.

Happily, in 1897, by the official initiative of the United States Forest Commission, of which Professor Charles S. Sargent was chairman, a large section of this mountain country was made into a forest reserve, including Upper St. Mary's Lake. Under faithful and intelligent supervision, the dangers above spoken of will in large part be obviated, and in due time Montana will rejoice, as California is now doing, that so large a source of her water-supply has thus been preserved for her people.



THE CITY OF LIGHT.

BY DAVID GRAY.

WITH DRAWINGS BY ANDRÉ CASTAIGNE AND HARRY FENN.

AS the twilight deepens, streams of humanity begin to issue from the restaurants in the Midway, from the byways and secret places of the great fair. They pour slowly into the Main Court, swelling the human tide that is moving toward the wide esplanade before the Pylons. From this point the Tower, the domes, the pinnacles, the gabled roofs, spread across the north, reaching up half in silhouette against the fading turquoise sky. As the moment for the illumination approaches, the bands hush and a stillness falls upon the multitude. Suddenly dull reddish threads appear in the globes on the near-by lamp-pillars. A murmur of expectation runs through the crowd. For an instant the great Tower seems to pulse with a thrill of life before the eye becomes sensible to what has taken place. Then its surfaces gleam with a faint flush, like the flush which church spires catch from the dawn. This deepens slowly to pink, then to red. Presently the eye notes that the transformation which has been worked in the Tower has taken place everywhere. In a moment the architectural skeletons of the great buildings have been picked out in lines of red light. Then the magic current grows stronger, and the whole effect mellows into luminous yellow. The material Exposition has been transfigured, and its glorified ghost is in its place. A storm of applause arises from the crowds, the bands strike up, and one realizes that the darkness has settled down upon the *City of Light*.

Every night this modern miracle is worked

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by the rheostat housed in a humble shed somewhere in the inner recesses of the Exposition. Every night the multitude gathers to be delighted and thrilled, as multitudes in all climes have gathered to witness miracles since the beginning. The visitor who beholds the illumination perhaps for the first time understands something of the ecstasy of the sun-worshiper when the red disk appears above the Persian hills.

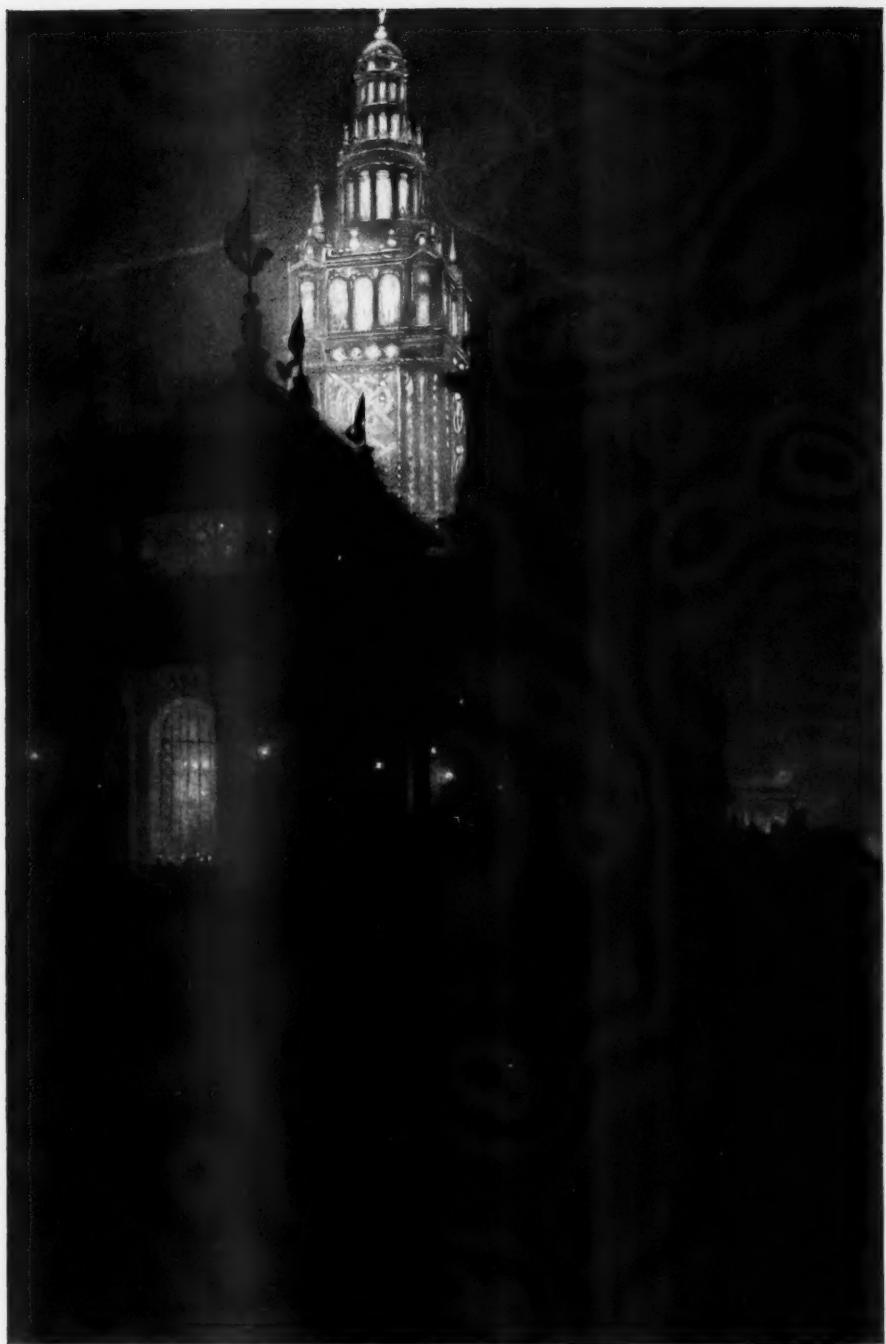
The advice to see the Pan-American Exposition first by night will repay any one for following it; but few people take advice, and it is not likely that an exception will be made in this case. After all, it is by day that it must be visited and thought about.

There are four things which may be said artistically to distinguish this Exposition from others and to make it significant.

First, there are the lighting effects already spoken of.

Second, there is the unity of what architects call the "composition." The esplanade which is the right wing of the Main Court balances the esplanade which is the left wing. The buildings and gardens on the right have their equivalent buildings and gardens on the left. At Versailles, and at some of the other royal pleasure-grounds of the Old World, there have been compositions of this nature worked out in permanent construction, but never any on so elaborate a scale as this.

The third feature is the color scheme, for color in the modern world has never



HALF-TONE PLATE ENGRAVED BY H. C. MERRILL.

THE ELECTRIC TOWER AT NIGHT, FROM THE MALL.



HALF-TONE PLATE ENGRAVED BY PETERAITKEN.
THE COURT OF FOUNTAINS, FROM THE PLAZA.

before been applied to an architectural creation of this magnitude and character.

The fourth is the sculpture scheme, which is unique.

Since the world began, this is the first time that human eyes have beheld such floods of artificial light as the untiring cataract of Niagara generates for this Exposition. There is little to be said about it, because it is too marvelous to be described, and its effects are

too successful and obvious to need explanation. The gentlemen who planned and executed this great spectacle worked quietly. The fruits of their labors could not be anticipated, except by experts, and the result was a surprise even to Exposition officials. Thanks to the genius of Mr. Luther Sterringer, the consulting expert, and that of Mr. Henry Rustin, chief of the Electrical and Mechanical Bureau, and to the far-sight-



HALF-TONE PLATE ENGRAVED BY JOHN A. SCHOELCH.
NIGHT VIEW ON THE ESPANADE, FROM THE FOUNTAIN OF NATURE.

edness of the gentlemen who held the purse-strings, a new era in architectural illumination has been inaugurated. In blazing this new and largely experimental path not only in the field of illumination, but also in the field of fountain hydraulics, Mr. Rustin has been assisted by two young engineers, Mr. Guthrie Gray and Mr. Robert H. Moore.

Furthermore, they were so large as compared with the human figure that any one of them, viewed by itself, failed to make the pleasing impression which a building in the proper scale is supposed to make, and, viewed together, they had the effect of mutually dwarfing one another.

The effort of the Board of Architects,



HALF-TONE PLATE ENGRAVED BY J. TINKEY.

THE STREETS OF VENICE.

The problem which confronted the architects when they were presented with a bare clay plain adjacent to a finished park, and were told to make an exposition, was a difficult one. It was out of the question to surpass the Chicago Exposition in size or to rival such an effect of classic building as was presented in the Court of Honor. In the judgment of trained men, there were, however, two defects in the Chicago Exposition —a lack of symmetry of scheme and a lack of what is called "scale." The buildings, for the most part, were jumbled together in such a way that they failed to give the eye pleasure from their relation one to another.

therefore, was to produce an architectural composition as balanced and equalized as the Columbian Exposition was chaotic, and to execute it in accordance with the canons of scale. Mr. John M. Carrère, the chairman of the Board of Architects, states the point of view of the gentlemen who architecturally created the Pan-American Exposition in his article upon the Architectural Scheme in the official "Art Hand-Book." He says:

At Buffalo, the Board of Architects of the Pan-American Exposition, with a full realization of the importance of the task imposed upon them, and with the desire to avoid reminiscences of the



HALF-TONE PLATE ENGRAVED BY H. C. MERRILL.

THE CURVED PERGOLAS AND THE ESPLANADE: THE HORTICULTURAL BUILDING IN THE BACKGROUND.

Chicago Exposition, decided that the purpose of the setting of this Exposition should be to develop a picturesque ensemble on a formal ground-plan, introducing architecture, sculpture, and painting as allied arts. They did not wish to go as far as the French in expressing the temporary character of their buildings, nor, on the other hand, to the other extreme, as in Chicago, and yet it seemed essential to retain the balance and symmetry which are necessary in all artistic

one end of the Main Court, and the Pylons of the Triumphal Causeway at the other. The transverse axis is south of the center, and terminates at each end with a fountain court and a group of buildings. Around the entire composition is a canal. The Triumphal Causeway not only balances the Tower, but serves to establish a gateway from the natural landscape of the park at the south



HALF-TONE PLATE ENGRAVED BY S. DAVIS.

A SCENE ON THE MIDWAY.

compositions. The adoption of a scheme entirely formal, but with absolute freedom in the development of the individual feature within these given lines, seemed not only a reasonable compromise with the two points of view previously mentioned, but also full of possibilities, for, without restraining the imagination, it would tend to keep it within reasonable bounds and to make the Exposition more real in its application to the conditions of design in real life.

The deliberations of the board resulted in a plan shaped like a cross. The main axis runs north and south, with the Electric Tower as the *clou*, or culminating-point, at

into the formal scheme of the Exposition, and combines elements of monumental severity and exposition gaiety. This Triumphal Causeway, as well as the working out of the plan and the accessory courts and buildings, is the work of Mr. Carrère, who was elected chairman of the board by his fellow-architects. In this work Mr. William Welles Bosworth was associated with Mr. Carrère.

Standing between the Pylons one looks north and commands at a glance virtually the whole scheme, with the exception of the Plaza, which is beyond the Electric Tower.



AFTERNOON PROMENADE IN THE MALL, IN FRONT OF THE MACHINERY AND TRANSPORTATION BUILDINGS.

HALF-TONE PLATE ENGRAVED BY F. H. WELLINGTON.

HALF-TONE PLATE ENGRAVED BY H. DAVIDSON.

THE TRIUMPHAL CAUSEWAY.



On the right is the Government group, designed by Mr. J. Knox Taylor, the government architect. On the left, corresponding to the Government group, is the Horticultural

buildings, designed by Mr. George F. Shewley of Boston, which balance the Machinery and Transportation and the Electricity buildings on the west side of the court.



HALF-TONE PLATE ENGRAVED BY C. W. CHADWICK.

ALT NÜRNBERG.

tural group, by Mr. Richard S. Peabody of Boston. On the right, beyond the Government group, is the Ethnology Building, flanking the Court of Fountains, the architect of which is Mr. George Cary of Buffalo. Directly opposite, and corresponding to it, is the Temple of Music, designed by Esenwein & Johnson of Buffalo. Beyond the Ethnology Building, and on the same (the east) side of the court, are the Manufactures and Liberal Arts and the Agriculture

These latter buildings were designed by Green & Wicks of Buffalo. The Electric Tower is the work of Mr. John G. Howard of New York. To the north of the Tower is an auxiliary composition complete in itself, and named the Plaza. This entire square, and the buildings which surround it, were assigned to Mr. Walter Cook of New York. It constitutes one of the most pleasing architectural features of the Exposition. A sunken garden with a band-stand occupies

the center of the square, and is surrounded by formal balustrades decorated with sculpture. On the north is what is called the Propylea, a curved colonnade, which incloses the square on that side and acts as a screen to the railway-station beyond. On the east and west are placed two of the most charming buildings of the Exposition. They are used as restaurants, and form entrances to the Stadium on the east and to the Midway on the west.

Masked by the great buildings on the west of the Main Court, the shows and auxiliary structures of the Midway wind for nearly a mile from north to south. In the southeast corner of the grounds are the foreign and State buildings, as well as the Art Gallery, and in the southwest corner, on the bank of the Park Lake, is the white marble building erected by New York State and the Buffalo Historical Society, of which Mr. George Cary of Buffalo is the architect.

The effect of the whole is pleasant, but it is gay rather than impressive, and this is the result which the architects endeavored to attain. One distinguished member of the board, in exhorting against the monumental spirit, is said to have observed that the Tower (the central feature) should be "an architectural skirt-dance," and everything else in keeping with it. The fountain effects and the sculptural decoration play an important part in enlivening the general effect; and this leads to a word about the sculpture.

More than five hundred pieces of sculpture, including vases and caryatids, are used in decorating the courts and buildings. Of these about one hundred are original works executed by contemporary American sculptors for the Exposition. The sculpture plan, which was evolved by Mr. Karl Bitter, president of the American Sculpture Society, is ingenious and original. To use his own words:

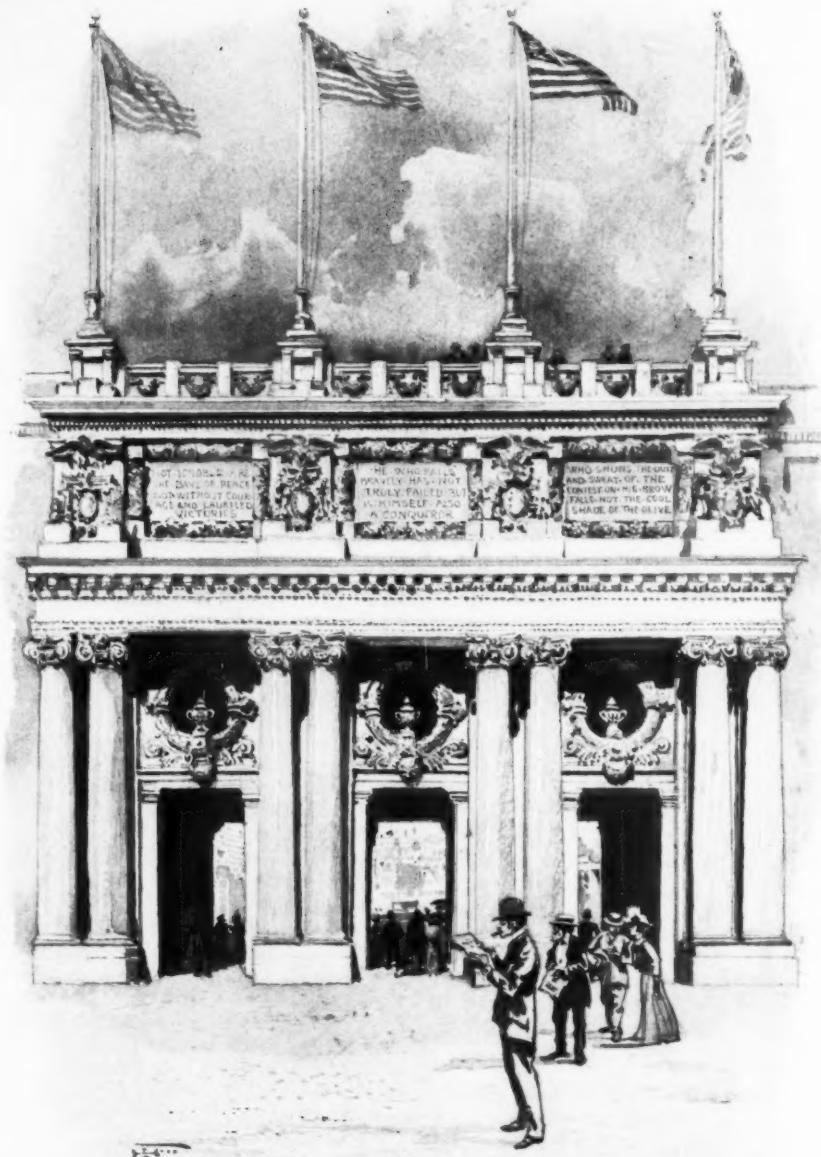
In considering the problem of the scheme of sculpture for the Pan-American Exposition, it seemed that a truly artistic decoration should first of all have a clear, distinct, and well-defined meaning; that the ideas to be expressed and the subjects to be represented should be selected with care and regard for their appropriateness even before questions as to the manner of rendering were considered. A study of the Exposition itself, of the various ideas which it aims to express, of the varied character of its exhibits and buildings, supplies the natural basis for a scheme of sculpture.

That is to say, Mr. Bitter has undertaken to make the scheme of sculpture-decoration

expressive of the character of the buildings with which it is associated, and, taken as a whole, to symbolize the idea which the architectural composition may be deemed to express. Considering the architectural plan, one notes that at the end of the esplanade on the west is a group of buildings (the Horticultural group) devoted to the nation's natural resources. On the east, corresponding with this, is the Government group, in which our institutions are exemplified. His scheme of sculpture, therefore, provides for the apotheosis of Nature's bounty in the court before the Horticultural Building, and for the glorification of human institutions in the court before the Government group. Thus, in front of the Horticultural Building is the striking Fountain of Nature, with the various groups, Mineral Wealth, Floral Wealth, Animal Wealth, and the Fountains of Ceres and Kronos subsidiary to it. Similarly, in front of the Government group is the Fountain of Man, with the subsidiary groups, the Savage Age, the Despotic Age, and the Age of Enlightenment, flanking the fountain-basin.

These examples are sufficient to explain the method which has been employed. The sculpture on the Pylons of the Triumphal Causeway, which forms the entrance to the architectural composition, is symbolic of national power and of welcome to visiting nations. In the Main Court, midway between the Fountain of Man and the Fountain of Nature, is the Fountain of Abundance, in which Nature is symbolized as supplying Man with her resources. The Fountain of Abundance is at the south end of the Court of Fountains. At the north end the sculpture is devoted to symbolizing what Man has accomplished with Nature's gifts. The main fountain, called the Genius of Man, by Paul W. Bartlett, at the time of going to press had not been placed, and it was virtually decided not to erect it in the basin, as was originally contemplated, but to place it in the outer park. The auxiliary groups, Human Intellect and Human Emotions, however, are in place, as is the fountain called the Birth of Athene, symbolic of the birth of Modern Science, and the fountain called the Birth of Venus, symbolic of the power of Love in the modern world. The companion groups called Agriculture and Manufacture, and those called Art and Science, are also in place.

The Electric Tower, obviously, is a monument to man's dominion over the cataract of Niagara, and the sculpture associated



DRAWN BY HARRY FENN, FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY C. D. ARNOLD. HALF-TONE PLATE ENGRAVED BY S. DAVIS.

ENTRANCE TO THE STADIUM.



DRAWN BY HARRY FENN, FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY C. D. ARNOLD. HALF-TONE PLATE ENGRAVED BY PETER AITKEN.

THE PROPYLÆA.

with it naturally is symbolic of the Great Lakes and the rivers which are tributary to the Falls. On the south faâ§ade of the Tower are the striking groups by George Grey Barnard, entitled The Great Waters in the Time of the Indian and The Great Waters in the Time of the White Man, which symbolize the primeval and modern conditions of America's inland seas. Surmounting the Tower is Herbert Adams's colossal statue, the Goddess of Light.

Supplementary to this symbolic plan a large number of reproductions of famous antiques are used for decorative purposes, and with extremely good effect. It is probable that never before, even in the ancient world, has sculpture been used so profusely in the decoration of an architectural composition, nor with the symbolism which has been worked out at the Pan-American Exposition.

It remains to speak of the color scheme, which, next to the electrical display, excites the most discussion, and which first impresses the visitor who comes to the Exposition in the daytime. The modern world is not used to the application of paint to public buildings. There has prevailed, among laymen at least, the feeling that it was undignified and possibly immoral. The school-books teach us that the Greeks painted the Parthenon a cheerful red, white, and blue; we are also told that the Venus of Melos

and other venerated sculptures were tinted gaudily: but while outwardly we defer to Greek taste, we have a feeling of gratitude that the paint had been worn from these treasures before we made their acquaintance. At Chicago the wall surfaces were so great that it was found impracticable to color them. But even if it had not been so, it is doubtful how the public would have received the taking of such a liberty with the monumental.

The architectural scheme at the Pan-American Exposition being primarily gay and expressive of the exposition spirit, while the first effect of the color scheme is one of surprise, the verdict, on the whole, is one of approval. It is not easy to appreciate the difficulties which confronted Mr. Charles Y. Turner, who was called in to devise a color scheme. In the first place, it was an undertaking without a precedent, and he had neither precept nor warning in the work of others to guide him. In the second place, such purely mechanical questions as what paints would keep their color, and whether journeymen painters could mix the desired colors and follow the models, were very serious ones. More than this, the painting, for the most part, was done when the snow was on the ground and when the skies were wintry, whereas the life of the Exposition was to be under summer skies and enriched with the green of the turf and

foliage. Mr. Turner, as he states in his article in the official "Art Hand-Book," determined to adopt the symbolic principle suggested by Mr. Bitter in the color treatment of the Exposition. He says:

Taking it for granted, then, that, as we enter the grounds from the park through the Fore Court, the Causeway bids welcome to the visitors and the countries taking part in the Exposition, we would come upon the elementary conditions, that is, the earliest state of man, suggested on one side, and primitive nature on the other. I concluded that the strongest primary colors should be applied here, and that as we advance up the grounds the colors should be more refined and less contrasting, and that the Tower, which is to suggest the triumph of man's achievement, should be the lightest and most delicate in color.

This is the philosophy of the color scheme. It is not for a layman to discuss it, but it is his province to say that the visiting public seems to feel the inspiriting cheerfulness of the color, and to derive a pleasure from it; and if this is so, it must be successful, even if Mr. Turner would make some changes were he to do it over again.

By the middle of June the success of the

Exposition was established, and the public was beginning to show its appreciation by going to see it. To the artistic genius of the architects and sculptors this success is, in large measure, due, but, like the man behind the gun, the man behind the artist must be taken into account. Without the executive genius and tireless energy of the director-general, the Hon. William I. Buchanan, assisted by Mr. Newcomb Carlton, director of works, it is doubtful if this great enterprise could have been carried to a successful culmination; and the public spirit and devotion of the unpaid officers of the Exposition, upon whose shoulders the financial responsibility has rested, would be difficult to surpass. But the moral aspects of exposition-building would make another chapter.

A great exposition, like the sea or a snow-topped mountain, must be seen before descriptions of it mean very much. The show at Buffalo is not an exception to this rule. Mr. Castaigne's pictures suggest its architectural charm as illustrations rarely do, and as words never can, but, after all, the City of Light must be seen to be comprehended.

NOTE.

Readers of THE CENTURY will recall Mr. Castaigne's impressions of other expositions: that at Chicago in the numbers for May and September, 1893, and that at Paris in the number for July, 1900.—EDITOR.

GOSSIP OF THE SWITCH-SHANTY.

BY CHARLES DE LANO HINE.

WITH DRAWINGS BY THOMAS FOGARTY.

THE suggestive subhead of a Western paper for the news notes of its railroad column is "Switch-Shanty Secrets." It is in the switch-shanty and about the roundhouse that two or three railroad men gather together to exchange views, reminiscences, and predictions. When a man comes off duty either at the end of a run or at the close of a day's work in the yard, he does not stop to gossip, for the simple reason that he is hungry. When he is "going out" or "coming on" it is different. He then has a full "tender" (stomach), whatever the hour of day or night. A good railroad man, like a good soldier, eats on every possible occa-

sion, not knowing when the next opportunity may come.

With that full feeling which comes after eating, and which to a healthy man is so comfortable, the railroad man warms up to a discriminating discussion of all the railroad questions of the hour, from the latest "re-Morganization" of neighboring roads to the kind of "smokeless" coal the purchasing agent or the fuel agent is buying for engine use. The fireman with fine scorn speaks of it as "steamless" coal, an apt description of its failure to yield sufficient heat-units to keep up the required steam-pressure. With the exaggeration characteristic of men of action and of motion, from Captain John

Smith to Emilio Aguinaldo, the fireman asserts in all sincerity: "I shoveled ten ton o' coal for the old lady last trip. Put in the last shovelful pulling into the yard. Thought we'd have to cut [detach the engine] and run for coal, but Jack [the engineman] said we could make in, and we did, by doing our durndest. Finest feller on the road to fire fer, that Jack Pullem.

He won't take no back slack [back talk] when them conductors tries to rawhide [impose on] him, but he never says a word to his fireman. He knows when he's got a good man on the left-hand side [fireman]. All yer got to do is to keep her hot [produce sufficient steam-pressure], and turn on the injector time enough to keep the water from gettin' low in the boiler, and he'll do the rest." To the initiated this sounds very much like the satisfaction of the Irishman who enjoyed carrying a hod of bricks up the ladder because "a poor devil of a mason at the top did all the wurruk for him." However, this passes unnoticed, and the group, realizing that the fireman is "hooked up" (set, like the reverse lever) for talking, lets him continue in his audible hero-worship:

"Jack ain't much of a hand to make lunch-counter runs. He don't sit around and tell the girls that heaves hash over at the beanery how it happened." A brakeman who has joined the group now volunteers the opinion: "No; I suppose he leaves that part o' the business to the fireman." The brakeman, an unconscious master of the art of leaving while making a good impression, takes advantage of the laugh that follows, and moves on to his caboose to clean the lamps.

To most railroad men anything that gives light is a "lamp," whether a hand-lantern or the dim little excuse of a "gage-lamp" which, shining alone on the clock-like steam-

gage on the boiler-head, throws long shadows in the engine-cab at night, and leaves the eagle eye of the driver free to follow the rays of the headlight along the endless rails in front.

The discomfited fireman, with deep disgust, declares: "Of all the boardin'-house railroad men I ever seen, that there brakeman is the worst.

To hear him tell it you'd think nobody never did make a good run 'thout he wuz along to tell 'em where to head in. These farmers that do all their railroadin' with their mouths make me tired." But let the brakeman "have some bad luck," and be "on the carpet" in the superintendent's office for investigation, and the fireman, called as a witness, will look the official squarely in the eye, and say: "No, sir; that brakeman's a good, reliable hand. That car could n't 'a' jumped the track from his throwin' the switch under the wheels, 'cause I seen his lamp a-swingin' us down [giving stop-signal] from the other side of the track when we wuz pullin' out o' the sidin'. I hollered to Jack to shut off [stop]. It did n't do no damage to the switch, and

we done a neat job o' wreckin'; jest hitched the switch-rope [engine-cable] to the arch-bar and slued the truck. Then I slipped in them patent frogs [re-railers] and oiled the rail a little. Jack give the engine steam, and the car walked right up on the rail. Some crews would 'a' laid down and hollered fer the wreck-train, and waited round so as to lay out [delay] two or three passenger-trains. Would n't 'a' been a word said about it if that section boss had n't 'a' wrote it up [made a report]. He's had it in fer us ever since that time we run into his hand-car and knocked them Dagoes offen the right o' way."



A. THOMAS FOGARTY.
HALF-TONE PLATE ENGRAVED BY S. DAVIS.

THE OLD-TIME SWITCHMAN.



"THE BRAKEMAN . . . TAKES ADVANTAGE OF THE LAUGH THAT FOLLOWS."

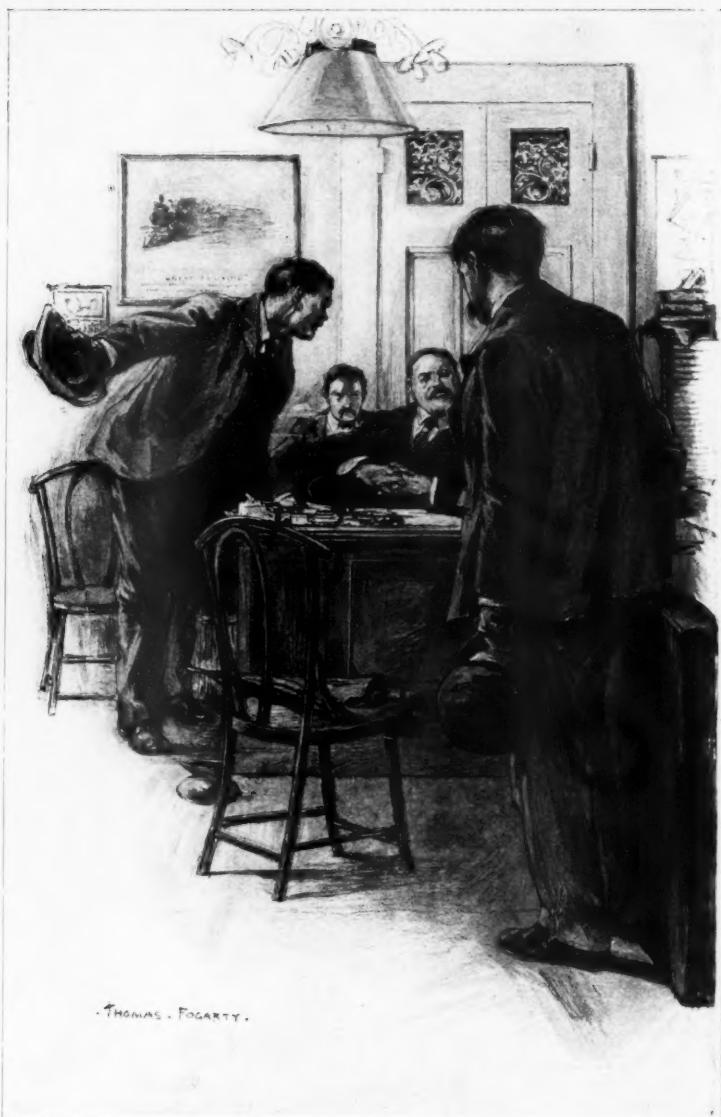
Loyalty to a comrade, whether of shining cloth or of greasy overalls, is a lovable quality of the Anglo-Saxon race. The superintendent is so touched by it that he prefers to ignore the narrow bank, the sharp curve, and the long train which put the brakeman, in this case, entirely out of range of the fireman's vision, and dismisses the investigation with the ancient, non-committal, but often effectual phrase, "Don't let it happen again."

The men and the stenographer pass out, and the superintendent, left alone with his lieutenant, the train-master, smiles, and says: "That's what we get from trying to do a double-track business on a single-track road.

We are after the men all the time to hurry up, and we must n't kick if once in a while a man hurries so much that he flips a switch over a little too soon and gets a car in the ditch. That man Jim is a good brakeman. You remember he saved us a bad wreck last winter by keeping his head about him when bridge 202 went down. He is worth keeping, and will make a good conductor when it comes his turn to be set up [promoted]."

"Don't you think we ought to give [suspend] that fireman ten days for lying about it?" ventures the train-master.

"Not this time. Let him think, for a while, that he has pulled the wool over our eyes. When it comes in right, we'll remind



HALF-TONE PLATE ENGRAVED BY H. C. MERRILL.
“I SEEN HIS LAMP A-SWINGIN’ US DOWN.”

him of it, and make him feel more ashamed than if we try to show our superior wisdom now. He is young, and although we can't expect all the virtues for seventy dollars a month, we'll make a man of him in time.

“Yes,” muses the superintendent, “just as good a man as his father, who worked for the company for thirty years, and saved it many a dollar. The old man was pulling the

construction-train when I started out as a water-boy. I boarded at his house after I learned telegraphy and was night operator.”

The train-master, college-bred, is disinclined to discuss the ethical phase of the question, for—he knows not exactly why—he feels that he is in the presence of a superior, not only in rank, but also in the great art of handling men. The train-master mentally

recalls that last year, when the men over the mountain struck, the men on this superintendent's division remained at work; that every year the auditor's records show the division charged with the lowest amount for "damaged equipment" and for "legal expenses"; that men give up regular runs on other divisions to transfer to the extra (supernumerary) list on this division; and, finally, that the "old man" is the only superintendent whose salary the company ever raised to keep him from accepting the offer of service with another road.

The poetry of motion surrounds with a halo those who move. The stage-driver and the locomotive engineer have a local following and are worshiped from afar by a host of admirers. It is the engineman who gets the credit for the fast runs, not the fireman who keeps the engine in steam, or the mechanical engineer whose brain devised the improvements in the machine. The master mechanic and the roundhouse foreman, whose careful attention and good discipline keep the engine in order, receive only a negative amount of credit; if anything goes wrong, they hear of it. The fireman comes in for some of the glamour and glory, for, like the conductor and brakeman, he "runs on the road." The men who "switch in the yard" are also among the elect, for their vocation brings them constantly in the face of death. A "switchman" to the rank and file is not the "switch-tender" who merely "throws switches" for approaching trains. A "switchman" "throws switches," but not in any fixed location, and more distinctively he "cuts 'em off" (uncouples cars), "goes after 'em" (sets brakes), and "ties 'em together" (couples cars). He is as artful a dodger of flying cars as is his "pony" (switch-engine) of seemingly innumerable trains. The head switchman is carried on the pay-rolls as a "yard conductor," but the men cling to the old appellation of "foreman" or "pony conductor." His assistants, to whom his word is law, are officially designated "yard brakemen," an appropriate title, which has failed thus far to supplant the good old-fashioned term "helpers."

Yardmen are skilled laborers. The constant tension of their dangerous calling keeps their senses very acute. The old-time switchman, a character in his way, is rapidly passing. He was possessed of iron nerve. He was usually minus a finger or two, lost in coupling. He had been discharged for drunkenness or insubordination more times than he had remaining fingers. He was a

"stake man"; that is, he remained in one yard only long enough to get money ahead. He would then "quit 'em cold," "blow in his stake," and "hit 'em for a job somewhere else." This last process consisted in approaching a yard-master, a train-master, or even a superintendent, and, with an easy familiarity born of long practice, asking: "How're yer fixed for switchmen?" or "Hirin'any brakemen to-day?" If any other "traveling switchman" had made a vacancy by moving on either voluntarily or involuntarily, the newcomer would at once begin to "herd box-cars." A daredevil at all times, the risks in coupling and in "ketchin' cars," taken at first in order to make an impression on his new associates, were appalling. There was always a proportion of home talent working permanently in the yard, and toward these more prosperous persons the impudent traveler maintained an air of conscious superiority. He might condescend to allow one to "stand good" for his keep at the railroad boarding-house, he might even seek to borrow raiment or money from another; but as to an admission of professional equality, that was out of the question.

The railroad man on principle, be it remembered, objects most strenuously to paying fare. All roads have an elaborate system of issuing passes to employees, on the request of the head of the department to which the man belongs, or, in the case of an employee of another road, on request of the chief operating official of that line, usually the general manager. Every year passes are becoming harder to get, as enlightened management realizes that free transportation is giving something for nothing, and is therefore economically undesirable. The true railroad man out of a job usually has no trouble in getting about the country when hunting a situation. If the subordinate officials of the road will not strain their consciences to the extent of regarding him as an employee for pass purposes, he seeks the refuge of a hospitable caboose, and the conductor "carries him." Besides risking discharge from his own position by so doing, the conductor probably shares his lunch-basket with the traveler, and mayhap "stands good" for the latter's meals at the terminal. Many times this service is rendered because the "traveling-card" of the unfortunate shows that he is a member of the same railway brotherhood or order. Frequently it is "just because he's a railroad man." It has been so easy for the best of men to "lose out" in a business which offers so many

chances for a fatal mistake, that each feels in a vague way that he may himself be "on the hog train" or "on the pig proper" (in misfortune) any day, and stand in need of a similar lift. It is an unwritten law among officials and employees never to let a railroad man go hungry, no matter how undeserving. They cast enough bread on the waters to go rolling down the ages as a mighty force for big-heartedness, and for that broad charity which recognizes the man behind the faults.

The wise railway official does not, therefore, trouble the "traveling railroad man" with questions as to how he reached town. For all that the official manner betrays, the applicant may have come in as a first-class paying passenger in a compartment sleeper.

Nowadays men are usually required to furnish a "clearance" (certificate of service) from the last road where employed, that their antecedents may be "traced." This results, of course, in a better class of men. The Railroad Young Men's Christian Association has replaced the saloon and the gambling-den as the rendezvous for railroad men, and the "tough traveler" is fast passing away with the conditions which gave existence to his class. Mankind, however, chafes just a little under even so moderate a restraint as that of a reading-room, and it is in the switch-shanty, about the roundhouse, and along the "caboose track" (where cabooses off duty stand) that the railroad man is encountered in the freedom that comes from contact with one's equals without the semblance of superiority.

In the switch-shanty men are usually appreciated at very nearly their true value. The passenger conductor who lives up strictly to the rules of the company, and whose loyalty to his employers is stronger than his sympathy for others, here receives the homage which laxity pays to duty.

"What! get him to carry you [allow to travel without fare or pass]?" Why, he would n't carry his mother's picture," says a malcontent. "He forgets he used to be nothin' but a freight brakeman himself."

"That's all right," says a switchman, as he trims a lantern wick. "I used to brake for him when he was a-runnin' freight [was a freight conductor]. He's had to work for what he's got, and he'd be a fool to risk his job for some hobo railroad man. What'd he do now if he lost out? He's too old to go brakin', and he's sendin' his boys through high school. Why, after he got married he kept sendin' the old folks a piece o' money

every pay-day. Ain't nobody never accused him of knockin' down a cent o' the company's money, either."

The first speaker throws into the dope-bucket (used for lubricating car-axes) the piece of clean waste with which he has been rubbing his "lamp," holds the glass globe up to the light as if defying any one to make him look through other glasses, and retorts: "That ain't no reason for actin' as though he thought he was an official. He might know he's too solid with the company for the spotters to check him up for just carryin' a brother railroad man. It'll get so after a while that these chicken-hearted cons [conductors] will need a' X-ray glass to tell a good railroad man when they see him."

The defender of the conductor pauses from filling his lantern, sets down the oil-can with a bang, and exclaims: "It's a wonder you would n't see it's to the interest of us men to have a man like that stand in with the management. You remember the time that understrapper of a yard-master tried to discharge Bill Carr, and the men from the brotherhood could n't get him put back to work. This old conductor you are a-runnin' down went to the office and told the old man [superintendent] the boy was n't gettin' a fair show, and the old man did n't take long to tell that smart yard-master where to head in."

An official superior is discussed and dissected as thoroughly as a teacher by her pupils, a professor by his students. The opinions vary with the different points of view, but, all being from breadwinners of a practical school, form a composite that is not far from accurate. No quality is more readily detected by subordinates than honesty of purpose, and it is a mantle that covers a multitude of official mistakes, and of the minor injustices that are more or less unavoidable in the conduct of a large organization. Sometimes nicknames are given that are both amusing and suggestive. One superintendent kept the wires so hot with fault-finding messages bearing his initials "H. F. C." that he came to be known as old "Hell For Certain." Even religious railroad men are sometimes rough of speech, but religion, after all, from its derivation, means "binding back to good." When men have the naturalness and unaffectedness that go with resolute and grim determination, they attract, in spite of their "cussingness," a greater confidence in their goodness than do the self-conscious, would-be pioneers of perfection.

THE FALSE GODS OF DOC WEAVER.

BY ELLIS PARKER BUTLER.

WITH DRAWINGS BY FREDERIC DORR STEELE.



OC WEAVER and his boarder sat at the dinner-table earnestly engaged in conversation, while the doctor's wife cleared away the dishes. The boarder was a bright young woman who had come up from Franklin to teach the fall term in the Kilo school, and as she was fresh from college and had many new ideas of life, the doctor was having a mental feast. Behind his spectacles his eyes glowed with pleasure, and in the exact ratio that the doctor's spirits rose the frown on his wife's brow deepened.

The doctor had few opportunities for discussing any subjects except the most ordinary. Neighborhood gossip, the weather, crops, and the price of corn were the usual sources of conversation in Kilo, except when an election gave a political tinge to the discussions or when a revival turned all attention to religious matters; but the doctor's mind scorned these limitations, and he found few persons from year's end to year's end to whom he was able to speak openly.

To Kilo in general the doctor was a mystery. Ordinarily he was the most silent of men, but on occasion, as, for instance, when he could buttonhole an intelligent stranger, he dissolved into a torrent of words.

Doc Weaver held views. He believed there were other things besides the Republican party and the Methodist Church, and being liberal-minded, he had believed all these other things in turn and had believed them enthusiastically. He could not help thinking that he was of a little finer clay than the grocer and the blacksmith, but he was tender-hearted, and would not have wounded the feelings of the least of his fellow-townersmen on any condition. Kilo considered the doctor one of its peculiar institutions. It took him good-naturedly, but it refused to take him too seriously. He was "jist Doc Weaver," and Kilo reserved the right to laugh at him in private and to brag about him to strangers. As Doc Weaver was sensitive and feared the rough raillery of his

neighbors, he kept his enthusiasms to himself. He was like an overcharged bottle of soda-water.

The school-teacher and the doctor were discussing Christian Science and faith-cures generally, and when the doctor's wife passed to and fro, catching a phrase now and then, a look of deep anxiety spread over her face, until, as she brushed the crumbs from the red table-cloth, her shoulders seemed to droop in dejection.

When she smoothed the cloth and set the lamp on the mat in the center, the doctor glanced at his watch and arose. He buttoned his frock-coat over his breast (it was the only frock-coat in Kilo), and drew on his gloves, holding his hands on a level with his chin. It was a habit, an aristocratic touch, which, like his side-whiskers, detached him from the rest of Kilo. He had once worn a silk hat, but he soon abandoned it for a gray felt; for even he saw that a silk hat emphasized his individuality too strongly for comfort. It was a tempting mark for snowballs.

When the doctor had closed the door and stepped from the front porch, his wife sank into a chair.

"I do hope you won't git mad at what I'm goin' to say, Miss Miller," she said, "cause I ain't goin' to say et fer no sich thing; but I could n't help hearin' what you was sayin' to Doc while I was reddin' off the table. I wisht you would n't let him git to talkin' 'bout newfangled religions an' sich. It ain't fer his good ner fer mine."

Miss Miller laughed good-naturedly.

"Why, Mrs. Weaver!" she exclaimed. "We were only discussing faith-cures, and neither of us believes in them—wholly, that is. Of course every one must to some extent admit the power of mind over matter. But if you'd rather not have me, I'll not discuss it again."

"I'd ruther you would n't, ef you don't mind," said the doctor's wife, simply.

Miss Miller pushed back her chair and rose, smiling as she saw the lines of worry

leave the face of her hostess. She turned to the little case of books that stood in one corner, and ran her eye over the volumes.

Mrs. Weaver sprang to her feet.

"Land's sakes!" she cried, "I know what you're lookin' fer. You're lookin' fer that book o' yours, ain't you? Et's right there

did n't know ef 't was a proper book fer Doc. Et's got a kind o' queer name."

The school-teacher turned the book over in her hand. She had never suspected it to be a dangerous book, and she looked up and laughed.

"It is n't as dangerous as it looks," she said. "It would n't hurt a baby."

"Well, I guess you'll think I'm awful foolish about Doc," said Mrs. Weaver, "but I was n't goin' to take no chances, an' the name kind o' riled me, like."

"Delsarte," said the school-teacher. "Why, that's just a system of training for the body. It makes one more graceful, as running and jumping make a boy strong."

The doctor's wife heaved a sigh of relief.

"Well, I guess that won't hurt Doc any if he does read et," she laughed. "I thought

mebby et was some newfangled religion or other, an' I allus keep sich things out o' Doc's reach. Mebby you think I'm crazy, but when you know Doc as well as I do, you'll find out how mortal quick he is to take up with new notions, an' et would be just like him to give up his sittin' in church an' go an' be a Delsarty, ef they was any sich belief. I don't much mind him bein' a socialist or any o' them perliteral things, ef he wants to,—an' goodnessknows he does,—'cause they keep his mind busy; but sence I got him to jine church, I'm goin' to keep him jined,



"DOC WAS REAL TOOK UP WITH SHAKSPERE THEM DAYS."

behind them wax flowers on the what-not. I seen et layin' round, an' I just shoved et out o' sight, so's Doc would n't git hold on et."

"Well, you sit down," said the school-teacher; "I can get it. But there was no need to be so particular. I am not reading it; I only pick it up now and then, and it does not matter if the doctor loses my place in it."

The doctor's wife drew her darning-basket from the work-table and turned its contents into her lap.

"Twas n't that," she said; "I'd never of thought o' that, I guess. I hid et 'cause I

Delsarty or no Delsarty. I seen them picters, an' et riled me right up to think o' Doc's goin' round wrapped up in sheets, or whatever 't is that's on them folks in the picters. Mebby et's all right fer Delsartys, but I don't ever hope to see Doc so."

Miss Miller lay back in her chair and laughed until the tears stood in her eyes, and the doctor's wife gazed at her with an amused smile.

"Now, you do think I'm foolish, don't you?" she inquired. "But I had sich a time with Doc 'fore we was married that I'm scared half to death every time I hear a long

word I ain't right sure on. I was 'most worried out o' my wits last summer when Mis' Crawford was here lecturin' on Christian Science. Et was jist about even whether Doc 'ud git in line or not. He had an awful struggle, poor feller, 'cause he can't bear to hev nothin' new to believe in come round an' him not believe in et. Religions is to Doc jist like teetin' is to babies; they got to teethe, an' seems like Doc 's got to ketch new religions. He ain't never real happy when he ain't got no queer fandango to poke his nose into. But he did n't git Christian Scientisted.

"I says to him, 'Doc, ain't you allopathy?' An' he says, 'Yes, certainly.' 'Well,' I says, 'ef you go an' be a Christian Science, you can't be no allopathy, Doc. Christian Science an' allopathy don't mix,' I says, 'an' you 'd starve, that's what you 'd do. I leave it to you, Doc, ef you quit big pills, how'd you git a livin'? They ain't no big pills set down in the Christian Science book.'

"Well, he poked his eyes up at the ceilin' an' says, 'I might write, Loreny.' 'Yes,' I says, 'so you might. An' what 'd you write, Doc Weaver?' I says. 'Shakspere?' An' Doc shet right up, an' never said another word. Et was a mean thing fer me to say, but I was awful worried."

"Shakspere?" inquired Miss Miller.

"Yes, that's the word—Shakspere," said Mrs. Weaver. "Et come purty nigh keepin' me from marryin' Doc, as I 'll tell you. You see, Doc ain't like common folks. Doc 's got sich broad idees o' things. Lib'rал, he calls et, but I name et jist common foolish. He 's got to give every newfangled scheme a show. I guess, off an' on, Doc 's believed 'most every queer name in the cyclopedy an' some that ain't in et. I used to tell him they could n't git 'em up fast enough to keep up with him. He 's got a wonderful mind, Doc has."

"I hain't no notion how Doc ever got started believin' things, but mebby he got in with a bad lot at the doctor school he went to. Doc told me hisself they cut up dead folks. Anyhow, he come back from Chicago a reg'lar atheist; but that was 'fore I knewed him. He lived up at Richmond, an' he did n't come to Kilo till 'bout ten year' after that, an' he 'd got purty well along by then, an' hed got right handy at believin' things.

"Well, when Doc come to Kilo pa 'd just died, an' ma an' me had to take in boarders to git along; so Doc come to our house to board. Thet's how Doc an' me got to know

each other. I was 'bout as old as Doc, an' we was n't neither of us very chickenish, but I thought Doc was the finest man I 'd ever saw, an' ceptin' what I 'm tellin' you, I ain't ever hed cause to change my mind.

"I 'd never saw so many books as Doc brought—more'n we 've got now. I burned a lot when we got married—Tom Paine an' Bob Ingersoll an' all I was sure was n't orthodoxy. Why, we hed more books 'n we 've got in the Sunday-school lib'ry. Specially Shakspere books, some Shakspere writ hisself, an' some writ about him. Doc was real took up with Shakspere them days."

"Most all his spare time Doc put in readin' them Shakspere books, an' sometimes he 'd git a new one. One day he come home mad. I ain't never see Doc real mad but twice, but he was mad that day an' no mistake. He 'd got a new book, an' he set down to read et soon 's he got in the house; but every couple of pages he 'd slap et shut an' walk up an' down growlin' to hisself. Oh, but he was riled! Thet night I heard him stampin' up an' down his room, mad as a wet hen, an' by an' by I heard that book go rattlin' out o' the window an' plunk down in the radish-bed. So next mornin' I went out an' got et, 'cause I liked Doc purty well by then, an' et made me sorry to see sich a nice quiet man carry on so."

"I could n't make head ner tail o' the book, ner see why et riled Doc up. Et was jist another Shakspere book, only this one said et was n't Shakspere, but somebody else, that writ the Shakspere books. I thought Doc was real foolish to git so mad 'bout et, but I had n't no idee how much Doc hed took et to heart."

"Well, I do run on terribul when I git started, don't I? An' them dinner dishes waitin' to be washed! But I guess et won't hurt 'em to stand a bit. You see, when Doc begun to take a likin' fer me, the poor feller started in talkin' 'bout what he believed in. Most fellers does. Fust he begun 'bout greenbacks. He was the only Greenback in Kilo; but that was jist periltercal stuff, an' while I 'm a good Republican, like pa was, I did n't see that et would hurt ef my husband did think other than I did in that, so long as he was n't a saloon Democrat. Thet was when they was havin' the prohibition fight here in Ioway, you know. But when Doc begun lettin' out hints that he did n't think much o' goin' to church, I was real sorry.

"I was sorry 'cause I could n't see my way clear to marry an outsider, bein' a good Methodist myself; but I did n't dream but

he was jist one o' these lazy Christians that don't 'tend church lest they're dragged. They's plenty sich. I thought mebby I could bring him round all right once we was married; so I jist asked him right out ef he'd jine church.

"Well, you'd o' thought I'd asked him to take poison! He did n't flare up like some would, but jist sat down an' explained how he could n't. I guess he must have explained, off an' on, fer three weeks 'fore I got a good hang on his idee. Seems like he was believin' some Hindu stuff jist then. I don't know as you've ever heard tell on et. Et's about souls. When a person dies, his soul goes inter another person, an' so on till kingdom come. Reincarnation's what they call et. I guess by the time Doc got done explainin' I knew more 'bout the reincarnation business than anybody in three counties, 'cause night after night Doc 'ud sit an' explain till I'd drop off asleep.

"But it was n't no use. So far as I could see, reincarnation was jist plain error an' follerin' after false gods, an' I told Doc so. Anyhow, I knowed they was n't nothin' like et in the Methodist Church, an' I jist up an' let Doc know I would n't marry nobody that believed sich stuff. Doc reckoned to change my mind, but my argument was jist plain 'I won't!' an' that settled et. I believe a man an' wife ought to belong to the same church, —'thy God shall be my God,' —an' I was n't goin' to give up whut I'd been taught fer any crazy notions Doc hed got into his head. I told him so plain.

"Then Doc took a poetry-writin' spell, but he was n't no great hand at et. I told him in plain words that he'd be better off rollin' allopathy pills. I used to git right put out with Doc sometimes, foolin' away good time that way, sittin' round by the hour spoilin' good paper. I reckon he started nigh a thousand po'ms; but he did n't git along very good. 'Bout the third line he'd stop an' tear up what he'd wrote. When I was n't mad I used to feel real sorry fer Doc, he tried so hard; but feelin' sorry did n't help him none, an' it was kind o' redic'lous to see him.

"One day I asked Doc why he did n't tell ma an' the rest o' Kilo what he believed in, an' he said that Kilo folks could n't understand sich things, bein' mostly born and bred in the Methodist Church, an' not lib'r'al like he was. I seen he was payin' me a compliment, 'cause he'd told me, but I could n't swaller reincarnation for all that. An' so we did n't seem to git no further.

"But one day Doc says: 'Well, Loreny,

why can't you marry me? They ain't no one can love you like I do, an' you know I'll make you a good husband, an' I'll go to church with you reg'lar, ef you say so.'

"'Goin' to church ain't all, Doc Weaver,' I says. 'I jist won't marry no man that believes sich trash as you do.'

"'Well, tell me why not,' he says.

"'I'll tell you, Doc Weaver,' I says, 'since you drive me to et. I'm willin' enough to marry *you*, but I ain't willin' to marry some old heathen Chinee or goodness knows what.'

"Doc was took all aback. 'Why, Loreny!' he says, 'why, Loreny!'

"'I mean et,' I says, 'jist what I say. How kin I tell who you are when you say yourself you ain't nothin' but some old spirit in a new body? Like as not you're Herod, or an Indian, or a cannibal savage, an' I'd like to see myself marryin' sich,' I says. 'I'd look purty, would n't I, settin' in church alongside of a made-over Chinee?'

"Doc ain't very pale, ever, but he got as red as a beet, an' I see I'd hit him purty hard. Then he kind o' stiffened up.

"'Loreny,' he says, 'I'd of thought you'd of believed my spirit to be a little better 'n a heathen Chinee's,' he says, 'though there's much worse folks than they are.'

"I seen he was put out, an' I had n't meant to hurt his feelin's, so I says, more gentle, 'Well, Doc, ef you ain't that, what are you?'

"I s'pose you've noticed how sometimes something you find out will make clear a lot o' things you could n't make head or tail of before. That's the way what Doc said did fer me. There was that poetry-writin' of his, an' the way that Shakspere book made him mad, an' how he read them Shakspere books instead of his Mateery Medicky volumes.

"Well, I asked Doc, 'Ef you ain't a heathen Chinee or some sich, what are you?' an' when he answered you could of knocked me down with a wisp o' hay. You'd never guess no more 'n I did.

"'Loreny,' he says, solemn as a deacon, 'I did n't reckon ever to tell nobody, an' you must n't judge what I tell you too quick. I ain't made up my mind sudden-like,' he says, 'but I've studied myself an' what I like an' don't like fer years, an' I've jist been forced to et,' he says. 'They ain't no doubt in my mind, Loreny,' he says, an' he let his voice go 'way down low, like he was a'most afraid to say et hisself. 'Loreny, I believe that Shakspere's spirit has transmigrated into me.'

"Well, ma'am, I was too took aback to say a word. I thought Doc had gone crazy, but he had n't."

"When I kind o' got my senses back I riled up right away. 'Well,' I says, snappy, 'I think when you was pickin' out some one to be you might of picked out some one better. From all I've heard, Shakspere was n't no better man than he'd ought to be. He don't suit me no better than a Chinee would, an' I ain't no fancy to marry Mr. Shakspere. Mebby you think et's fine doin's to be Shakspere, Doc Weaver, but I don't, an' I ain't goin' to marry no man that's like a two-headed cow, half one thing an' half another, an' not all of any. When you git your senses,' I says, 'you kin talk about marryin' me.' An' off I went, perky as a peacock. But I cried 'most all night."

"Him an' me kind o' stood off from each other after that, an' I made up my mind I'd die 'fore I'd marry Doc so long as he was Shakspere, an' Doc hed got the notion that he was Shakspere so sot in his mind et seemed likely I would."

"I had n't never took much stock in po'try-readin' since I got out o' 'Mother Goose,' but I begun readin' Shakspere a little, jist to see what sort o' po'try Doc thought he hed writ when he was Shakspere. Well, I would n't want to see sich books in the Sunday-school lib'ry, that's all I got to say. Some I could n't make much sense of, but they was one long po'm 'bout Venus an' some feller—well, I should n't think the government u'd allow sich things printed! I jist knowed Doc could n't ever of writ sich stuff. They ain't so much meanness in him. But I could n't see clear how to make Doc see et that way."

"I'd about give up hopes of curin' Doc, when one day a feller come to town an' give a lecture in the dance-room over the grocery. He was one o' these spiritualism fellers, an' soon as et was noised round that he was comin', I knew Doc u'd be the fust man to go an' the last to come away, an' he was. Thinks I, 'Let him go. Ef Doc jines in with the spiritualists, et will be better 'n what he believes now, an' ef he begins changin' religions, mebby I kin keep him changin', an' change him into a church-goer.' An' so, jist to see what Doc was like to be, I coaxed ma to go, an' I went too. It was n't near so sinful as I expected."

"The feller's name was Gilson, an' he was pale as a picked chicken, but real commonlookin' other ways. He was a right-down good talker an' seemed real earnest. He

was n't the ghost-raisin' kind o' spiritualist, an' them that went to see a show come away disapp'ited, for all he did was talk an' take up a c'lection. He said he was a new beginner an' used to be a Presbyterian minister. Doc stayed after et was over, an' hed a talk with Gilson, an' of course he got converted, like he always does. He told ma so.

"I had n't been havin' much talk with Doc one way or another, but when ma told me he'd jined the spiritualists, I eased up a little, an' one day I made bold to say, 'Well, Doc, I s'pose you've give up thet Shakspere idee, ain't you?'

"'No,' he says, 'I ain't.'

"'Land's sakes!' I says, 'do you mean to say you kin be two things at once in religion, as well as bein' Doc Weaver an' Shakspere?'

"'Yes, Loreny,' he says. 'The spirit's got to be somewhere between the times it has a body,' he says. 'Thet stands to reason. Et's always puzzled me where I was between the time I died two or three hundred years ago an' the time I entered this body,' he says, 'an' spiritualism makes et all clear. I was floatin' in space.'

"Thet's jist how fool-crazy Doc was them days. There he was believin' with all his might the reincarnation business an' the spirit business at the same time.

"I says, 'Well, Doc, some day you'll see how deep in error you are; mark my word,' an' I did n't say no more.

"Course Doc would n't let good enough alone. There was a big spiritualist over in Peory, Illinois, a reg'lar ghost-raisin' feller, an' what did Doc do but write over an' git him to come to Kilo an' give a seancee. Thet's a meetin' where they raise ghosts. Doc wanted the feller to stop at our house, but I would n't hev et, so he hed to put up at the hotel. Soon's I see the feller, I says he was a fraud, but Doc swallered him right down, hide an' hoof.

"They hed the seancee in the hotel parlor, an' no charge, so ma an' me went, though we was n't just sure et was right; but I says et was n't as if et was real—we knowed et was all foolishness; so ma an' me trotted along. I found out afterward that Doc paid to hev the feller come to Kilo. His name was Moller, an' he was one o' them long-haired, greasy-lookin' men.

"I must say et was real scary when they turned the lights down an' Moller made tables jump round an' fiddles play without anybody playin' them. They was n't many

folks there, but ma held my hand an' I held ma's, an' Doc was right afront of us.

"Moller did a lot of sich tricks, an' then he said he'd bring up any spirits any one'd like to hev come up. Thet was what Doc was waitin' fer, an' he popped right up.

"I should like to talk to Bacon," he says.

"Bacon?" says Moller. "They's a good many Bacons in spirit-land. Which one do you want to speak to, doctor?"

"The one that lived when Shakspere did,"

"Et is," says Moller, his voice jerkin' like a kitten with the fits.

"Well," says Doc, like his life was hangin' on what Moller 'ud say, "did you or did n't you write Shakspere's plays?"

"I did not," Moller jerked out; "Shakspere did."

"You could hear Doc sigh all over thet room, et was sich a relief to his mind. Doc was awful pleased. He was smilin' all over his face, et tickled him so to hev Bacon own

up, an' he turned to ma an' me, an' says, 'Ain't et wonderful!'

"Then Moller come out of his fit an' sot still awhile, like he'd jist woke up from a long nap. Then he says he's goin' into another trance, an' if any in the room wants to hold talk with any o' their lost friends or kin, they should ask fer them, an' he jerked ag'in an' jerked out stiff.

"Thet old backslider Seth Olmstead popped up, but Doc was ahead o' him, 'cause Seth allus



"I'M SAILIN' THROUGH STARRY FIELDS," HE SAYS."

says Doc. "The one that writ the essays an' sich."

"Ah, yes!" says Moller. "I'll see if he's willin' to say anything to-night." An' down he sot into a chair. Well, you'd of died! In a bit his head an' legs begin to jerk like he hed St. Vitus' dance, an' then he straightened out, stiff as a broomstick. Et was the silliest thing I ever see. I felt real sorry fer Doc, he was so dead earnest about et.

"In a minute Moller opened his jaw an' begun to talk. Et was all sort o' jerky-like.

"I'm sailin' through starry fields," he says, "explorin' the wonders o' the universe. Why am I called back to earth this way? Doth somebody want to question me 'bout something?"

"Doc was all worked up. He held on to a chair-back, an' he was shakin' so I could hear the loose rungs in the chair rattlin'.

"Is this Bacon?" he says.

has to stutter awhile 'fore he gits his tongue goin', an' Doc says, "I desire to speak with Richard Burbage."

"I guess Moller did n't know any sich feller. Anyhow, he jist lay still; so Doc says, 'Meby they's several Richard Burbages. I mean the one that owned a theater with Shakspere.' But Richard Burbage didn't feel like talkin' thet evenin'. I reckon Moller did n't know nothin' 'bout Richard Burbage, an' was frightened that Doc 'ud ask him somethin' he could n't answer. They ain't nobody slicker 'n these fake fellers. Et's their business.

"But Doc was so worked up he'd of swallowed anything, an' I guess Moller thought he hed to make up to Doc fer payin' his expenses, so he says, smilin', 'I see, doctor, you're interested in literatoor, an' I'll try to git somebody in thet line thet's willin' to talk.' So off he jerked into another trance.

"Perty soon Moller says: 'From the seventh circle I hev come, drawn by the will of somebody that knows me an' loves me. Et's a long way. Billions of miles off is my new home, where I spend eternity writin' things that make what I writ on earth look like nothin', or some sich nonsense. Doc looked back at me once, proud as sin, an' then he swelled out his lungs, an' run his hand over his whiskers, like you've seen him do. He was gittin' wound up fer a good talk.'

"Ef I do say et myself, Doc's a good talker, an' I figgered he'd make Moller hustle. I see Doc was goin' to spread hiself an' do credit to Shakspere. He had n't no doubt that one spirit would recognize another, so he says, like he was makin' a speech, 'You know who I am?'

"'I do,' says Moller.

"'Then,' says Doc, 'sence my spirit eyes are blinded by this mortal body, may I ask who you are?' He did n't hardly breathe. Then Moller jerked. 'I am Shakspere,' he says, sudden-like.

"'What's that?' says Doc, short an' quick.

"'Shakspere,' says Moller—'William Shakspere.'

"Poor Doc jist dropped into his chair an' run his hand over his forehead an' his eyes like he'd bumped into the edge of a door in the dark. I ain't never seen Doc real pale but once, an' that was then. Then he turned round to ma an' me, weak as a sick baby, an' says, 'Come, Loreny; this lyin' place ain't nowhere fer you to be,' an' we went out.

"'Well, Doc,' I says, when we was outside, 'seems like they's two of you, don't et?' An' that's all I says to him 'bout et then; but I guess he see what a fool he'd been, 'cause the nex' night he says, 'Loreny, I wisht you'd git me a set o' the articles o' belief o' your church. I'd like to look 'em over.'

"'Well,' I says, 'who'll I say wants 'em, Shakspere or Doc Weaver?'

"'You kin say an old fool wants 'em,' says Doc, 'an' you'll hit et 'bout right.'

"So Doc jined church, an' he's leadin' the singin' now; but you see why I keep sich a lookout lest he gits started off on some new religion."

Mrs. Weaver glanced at the clock.

"Mercy me!" she exclaimed, "Doc'll be

home 'fore I git them dinner dishes washed up. Now, you won't feel hurt 'cause I don't want you to talk new religions to Doc, will you? You kin see jist how I feel, an' you would n't want no husband yourself that was a philopeny, as you might say. I don't believe I could of got on real well with Doc



"SO DOC JINED CHURCH, AN' HE'S LEADIN'
THE SINGIN' NOW."

if he'd kep' on bein' Shakspere. I'd allus of felt like he was 'bout three hundred years older 'n me. But they's jist one thing I dread more 'n anything else. Ef Doc should git to be a Mormon an' start a harem, I believe I'd coax him to be Shakspere ag'in. Et's bad enough to hev a double husband, but, land's sakes, I'd ruther that than to be part of a wife."



DRAWN BY GEORGE VARIAN.

"WE WERE NEVER SO HAPPY."

D'R I A N D I

A Border Tale of 1812 Being the Memoirs
of Colonel Ramon Bell

By IRVING BACHELLER

Author of "Eben Holden" "The Master of Silence" etc.

XXIII.

I FELT foolish for a moment. I had careful plans for Mme. St. Jovite. She would have vanished utterly on our return; so, I fancy, none would have been the wiser. But in that brief sally I had killed the ma-

dame; she could serve me no more. I have been careful in my account of this matter to tell all just as it happened, to put upon it neither more nor less of romantic color than we saw. Had I the skill and license of a novelist, I could have made much of my little mystery; but there are many now living

who remember all these things, and then, I am a soldier, and too old for a new business. So I make as much of them as there was and no more.

In private theatricals, an evening at the Harbor, I had won applause with the rig, wig, and dialect of my trip to Wrentham Square. So, when I proposed a plan to my friend the general, urging the peril of a raw hand with a trust of so much importance, he had no doubt of my ability.

I borrowed a long coat, having put off my dress, and, when all was ready, went with a lantern to get the ladies. Louise recognized me first.

"Grâce au ciel! le capitaine!" said she, running to meet me.

I dropped my lantern as we came face to face, and have ever been glad of that little accident, for there in the dark my arms went around her, and our lips met for a silent kiss full of history and of holy confidence. Then she put her hand upon my face with a gentle, caressing touch, and turned her own away.

"I am very, very glad to see you," I said.

"Dieu!" said her sister, coming near, "we should be glad to see you, if it were possible."

I lighted the lantern hurriedly.

"Ciel! the light becomes him," said Louison, her grand eyes aglow.

But before there was time to answer I had kissed her also.

"He is a bold thing," she added, turning soberly to the baroness.

"Both a bold and happy thing," I answered. "Forgive me. I should not be so bold if I were not—well—insanely happy."

"He is only a boy," said the baroness, laughing as she kissed me.

"Poor little ingénue!" said Louison, patting my arm.

Louise, tall and lovely and sedate as ever, stood near me, primping her bonnet.

"Little ingénue!" she repeated, with a faint laugh of irony, as she placed the dainty thing on her head.

"Well, what do *you* think of him?" said Louison, turning to help her.

"Dieu! that he is very big and dreadful," said the other, soberly. "I should think we had better be going."

These things move slowly on paper, but the greeting was to me painfully short, there being of it not more than a minute, I should say. On our way to the lights they plied me with whispered queries, and were in fear of more fighting. The prisoners were now in the coach, and our men—there

were twelve—stood on every side of it, their pikes in hand. The boats were near, and we hurried to the river by a tote-way. Our schooner lay some twenty rods off a point. A bateau and six canoes were waiting on the beach, and when we had come to the schooner I unbound the prisoners.

"You can get ashore with this bateau," I said. "You will find the horses tied to a tree."

"Wha' does thet mean?" said D'ri.

"That we have no right to hold them," was my answer. "Ronley was in no way responsible for their coming."

Leaning over the side with a lantern, while one of our men held the bateau, I motioned to the coachman.

"Give that 'humberreller' to the butler, with my compliments," I whispered.

Our anchors up, our sails took the wind in a jiffy.

"Member how we used ye," D'ri called to the receding Britishers, "an' ef ye ever meet a Yankee, try t' be p'lite tew 'im."

Dawn had come before we got off at the Harbor dock. I took the ladies to an inn for breakfast, wrote a report, and went for my horse and uniform. General Brown was buttoning his suspenders when they admitted me to his room.

"What luck, my boy?" said he.

"All have returned safely, including the ladies," I replied quickly, "and I have the honor to submit a report."

He took a chair, and read the report carefully, and looked up at me, laughing.

"What a lucky and remarkable young man!" said he. "I declare, you should have lived in the middle ages."

"Ah, then I should not have enjoyed your compliments or your friendship," was my answer.

He laughed again heartily.

"Nor the demoiselles," said he. "I congratulate you. They are the loveliest of their sex; but I'm sorry they're not Americans."

"Time enough. I have decided that one of them shall become an American," said I, with all the confidence of youth.

"It is quite an undertaking," said he. "You may find new difficulties. Their father is at the château."

"M'sieur de Lambert?" I exclaimed.

"M'sieur de Lambert. Came yesterday, via Montreal, with a fine young nobleman—the Count Esmon de Brovel," said he. "You must look out for him; he has the beauty of Apollo and the sword of a cavalier."

"And I no fear of him," I answered soberly, with a quick sense of alarm.

"They rode over in the afternoon with Chaumont," he went on. "It seems the young ladies' father, getting no news of them, had become worried. Well, you may go and have three days for your fun; I shall need you presently."

Breakfast over, I got a team for the ladies, and, mounting my own horse, rode before them. I began to consider a very odd thing in this love experience. While they were in captivity I had begun to think less of Louison and more of Louise. In truth, one face had faded a little in my memory; the other, somehow, had grown clearer and sweeter, as if by a light borrowed from the soul behind it. Now that I saw Louison, her splendid face and figure appealed to me with all the power of old. She was quick, vivacious, subtle, aggressive, cunning, aware and proud of her charms, and ever making the most of them. She, ah, yes, she could play with a man for the mere pleasure of victory, and be very heartless if—if she were not in love with him. This type of woman had no need of argument to make me feel her charms. With her the old doubt had returned to me; for how long? I wondered. Her sister was quite her antithesis—thoughtful, slow, serious, even-tempered, frank, quiet, unconscious of her beauty, and with that wonderful thing, a voice tender and low and sympathetic and full of an eloquence I could never understand, although I felt it to my finger-tips. I could not help loving her, and, indeed, what man with any life in him feels not the power of such a woman? That morning, on the woods-pike, I reduced the problem to its simplest terms: the one was a physical type, the other a spiritual.

"M'sieur le Capitaine," said Louison, as I rode by the carriage, "what became of the tall woman last night?"

"Left us there in the woods," I answered. "She was afraid of you."

"Afraid of me! Why?"

"Well, I understand that you boxed her ears shamefully."

A merry peal of laughter greeted my words.

"It was too bad; you were very harsh," said Louise, soberly.

"I could not help it; she was an ugly, awkward thing," said Louison. "I could have pulled her nose."

"And it seems you called her a géante also," I said. "She was quite offended."

"It was a compliment," said the girl. "She was an Amazon—like the count's statue of Jeanne d'Arc."

"Poor thing! she could not help it," said Louise.

"Well," said Louison, with a sigh of regret, "if I ever see her again I shall give her a five-franc piece."

There was a moment of silence, and she broke it.

"I hope, this afternoon, you will let me ride that horse," said she.

"On one condition," was my reply.

"And it is?"

"That you will let me ride yours at the same time."

"Agreed," was her answer. "Shall we go at three?"

"With the consent of the baroness and—
and your father," I said.

"Father!" exclaimed the two girls.

"Your father," I repeated. "He is now at the château."

"Heavens!" said Louison.

"What will he say?" said the baroness.

"I am so glad—my dear papa!" said Louise, clapping her hands.

We were out of the woods now, and could see the château in the uplands.

XXIV.

THERE was a dignity in the manners of M. de Lambert to me formidable and oppressive. It showed in his tall, erect figure, his deep tone, his silvered hair and mustache. There was a merry word between the kisses of one daughter; between those of the other only tears and a broken murmur.

"Oh, papa," said Louison, as she greeted him, "I do love you—but I dread that—ticky old mustache. Mon Dieu! what a lover—you must have been!"

Then she presented me, and put her hand upon my arm, looking proudly at her father.

"My captain!" said she. "Did you ever see a handsomer Frenchman?"

"There are many, and here is one," said he, turning to the young count, who stood behind him—a fine youth, tall, strong-built, well-spoken, with blond hair and dark, keen eyes. I admit frankly I had not seen a better figure of a man. I assure you, he had the form of Hercules, the eye of Mars. It was an eye to command—women; for I had small reason to admire his courage when I knew him better. He took a hand of each young lady, and kissed it with admirable gallantry.

"Dieu! it is not so easy always to agree with one's father," said Louison.

We went riding that afternoon—Thérèse

and her marquis, and Louison and I. The first two went on ahead of us; we rode slowly, and for a time no word was spoken. Winds had stripped the timber, and swept its harvest to the walls and hollows, where it lay bleaching in the sun. Birch and oak and maple were holding bared arms to the wind, as if to toughen them for storm and stress. I felt a mighty sadness, wondering if my own arms were quite seasoned for all that was to come. The merry-hearted girl beside me was ever like a day of June—the color of the rose in her cheek, its odor always in her hair and lace. There was never an hour of autumn in her life.

"Alas, you are a very silent man!" said she, presently, with a little sigh.

"Only thinking," I said.

"Of what?"

"Dieu! of the dead summer," I continued.

"Believe me, it does not pay to think," she interrupted. "I tried it once, and made a sad discovery."

"Of what?"

"A fool!" said she, laughing.

"I should think it—it might have been a coquette," said I, lightly.

"Why, upon my word," said she, "I believe you misjudge me. Do you think me heartless?"

For the first time I saw a shadow in her face.

"No; but you are young and—and beautiful, and—"

"What?" she broke in, impatiently, as I hesitated. "I long to know."

"Men will love you in spite of all you can do," I added.

"Captain!" said she, turning her face away.

"Many will love you, and—and you can choose only one—a very hard thing to do—possibly."

"Not hard," said she, "if I see the right one—and—and—he loves me also."

I had kept myself well in hand, for I was full of doubts that day; but the clever girl came near taking me, horse, foot, and guns, that moment. She spoke so charmingly, she looked so winning, and then, was it not easy to ask if I were the lucky one? She knew I loved her, I knew that she *had* loved me, and I might as well confess. But no; I was not ready.

"You must be stern with the others; you must not let them tell you," I went on.

"Ciel!" said she, laughing, "one might as well go to a nunnery. May not a girl enjoy her beauty? It is sweet to her."

"But do not make it bitter for the poor men. Dieu! I am one of them, and know their sorrows."

"And you—you have been in love?"

"Desperately," I answered, clinging by the finger-tips. Somehow we kept drifting into fateful moments when a word even might have changed all that has been—our life-way, the skies above us, the friends we have known, our loves, our very souls.

She turned, smiling, her beauty flashing up at me with a power quite irresistible. I shut my eyes a moment, summoning all my forces. There was only a step between me and—God knows what!

"Captain, you are a foolish fellow," said she, with a little shudder. "And I—well, I am cold. Parbleu! feel my hand."

She had drawn her glove quickly, and held out her hand, white and beautiful, a dainty finger in a gorget of gems. That little cold, trembling hand seemed to lay hold of my heart and pull me to her. As my lips touched the palm I felt its mighty magic. Dear girl! I wonder if she planned that trial for me.

"We must—ride—faster. You—you—are cold," I stammered.

She held her hand so that the sunlight flashed in the jewels, and looked down upon it proudly.

"Do you think it beautiful?" she asked.

"Yes, and wonderful," I said. "But, mark me, it is all a sacred trust—the beauty you have."

"Sacred?"

"More sacred than the power of kings," I said.

"Preacher!" said she, with a smile. "You should give yourself to the church."

"I can do better with the sword of steel," I said.

"But do not be sad. Cheer up, dear fellow!" she went on, patting my elbow with a pretty mockery. "We women are not—not so bad. When I find the man I love—"

Her voice faltered as she began fussing with her stirrup.

I turned with a look of inquiry, changing quickly to one of admiration.

"I shall make him love *me*, if I can," she went on soberly.

"And if he does?" I queried, my blood quickening as our eyes met.

"Dieu! I would do anything for him," said she.

I turned away, looking off at the brown fields. Ah, then, for a breath, my heart begged my will for utterance. The first word passed my lips when there came a

sound of galloping hoofs and Thérèse and the marquis.

"Come, dreamers," said the former, as they pulled up beside us. "A cold dinner is the worst enemy of happiness."

"And he is the worst robber that shortens the hour of love," said the marquis, smiling.

We turned, following them at a swift gallop. They had helped me out of that mire of ecstasy, and now I was glad, for, on my soul, I believed the fair girl had found one more to her liking, and was only playing for my scalp. And at last I had begun to know my own heart, or thought I had.

D'ri came over that evening with a letter from General Brown. He desired me to report for duty next day at two.

"War—it is forever war," said Thérèse, when I told her at dinner. "There is to be a coaching-party to-morrow, and we shall miss you, captain."

"Can you not soon return?" said the baroness.

"I fear not," was my answer. "It is to be a long campaign."

"Oh, the war! When will it ever end?" said Louise, sighing.

"When we are all dead," said Louison.

"Of loneliness?" said the old count, with a smile.

"No; of old age," said Louison, quickly.

"When the army goes into Canada it will go into trouble," said the Comte de Chauumont, speaking in French. "We shall have to get you out of captivity, captain."

"Louise would rescue him," said her sister. "She has influence there."

"Would you pay my ransom?" I inquired, turning to her.

"With my life," said she, solemnly.

"Greater love hath no man than this," said the good Père Joulin, smiling as the others laughed.

"And none has greater obligation," said Louise, blushing with embarrassment. "Has he not brought us three out of captivity?"

"Well, if I am taken," I said, "nothing can bring me back unless it be—"

"A miracle?" the baroness prompted as I paused.

"Yes; even a resurrection," was my answer. "I know what it means for a man to be captured there these days."

Louise sat beside me, and I saw what others failed to notice—her napkin stop quickly on its way to her lips, her hand tighten as it held the white linen. It made me regretful of my thoughtless answer, but

oddly happy for a moment. Then they all besought me for some adventure of those old days in the army. I told them the story of the wasps, and, when I had finished, the baroness told of the trouble it led to—their capture and imprisonment.

"It was very strange," said she, in conclusion. "That Englishman grew kinder every day we were there, until we began to feel at home."

They were all mystified, but I thought I could understand it. We had a long evening of music, and I bade them all good-by before going to bed, for they were to be off early.

Well, the morning came clear, and before I was out of bed I heard the coach-horn, the merry laughter of ladies under my window, the prancing hoofs, and the crack of the whip as they all went away. It surprised me greatly to find Louise at the breakfast-table when I came below-stairs; I shall not try to say how much it pleased me. She was gowned in pink, a red rose at her bosom. I remember, as if it were yesterday, the brightness of her big eyes, the glow in her cheeks, the sweet dignity of her tall, fine figure when she rose and gave me her hand.

"I did feel sorry, ma'm'selle, that I could not go; but now—now I am happy," was my remark.

"Oh, captain, you are very gallant," said she, as we took seats. "I was not in the mood for merrymaking, and then, I am reading a book."

"A book! May its covers be the gates of happiness," I answered.

"Eh bien, it is a tale of love," said she.

"Of a man for a woman?" I inquired.

"Of a lady that loved two knights, and knew not which the better."

"Is it possible and—and reasonable?" I inquired. "In a tale things should go as—well, as God plans them."

"Quite possible," said she, "for in such a thing as love who knows what—what may happen?"

"Except he have a wide experience," I answered.

"And have God's eyes," said she. "Let me tell you. They were both handsome, brave, splendid, of course, but there was a difference: the one had a more perfect beauty of form and face, the other a nobler soul."

"And which will she favor?"

"Alas! I have not read, and do not know her enough to judge," was her answer; "but

I shall hate her if she does not take him with the better soul."

"And why?" I could hear my heart beat.

"Love is not love unless it be—" She paused, thinking. "Dieu! from soul to soul," she added feelingly.

She was looking down, a white, tapered finger stirring the red petals of the rose. Then she spoke in a low, sweet tone that trembled with holy feeling and cut me like a sword of the spirit going to its very hilt in my soul.

"Love looks to what is noble," said she, "or it is vain—it is wicked; it fails—it dies in a day, like the rose. True love, that is forever."

"What if it be hopeless?" I whispered.

"Ah! then it is very bitter," said she, her voice diminishing. "It may kill the body, but—but love does not die. When it comes—"

There was a breath of silence that had in it a strange harmony not of this world.

"When it comes?" I whispered.

"You see the coming of a great king," said she, looking down thoughtfully, her chin upon her hand.

"And all people bow their heads," I said.

"Yes," she added, with a sigh, "and give their bodies to be burned, if he ask it. The king is cruel—sometimes."

"Dieu!" said I, "he has many captives."

She broke a sprig of fern, twirling it in her fingers; her big eyes looked up at me, and saw, I know, to the bottom of my soul.

"But long live the king!" said she, her lips trembling, her cheeks as red as the rose upon her bosom.

"Long live the king!" I murmured.

We dared go no further. Sweet philosopher, inspired of Heaven, I could not bear the look of her, and rose quickly with dim eyes and went out of the open door. A revelation had come to me. Mère de Dieu! how I loved that woman so fashion'd in thy image! She followed me, and laid her hand on my arm tenderly, while I shook with emotion.

"Captain," said she, in that sweet voice—"captain, what have I done?"

It was the first day of the Indian summer, a memorable season that year, when, according to an old legend, the Great Father sits idly on the mountain-tops and blows the smoke of his long pipe into the valleys. In a moment I was quite calm, and stood looking off to the hazy hollows of the far field. I gave her my arm without speaking, and we walked slowly down a garden path. For a time neither broke the silence.

"I did not know—I did not know," she whispered presently.

"And I—must—tell you," I said brokenly, "that I—that I—"

"Hush-sh-sh!" she whispered, her hand over my lips. "Say no more! say no more! If it is true, go—go quickly, I beg of you!"

There was such a note of pleading in her voice, I hear it, after all this long time, in the hushed moments of my life, night or day: "Go—go quickly, I beg of you!" We were both near breaking down.

"Vive le roi!" I whispered, taking her hand.

"Vive le roi!" she whispered, turning away.

XXV.

How empty and weak are my words that try to tell of that day! I doubt if there is in them anywhere what may suggest, even feebly, the height and depth of that experience or one ray of the light in her face. There are the words nearly as we said them; there are the sighs, the glances, the tears: but everywhere there is much missing—that fair young face and a thousand things irresistible that drift in with every tide of high feeling. Of my history there is not much more to write, albeit some say the best is untold.

I had never such a heart of lead as went with me to my work that afternoon. What became of me I cared not a straw then, for I knew my love was hopeless. D'ri met me as I got off my horse at the Harbor. His keen eye saw my trouble quickly—saw near to the bottom of it.

"Be'n hit?" said he, his great hand on my shoulder.

"With trouble," I answered. "Torn me up a little inside."

"Thought so," he remarked soberly. "Judas Priest! ye luk es ef a shell 'ad bu'st 'n yer cockpit. Ain' nuthin' ll spile a man quicker. Sheer off a leetle an' git out o' range. An'member, Ray, don't never give up the ship. Thet air's what Perry tol' us."

I said nothing and walked away, but have always remembered his counsel, there was so much of his big heart in it. The army was to move immediately, in that foolish campaign of Wilkinson that ended with disaster at Chrysler's Farm. They were making the boats, small craft with oars, of which three hundred or more would be needed to carry us. We were to go eastward on the river and join Hampden, whose corps was to march overland to Plattsburg, at some point on the north shore. Word came, while I was away, that down among the islands our enemy had been mounting cannon. It

looked as if our plan had leaked, as if, indeed, there were good chance of our being blown out of water the first day of our journey. So, before the army started, I was to take D'ri and eleven others, with four boats, and go down to reconnoiter.

We got away before sundown that day, and, as dark came, were passing the southwest corner of Wolfe Island. I was leading the little fleet, and got ashore, intending to creep along the edge and rejoin them at the foot of the island. I had a cow-bell, muted with cork, and was to clang it for a signal in case of need. Well, I was a bit more reckless that night than ever I had been. Before I had gone twenty rods I warned them to flee and leave me. I heard a move in the brush, and was backing off, when a light flashed on me, and I felt the touch of a bayonet. Then quickly I saw there was no help for me, and gave the signal, for I was walled in. Well, I am not going to tell the story of my capture. My saber could serve me well, but, heavens! it was no magic wand such as one may read of in the story-books. I knew then it would serve me best in the scabbard. There were few words and no fighting in the ceremony. I gave up, and let them bind my arms. In two hours they had me in jail, I knew not where. In the morning they let me send a note to Lord Ronley, who was now barely two days out of his own trouble. A week passed; I was to be tried for a spy, and saw clearly the end of it all. Suddenly, a morning when my hopes were gone, I heard the voice of his Lordship in the little corridor. A keeper came with him to the door of my cell, and opened it.

"The doctor," said he.

"Well, well, old fellow," said Ronley, clapping me on the shoulder, "you are ill, I hear."

"Really, I do not wish to alarm you," I said, smiling, "but—but it does look serious."

He asked me to show my tongue, and I did so.

"Cheer up," said he, presently; "I have brought you this pill. It is an excellent remedy."

He had taken from his pocket a brown pill of the size of a large pea, and sat rolling it in his palm. Had he brought me poison?

"I suppose it is better than—"

He shot a glance at me as if to command silence, then he put the pill in my palm. I saw it was of brown tissue rolled tightly.

"Don't take it now," said he; "too soon after breakfast. Wait half an hour. A cup

of water," he added, turning to the guard, who left us for a moment.

He leaned to my ear and whispered.

"Remember," said he, "2 is *a*, and 3 is *b*, and so on. Be careful until the guard changes."

He handed me a small watch as he left.

"It may be good company," he remarked.

I unrolled the tissue as soon as I was alone. It was covered with these figures:

21-24-6-13-23-6

21-16-15-10-8-9-21 4-6-13-13 5-16-16-19 22-15-13-16-4-12-6-5 13-10-7-21 20-14-2-13-13 24-10-15-5-16-24 10-15 4-16-19-19-10-5-16-19 3-2-4-12-21-16 24-2-13-13 8-16 19-10-8-9-21 21-16 19-16-2-5 13-6-7-21 200 17-2-4-6-20 21-16 17-2-21-9 13-6-7-21 21-16 19-10-23-6-19 19-10-8-9-21 21-24-6-15-21-26 21-16 21-9-10-4-12-6-21.

I made out the reading, shortly, to be:

Twelve to-night cell door unlocked. Lift small window in corridor. Back to wall go right to road. Left two hundred paces to path. Left to river. Right twenty to thicket.

Having read the figures, I rolled the tissue firmly, and hid it in my ear. It was a day of some excitement, I remember, for, that very afternoon, I was condemned to death. A priest, having heard of my plight, came in that evening, and offered me the good ministry of the church. The words, the face of that simple man, filled me with a deep tenderness for all who seek in the shadows of this world with the lantern of God's mercy. Never, so long as I live, shall an ill word of them go unrebuked in my hearing. He left me at 10:30, and, as he went away, my jailer banged the iron door without locking it. Then I laydown there in the dark, and began to tell off the time by my heart-beats, allowing forty-five hundred to the hour, and was not far wrong. I thought much of his Lordship as I waited. To him I had been of some service, but, surely, not enough to explain this tender regard, involving, as it must have done, bribery and no small degree of peril to himself. My counting over, I tried the door, which swung easily as I put my hand upon it. The little corridor was dark, and I could hear no sound save the snoring of a drunken soldier, committed that day for fighting, as the turnkey had told me. I found the small window, and slid the sash, and let my boots fall to the ground, then climbed through and dropped on them. It was a dark night, but I was not long in reaching the road and pacing my way to the path and river. His Lordship and a boatman lay in the thicket waiting for me.

"This way," the former whispered, tak-

ing my arm and leading me to the mouth of a little brook, where a boat was tied, the bottom muffed with blankets. I took the stern seat, his Lordship the bow, and we pushed off. The boatman, a big, husky fellow, had been rowing a long hour when we put into a cove under the high shore of an island. I could see a moving glow back in the bushes. It swung slowly, like a pendulum of light, with a mighty fit and tumble of shadows. We tied our boat, climbed the shore, and made slowly for the light. Nearing it, his Lordship whistled twice, and got answer. The lantern was now still; it lighted the side of a soldier in high boots, and suddenly I saw it was D'ri. I caught his hand, raising it to my lips. We could not speak, either of us. He stepped aside, lifting the lantern. God! there stood Louise. She was all in black, her head bent forward.

"Dear love!" I cried, grasping her hands, "why—why have you come here?"

She turned her face away, and spoke slowly, her voice trembling with emotion.

"To give my body to be burned," said she.

I turned, lifting my arm to smite the man who had brought me there; but lo! some stronger hand had struck him, some wonder-working power of a kind that removes mountains. Lord Ronley was wiping his eyes.

"I cannot do this thing," said he in a broken voice. "I cannot do this thing. Take her and go."

D'ri had turned away to hide his feelings.

"Take them to your boat," said his Lordship.

"Wait a minute," said D'ri, fixing his lantern. "Judas Priest! I ain't got no stren'th. I'm all tore t' shoe-strings."

I took her arm, and we followed D'ri to the landing, Lord Ronley coming with us.

"Good-by," said he, leaning to push us off. "I am a better man for knowing you. Dear girl, you have put all the evil out of me."

He held a moment to the boat, taking my hand as I came by him.

"Bell," said he, "henceforward may there be peace between you and me."

"And between your country and mine," I answered.

And, thank God! the war was soon over, and ever since there has been peace between the two great peoples. I rejoice that even we old men have washed our hearts of bitterness and that the young have now more sense of brotherhood.

Above all price are the words of a wise man, but silence, that is the great counselor. In silence wisdom enters the heart, and un-

derstanding puts forth her voice. In the hush of that night ride I grew to manhood; I put away childish things. I saw, or thought I saw, the two great powers of good and evil. One was love, with the power of God in it to lift up, to enoble; the other, love's counterfeit, a cunning device of the devil, with all his power to wreck and destroy, deceiving him that has taken it until he finds at last he has neither gold nor silver, but only base metal hanging as a millstone to his neck.

At dawn we got ashore on Battle Point. We waited there, Louise and I, while D'ri went away to bring horses. The sun rose clear and warm; it was like a summer morning, but stiller, for the woods had lost their songful tenantry. We took the forest road, walking slowly. Some bugler near us had begun to play the song of Yankee-land. Its phrases traveled like waves in the sea, some high-crested, moving with a mighty rush, filling the valleys, mounting the hills, tossing their spray aloft, flooding all the shores of silence. Far and near, the trees were singing in praise of my native land.

"Ramon," said Louise, looking up at me, a sweet and queenly dignity in her face, "I have come to love this country."

"And you could not have done so much for me unless you had loved—"

She looked up at me quickly, and put her finger to her lips. My tongue faltered, obeying the command. How sweet and beautiful she was then, her splendid form erect, the light of her eyes softened by long lashes! She looked down thoughtfully as she gave the bottom of her gown a shake.

"Once upon a time," said she, slowly, as our eyes met again, "there was a little country that had a cruel king. And he commanded that none of all his people should speak until—until—"

She hesitated, stirring the dead leaves with her dainty foot.

"Until a great mountain had been removed and buried in the sea," she added in a low tone.

"Ah, that was hard."

"Especially for the ladies," she went on, sighing. "Dieu! they could only sit and hold their tongues and weep and feel very foolish. And the longer they were silent the more they had to say."

"And those who broke the law?" I inquired.

"Were condemned to silence for their lives," she answered. "Come, we are both in danger; let us go."

A bit farther on we came to a log house where a veteran of the old war sat playing his bugle, and a motherly woman bade us sit awhile at the door-step.

XXVI.

D'ri came soon with horses, one the black thoroughbred of Louise, which had brought her on this errand. We gave them free rein, heading for the château. Not far up the woods-pike we met M. de Lambert and the old count. The former was angry, albeit he held himself in hand as became a gentleman, save that he was a bit too cool with me.

"My girl, you have upset us terribly," said the learned doctor. "I should like to be honored with your confidence."

"And I with your kindness, dear father," said she, as her tears began falling. "I am much in need of it."

"She has saved my life, m'sieur," I said.

"Then go to your work," said he, coolly, "and make the most of it."

"Ah, sir, I had rather—"

"Good-by," said Louise, giving me her hand.

"Au revoir," I said quickly, and wheeled my horse and rode away.

The boats were ready. The army was waiting for the order, now expected any moment, to move. General Brown had not been at his quarters for a day.

"Judas Priest!" said D'ri, when we were alone together, "thet air gal'd go through fire an' water fer you."

"You're mistaken," I said.

"No, I hain't nuther. Ef I be, I'm a reg'lar out-an'-out fool, hand over fist."

He whittled a moment thoughtfully.

"Ain' no use talkin'," he added, "I can tell a hoss from a jack-rabbit any day."

"Her father does not like me," I suggested.

"Don't hev to," said D'ri, calmly.

He cut a deep slash in the stick he held, then added: "Don't make no odds ner no diff'rence one way er t' other. I did n't like th' measles, but I hed t' hev 'em."

"He'll never permit a marriage with me," I said.

"T ain't nec'sary," he declared soberly. "In this 'ere country don't tek only tew t' mek a bargain. One o' the blessin's o' liberty."

He squinted up at the sky, delivering his confidence in slowly measured phrases, to wit:

"Would n't give ten cents fer no man 'at 'll give up a gal 'less he'd orter—not fer nuthin' ner nobody."

I was called out of bed at cockcrow in

the morning. The baroness and a footman were at the door.

"Ah, my captain, there is trouble," she whispered. "M. de Lambert has taken his daughters. They are going back to Paris, bag and baggage. Left in the evening."

"By what road?"

"The turnpike militaire."

"Thanks, and good morning," I said. "I shall overhaul them."

I called D'ri, and bade him feed the horses quickly. I went to see General Brown, but he and Wilkinson were on the latter's gig, half a mile out in the harbor. I scribbled a note to the farmer-general, and, leaving it, ran to the stables. Our horses were soon ready, and D'ri and I were off a bit after daylight, urging up hill and down at a swift gallop, and making the forest ring with hoof-beats. Far beyond the château we slackened pace and went along leisurely. Soon we passed the town where they had put up overnight, and could see the tracks of horse and coach-wheel. D'ri got off and examined them presently.

"Perty fresh," he remarked. "Can't be more 'n five mild er so further on."

We rode awhile in silence.

"How ye goin' t' tackle 'em?" he inquired presently.

"Going to stop them somehow," said I, "and get a little information."

"An' mebbe a gal?" he suggested.

"Maybe a gal."

"Don' care s' long as ye dew th' talkin'. I can rassle er fight, but my talk in a rumpus ain' fit fer no woman t' hear, that's sartin."

We overtook the coach at a village near ten o'clock.

D'ri rushed on ahead of them, wheeling with drawn saber. The driver pulled rein, stopping quickly. M. de Lambert was on the seat beside him. I came alongside.

"Robbers!" said M. de Lambert. "What do you mean?"

The young ladies and Brovel were looking out of the door, Louise pale and troubled.

"No harm to any, m'sieur," I answered. "Put up your pistol."

I opened the coach door. M. de Lambert, hissing with anger, leaped to the road. I knew he would shoot me, and was making ready to close with him, when I heard a rustle of silk, and saw Louise between us, her tall form erect, her eyes forceful and commanding. She stepped quickly to her father.

"Let me have it!" said she, taking the pistol from his hand. She flung it above the

heads of some village folk who had gathered near us.

"Why do you stop us?" she whispered, turning to me.

"So you may choose between him and me," I answered.

"Then I leave all for you," said she, coming quickly to my side.

The villagers began to cheer, and old D'ri flung his hat in the air, shouting, "Hurrah fer love an' freedom!"

"An' the United States of Ameriky!" some one added.

"She is my daughter," said M. de Lambert, with anger, as he came up to me. "I may command her, and I shall seek the aid of the law as soon as I can find a magistrate."

"But see that you find him before we find a minister," I said.

"The dominie, here he is," said some one near us.

"Marry them," said another. "It is Captain Bell of the army, a brave and honorable man."

Does not true love, wherever seen, spread its own quality and prosper by the sympathy it commands? Louise turned to the good man, taking his hand.

"Come," said she, "there is no time to lose."

The minister came to our help. He could not resist her appeal, so sweetly spoken. There, under an elm by the wayside, with some score of witnesses, including Louison and the young Count de Brovel, who came out of the coach and stood near, he made us man and wife. We were never so happy as when we stood there hand in hand, that sunny morning, and heard the prayer for God's blessing, and felt a mighty uplift in our hearts. As to my sweetheart, there was never such glow in her cheeks, such light in her large eyes, such grace in her figure.

"Dear sister," said Louison, kissing her, "I wish I were as happy."

"And you shall be as soon as you get to Paris," said the young count.

"Oh, dear, I can hardly wait!" said the merry-hearted girl, looking proudly at her new lover.

"I admire your pluck, my young man," said M. de Lambert, as we shook hands. "You Americans are a great people. I surrender; I am not going to be foolish. Turn your horses," said he, motioning to the driver. "We shall go back at once."

I helped Louise into the coach with her sister and the Count de Brovel. D'ri and I rode on behind them, the village folk cheering and waving their hats.

"Ye done it skilful," said D'ri, smiling. "Whut'd I tell ye?"

I made no answer, being too full of happiness at the moment.

"Tell ye one thing, Ray," he went on soberly: "ef a boy an' a gal loves one 'nother, an' he has any grit in 'im, can't nuthin' keep 'em apart long."

He straightened the mane of his horse, and then added:

"Ner they can't nuthin' conquer 'em."

Soon after two o'clock we turned in at the château.

We were a merry company at luncheon, the doctor drinking our health and happiness with sublime resignation. But I had to hurry back—that was the worst of it all. Louise walked with me to the big gate, where were D'ri and the horses. We stopped a moment on the way.

"Again?" she whispered, her sweet face on my shoulder. "Yes, and as often as you like. No more now—there is D'ri. Remember, sweetheart, I shall look and pray for you day and night."

XXVII.

SOONER or later all things come to an end, including wars and histories,—a God's mercy!—and even the lives of such lucky men as I. All things, did I say? Well, what wonder, for am I not writing of youth and far delights with a hand trembling of infirmity? All things save one, I meant to say, and that is love, the immortal vine, with its root in the green earth, that weathers every storm, and "groweth not old," and climbs to paradise; and who eats of its fruit has in him ever a thought of heaven—a hope immortal as itself.

This book of my life ends on a bright morning in the summer of 1817, at the new home of James Donatianus Le Ray, Comte de Chaumont, the château having burned the year before.

President Monroe is coming on the woodspike, and veterans are drawn up in line to meet him. Here are men who fought at Chippewa and Lundy's Lane and Lake Erie and Chrysler's Farm, and here are some old chaps who fought long before at Plattsburg and Ticonderoga. Joseph Bonaparte, the ex-King of Spain, so like his mighty brother at St. Helena, is passing the line. He steps proudly, in ruffles and green velvet. Gondolas with liveried gondoliers, and filled with fair women, are floating on the still lake, now rich with shadow-pictures of wood and sky and rocky shore.

A burst of melody rings in the great harp of the woodland. In that trumpet peal, it seems, a million voices sing:

Hail, Columbia, happy land!

Slowly the line begins to limp along. There are wooden legs and crutches and empty sleeves in that column. D'ri goes limping in front, his right leg gone at the knee since our last charge. Draped around him is that old battle-flag of the *Lawrence*. I march beside him, with only this long seam across my cheek to show that I had been with him that bloody day at Chrysler's. We move slowly over a green field to the edge of the forest. There, in the cool shadow, are ladies in white, and long tables set for a feast. My dear wife, loved of all and more beautiful than ever, comes to meet us.

"Sweetheart," she whispers, "I was never so proud to be your wife."

"And an American," I suggest, kissing her.

"And an American," she answers.

A bugle sounds; the cavalcade is coming.

"The President!" they cry, and we all begin cheering.

He leads the escort on a black horse, a fine figure in military coat and white trousers, his cocked hat in hand, a smile lighting his face. The count receives him and speaks our welcome. President Monroe looks down the war-scarred line a moment. His eyes fill with tears, and then he speaks to us.

"Sons of the woodsmen," says he, concluding his remarks, "you shall live in the history of a greater land than that we now behold or dream of, and in the gratitude of generations yet unborn, long, long after we are turned to dust."

And then we all sing loudly with full hearts:

O land I love!—thy acres sown
With sweat and blood and shattered bone—
God's grain, that ever doth increase
The goodly harvest of his peace.

THE END.

THE ANNEXATION OF CUBY.

AN EPISODE IN THE LIFE OF MRS. WIGGS OF THE CABBAGE PATCH.

BY ALICE CALDWELL HEGAN.

THE Wigges lived in the Cabbage Patch. It was not a real cabbage patch, but a queer neighborhood where ramshackle cottages played hop-scotch over the railroad tracks. The Wigges family consisted of Mrs. Wigges and five children. The boys were named Jim and Billy, but it was Mrs. Wigges's boast that her three little girls had geography names. First came Asia, then Australia. When the last baby arrived, and Billy stood looking down at the small bundle, he had asked anxiously: "Are you goin' to have it fer a boy or a girl, ma?" Mrs. Wigges had answered: "A girl, Billy, and her name is Europena."

Hard work and strict economy were necessary in the little household. Mrs. Wigges took in washing, Jim worked at the factory, and the others helped as best they could.

The direct road to fortune, however, according to Billy's ideas, could best be traveled in a kindling-wagon, and while he was the proud possessor of a broken-down wagon,

sole relic of the late Mr. Wigges, he had nothing to hitch to it. Scarcely a week passed that he did not agitate the question, and as Mrs. Wigges often said:

"When Billy Wigges done set his head to a thing he's as good as got it."

Consequently she was not surprised when he rushed breathlessly into the kitchen one evening about supper-time, and exclaimed in excited tones:

"Ma, I've got a horse! He was havin' a fit on the commons, an' they was goin' to shoot him, an' I ast the man to give him to me."

"My land, Billy! what do you want with a fit horse?" asked his mother.

"'Cause I knowed you could cure him. The man said if I took him I'd have to pay fer cartin' away his carcass; but I said all right, I'll take him anyway. Come on, ma, an' see him!" And Billy hurried back to his new possession.

Mrs. Wigges pinned a shawl over her head



"A TRIUMPHANT PROCESSION WENDED ITS WAY."

and ran across the commons. A group of men stood about the writhing animal, but the late owner had departed.

"He's 'most gone," said one of the men as she came up. "I tolle Billy you'd beat him fer takin' that ole nag offen the man's han's."

"Well, I won't," said Mrs. Wiggs, stoutly. "Billy Wiggs's got more sense than most men I know. That hoss's carcass is worth somethin'. I spect he'd bring 'bout two dollars dead an' mebbe more livin'. Anyway, I'm goin' to save him if there's any save to him."

She stood with her arms on her hips and critically surveyed her patient. "I'll tell you what's the matter with him," was her final diagnosis; "his lights is riz. Billy, I'm goin' home fer some medicine. You set on his head so's he can't git up, an' ma'll be right back in a minute."

The crowd which had collected to see the horse shot began to disperse, for it was supper-time, and there was nothing to see now but the poor suffering horse with Billy Wiggs patiently sitting on his head.

When Mrs. Wiggs returned she carried a bottle and what appeared to be a large marble. "This here is a calomel pill," she explained. "I jes rolled the calomel in with some soft light bread. Now you prop his jaw open with a little stick, an' I'll shove it in; then hole his head back, while I pour down some water an' turkentine outen this bottle."

It was with great difficulty that this was accomplished, for the old horse had evidently seen a vision of the happy hunting-ground and was loath to return to the sordid earth. His limbs were already stiffening in death, and only the whites of his eyes were visible. Mrs. Wiggs noted these discouraging symptoms, and saw that violent measures were necessary.

"Gether some sticks an' build a fire quick as you kin. I've got to run over home. Build it right up clost to him, Billy; we've got to git him het up."

She rushed into the kitchen, and taking several cakes of tallow from the shelf, threw them into a tin bucket. Then she hesitated for a moment. The kettle of soup was steaming away on the stove, ready for supper. Mrs. Wiggs did not believe in sacrificing the present need to the future comfort. She threw in a liberal portion of pepper, and seizing the kettle in one hand, and the bucket of tallow in the other, staggered back to the bonfire.

"Now, Billy," she commanded, "put this bucket of tallow down there in the hottest part of the fire. Look out, don't tip it—there! Now you come here an' help me pour this soup into the bottle. I'm goin' to git that ole hoss so het up he'll think he's havin' a sunstroke. Seems sorter bad to keep on pesterin' him when he's so near gone, but this here soup 'll feel good when it once gits inside him."

When the kettle was empty, the soup was

impartially distributed over Mrs. Wiggs and the patient, but a goodly amount had "got inside," and already the horse was losing his rigidity.

Only once did Billy pause in his work, and that was to ask:

"Ma, what do you think I'd better name him?"

Giving names was one of Mrs. Wiggs's chief accomplishments, and usually required much thoughtful consideration; but in this case, if there was to be a christening, it must be at once.

"I'd like a jography name," suggested Billy, feeling that nothing was too good to bestow on his treasure.

Mrs. Wiggs stood with the soup dripping from her hands, and earnestly contemplated the horse. Babies, pigs, goats, and puppies had drawn largely on her supply of late, and geography names especially were scarce. Suddenly a thought struck her:

"I'll tell you what, Billy, we'll call him Cuby! It's a town I heard 'em talkin' 'bout at the grocery."

By this time the tallow was melted, and

Mrs. Wiggs carried it over to the horse and put each of his hoofs into the hot liquid, while Billy rubbed the legs with all the strength of his young arms.

"That's right," she said. "Now you run home an' git that piece of carpet by my bed, an' we'll kiver him up. I am goin' to git them fence rails over yonder to keep the fire goin'."

Through the long night they worked with their patient, and when the first glow of morning appeared in the east, a triumphant procession wended its way across the Cabbage Patch. First came a woman bearing sundry pails, kettles, and bottles; next came a very sleepy little boy leading a trembling old horse, with soup all over his head, tallow on his feet, and a strip of rag carpet tied about his middle.

Thus Cuby, like his geographical namesake, emerged from the violent ordeal of reconstruction with a mangled constitution, internal dissension, a decided preponderance of foreign element, but a firm and abiding trust in the new power with which his fortunes had been irrevocably cast.

AN AMERICAN LANDSCAPE-PAINTER.

WILLIAM L. PICKNELL.¹

BY EDWARD WALDO EMERSON.

Vous, peintre, vous êtes né pour faire aimer et comprendre les beautés de la terre, et non pour nous épouvanter.

THOMAS COUTURE.

"LOOK not on nature, for her name is fatal," said the oracle, ambiguous after its wont. As a school-boy among the hills of Vermont and its free pastures, William Picknell had looked on nature and read his fate. When his father, the minister of the village of Springfield, died, the boy came to Boston, and for a time followed the paths found for him by his protectors; but he soon by his importunity obtained permission to go to Rome to try to justify his instinct for painting.

George Inness kindly took him under his wing and sent him out with his own son to make studies on the Campagna. He painted with Inness in Rome for two years, and then

went for another two to work hard at drawing at the École des Beaux Arts in Paris.

Now came a crisis in his life. He was twenty-one years old, had been for four years abroad, and was entirely dependent on friends at home. They not unnaturally urged his return. He felt that the power and skill that was in him, if transplanted to New England's air when just in full bud, would be frost-bitten. At this parting of the ways, by great good fortune, certain friends in Paris, who knew more about his conditions and his promise, urged him to follow his omens at all risks; and he did so. He went to the Pont Aven in Finistère, looking southward over the Bay of Biscay, where living cost little and climate allowed work even in winter. Behind the fishing-village stretched broad moors, clothed with

¹ Member of the Society of American Artists, Associate Member of the National Academy of Design, Member of the Society of British Artists. Died August, 1897.

heath and other coarse growth. To these fields Picknell the student came in 1876, and there he remained until on them he won the decisive victory which gave him at once standing and fame as a painter. But first were to come four years of patient and concentrated work. At the village inn and the houses around were gathered then a happy company of young painters, whose good work made them known later; among them Hovenden, Harrison, Fellowes, Bolton Jones, Dracopoli from Italy, and Adrian Stokes from England.

Pelouze, a strong painter of landscape, whose presence at Pont Aven had attracted many students thither, was still painting there. Picknell knew him and valued his work, but was chiefly drawn to Robert Wylie, by birth a Manxman, but brought up in the United States, and sent out for his remarkable promise from the Philadelphia School of Art. He had won laurels in the Salon, and, though with fatal disease preying on him, was beginning to enjoy prosperity, which he strove to make those around him share. Wylie, who had great beauty and strength of character as well as skill in painting, grew fond of young Picknell and influenced his life and work. The latter would tell how Wylie made him paint a certain tree over and over again—it seemed a hundred times—before he would sanction his signing the picture. The wild flower which Wylie pinned on his own canvases, to keep himself up to high and pure color, was a lesson long remembered. He painted largely with the palette-knife and showed its effective use to Picknell, who later learned to combine and apply paints with it with a speed which the eye could hardly follow, and with a brilliant result from the only partly mixed color. Most of his foreground work, in which he excelled,—rocks, sand, thickets, coarse weeds, weather-beaten boats, and silver gleams of water,—was done with the knife.

Wylie was mainly a figure-painter, but much of Picknell's strength and brilliancy in landscape came from the application of Wylie's principles and methods; yet his influence as a man was even more strongly felt by the younger painter. Their acquaintance lasted little more than a year, for Wylie died suddenly in 1877, having worked, as Picknell did, to the last. It happened that on the last day of his own life Picknell said to his sister: "Do you know I rarely think of the Christ without thinking of Wylie? There was a serenity and purity

about him that was unique in my experience of men."

Picknell remained in Brittany for several years. His first appearance in the Salon was in 1876; the picture, "A Breton Farm." But in 1880 he sent two canvases, "On the Borders of the Marsh" and "The Road to Concarneau" (see page 713), and from this moment his name as a painter was established. Here was a young foreigner, sending up landscapes from a remote department, his interests not pushed in the jury by one of the regular teachers, who look out for their pupils, yet his victory was complete. The reception of "The Road to Concarneau" by the critics in the French papers was all that could have been desired, and some of them found fault with the jury that it had not received a prize instead of honorable mention. This remarkable picture is now owned by the Corcoran Gallery in Washington.

His success only made Picknell work the harder. He must stand up to his estimation, and he did not fail. Soon after, his "Winter Day in Brittany" won him new applause. He now crossed the Channel for a new field, and painted, in spite of the raw English winter, several pictures in the region of the New Forest. Good examples of these are the "Bleak December," in the Metropolitan Museum of New York, and "Wintry March," which was bought by the Corporation of Liverpool for the Walker Art Gallery. But now he was painting also fishermen in boats, usually in fog or under a gray sky, and his pictures of both sorts exhibited in London compelled praise, frank and free—a fact remarkable because his training had been under French influence. His marine, "Plowing Deep while Others Sleep," won the prize of one hundred pounds of the Society of British Artists. Meantime Goupil of Paris had offered to take all the pictures he could paint, so when the young artist returned to America in 1884, after ten years, he brought no pictures to show, for the reason that they had been sold abroad. He had justified his adventure.

He looked about for a region to tempt him, and found on the Massachusetts coast an arena indeed for his struggle with beauty in the wreck-strewn sands of Ipswich Bay, which, driven by the north winds, have invaded the rough country behind, and in the granite ledges and pastures of Annisquam. Here he painted for several summers, his presence drawing many artists thither. The great canvas "Ipswich," in the Museum of Fine Arts in Boston, is a good example of

the faithful work done on his return. His pictures attracted attention at once here, but they were mostly sent abroad. The French and English critics gave unstinted praise to their strength and distinction. A writer in the London "Saturday Review" said: "Mr. Picknell belongs to the number of those who paint in their own natural way without the stamp or manner of any school, and who give no other evidence of their foreign education than the artistic breadth of view."

Picknell's belief in his need of a daily study of nature forbade him to paint in the studio through the cold months. He ventured one winter in the North with his friend Hovenden, in Pennsylvania, and painted "The Edge of Winter" from a glass-sided shanty. He worked for one winter in Florida and another in California, where, in spite of a sickness that nearly proved mortal, he painted a subject, always a favorite with him, a great white road leading to a blue distance—in this case, the Sierra.

Mr. Picknell was married in 1889, and about a year later went to France and remained there until 1897, painting in the south in the winter, especially at Antibes, an ancient walled city on the Mediterranean, beloved also by François, Boudin, Meissonier, and Monet. Many pictures painted here increased his fame in France, especially the "Déclin du Jour," an old Vauban fort, its walls gleaming orange in the last rays of the sun against a dusky eastern sky and the purple Alps, and reflected in the long, glassy ripples of the bay. A pleasant change from the brilliancy and glare of these southern scenes came with the summer's painting of the quiet canals and cool poplars of Moret-sur-Loing. For one of these pictures he received a medal at the Salon of 1895. In these years many medals were awarded to him at American exhibitions, and the Lipincott prize at Philadelphia.

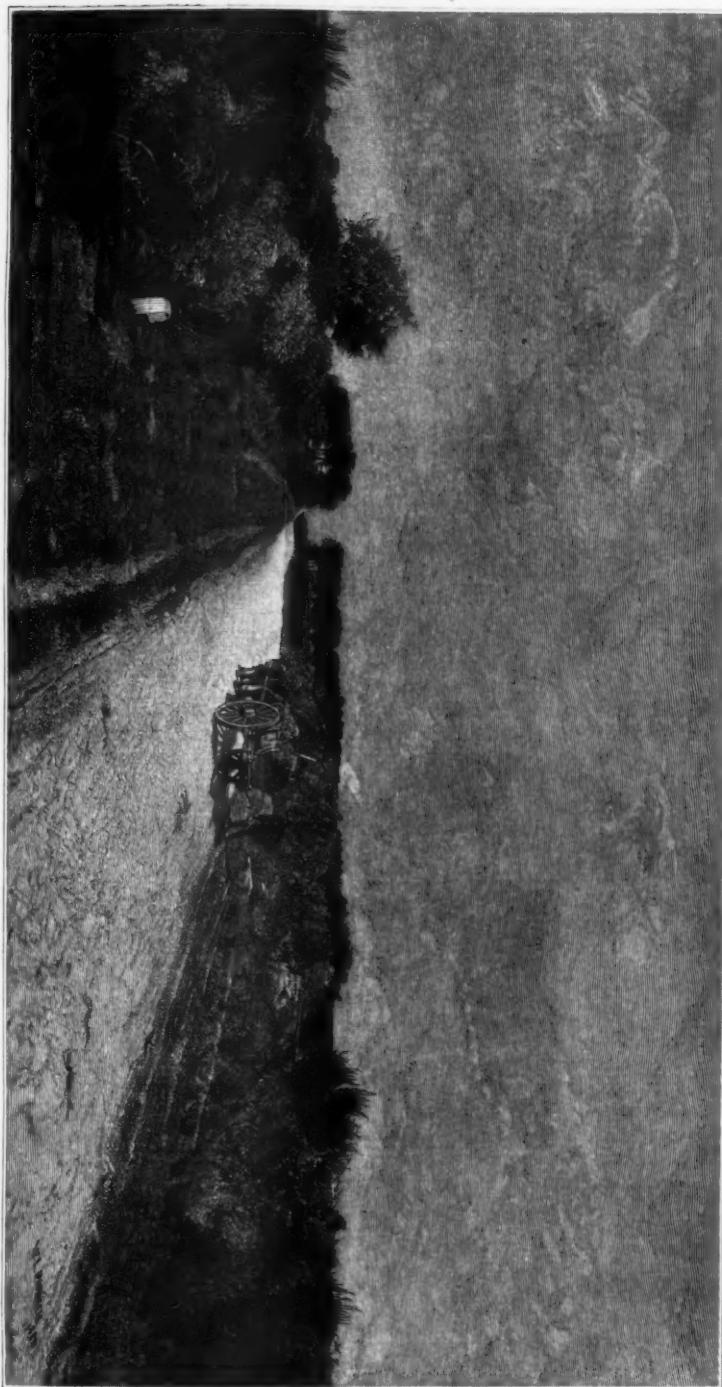
After his illness in California, Mr. Picknell was never robust; but he could not spare himself: nature's call to him was too strong. The death of his only child at Antibes was a heavy blow. He had hardly strength to come up to Paris for the Salon opening the next spring, and was very ill there; but he had determined to return and visit his friends and kindred, and with his wife sailed for home in July, 1897. The voyage and the return to New England seemed to help him, but in August his strength suddenly failed and he died.

He was only forty-two years old, but his life should not be measured by years. It was complete in that, without great physical strength or unusual opportunities, he had, on the lines which as a youth he had marked out for himself, even against advice, won knowledge and skill, recognition, sustenance, fame, respect, and love. Three score and ten can do little more.

Picknell the painter and the man are hardly to be kept apart. As he loved nature and air and sun, so he was natural, free, and kind. An English critic rejoiced in him as a sane painter: he did not affect fashions. Art to him was holy; there must be no hypocrisy, no shirking, no secrets. All his knowledge he was eager to impart without price. He was utterly generous. He liked to be with painters, and they all felt his influence. He was very human, and kind to his models as well as to all he met.

Not born for the highest fields of imagination and ideal art, but honoring the work of others, he harkened to the call of nature to him especially. Great open subjects, the splendor of light and rich color, appealed to him, yet his untiring work on dull days was rewarded by the production of beautiful effects of shimmering mist in his gray marines with interesting figures. He grew year by year, and the last pictures showed a great gain in freedom and in charm, as he felt at liberty to be less conscientiously imitative, a discipline that he had at first and wisely imposed upon himself with rigor. But first and last he painted, as was said of him in France, "richly and joyously."

I close this notice with the tribute of an Italian gentleman, an excellent painter, who had known Picknell from the old days of Pont Aven: "It is the sad privilege and prerogative of such natures to leave darkness where their spirit threw light, for he was one of those enthusiasts in the etymological sense of the word, *ἐν θεός, possessed,* carrying with them a power,—a god if you like,—and such guests are felt even in ordinary surroundings. His buoyant, sparkling delight before an olive-tree, or a rock at sunset, like an X-ray, knew no obstacles, nor indifferent, opaque minds, but would go in and through very ordinary minds and touch a sympathetic chord to vibrate in unison. This power, so characteristic of our friend's nature, I miss, like a musician suddenly grown stone-deaf."



FROM THE ORIGINAL IN THE CONCORDIA ART GALLERY, WASHINGTON, D. C. ENGRAVED ON WOOD BY HENRY WOLF.

THE ROAD TO CONCARNEAU. PAINTED BY WILLIAM L. PICKNELL.

FIGHTING FROST.

BY ALEXANDER MCADIE.

THE observatory from which some of the accompanying views were made is on the crest of a ridge facing the Pacific. Not very far to the north, a bold bluff makes out into the stretch of water, and in the right angle thus formed lies Drake's Bay. Here, on the edge of the bay, a boat's crew of English-speaking seamen came ashore one day in June three hundred and twenty years ago, or forty years before the Pilgrim Fathers touched land on the other side of the continent. The intrepid English captain and his rough-and-ready crew saw many strange sights in that memorable run around the world. But could the shade of Sir Francis Drake revisit these scenes, and view from the same headlands the good ship *Oregon* steaming through the Golden Gate and turning south for a memorable run around a continent, the master of the *Golden Hind*, the author of "The World Encompassed," might well wonder if the seamen of to-day were men of flesh and blood like himself. It would not occur to him that the agency by which men drive so masterfully to-day across seas and over mountains is the expansive power of water-vapor, and that in every cloud and every fog and every mist nature playfully experiments with this same water-vapor. Some men there are, of the tribe of Watt and Rankine, who wistfully watch, it may be the steam of a tea-kettle, it may be the fall of a snowflake, thinking, puzzling, studying, slowly gaining an insight into the physical processes of cloudy condensation.

The measure of our knowledge of the behavior of water-vapor at different temperatures and pressures may be taken in some degree as the measure of our material progress. While much has been done in connection with steam-engineering, there are many problems of vapor-action, both of expansion and contraction, awaiting solution. The formation of rain and the dissipation of fog may be instanced as two very practical problems of the utmost importance to man. The captain of a transatlantic racer would to-day question the sanity of a meteorologist who should suggest fog-dispellers; but fifty years hence the methods of fog-fighting in vogue will contrast as strangely with our present

methods as the good ship *Oregon* does with the *Golden Hind*.

Perhaps one of the most novel applications of our somewhat imperfect knowledge of cloud-formation is found in the methods of protecting citrus-fruit from frost, as now practised in California. Here the horticulturist has called to his assistance the meteorologist; and well he may, for in a single night the oranges almost ready to be picked may be nipped by the frost, and the labor and expenditures of a year vanish in an hour. The value of the citrus-fruit crop last year in the region south of the Tehachapi (which is by no means the entire orange belt of the State) was not far from seven million dollars. There have been winters when from one third to one half of the crop was lost by frost; but for the last two years this loss has been probably less than five per cent.

Systematic work in connection with the protection of the oranges from frost began about 1897, and in the winter months of that year and the next, although lower temperatures prevailed and the fruit-growers spent many anxious nights, the injury was comparatively light, and the general saving not far from a million dollars.

Frost is the water-vapor of the air deposited at a temperature below 32°. By one of those reversing processes not infrequently met in natural methods, the very act of frost-formation sets free a large quantity of heat. A clear sky gives opportunity for a rapid radiation of heat from the leaves and soil. Upon the chilled fruit, the water-vapor, if there be any, will be deposited; but the very act of solidification of the vapor sets free much heat. To convert ice into water, and water into steam or vapor, requires heat, and, conversely, by changes in an opposite direction heat is set free.

Following the clue given us by nature, methods of combating the whole process of cooling may be devised. The principle, in brief, is to make fog or cloud by adding water-vapor and taking advantage of the latent heat of vaporization. There are horticulturists who hold that at times of frost the one desideratum is heat, and the best



FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY ALEXANDER MACIE. HALF-TONE PLATE ENGRAVED BY R. C. COLLINS.
MIXTURE OF SEA-FOG AND RADIATION FOG, NEAR DRAKE'S BAY.

method is that which produces heat most quickly. We shall see, however, that water-vapor may be skilfully and economically utilized, and is of special value in warding off the bad effects of a sudden exposure of chilled fruit to warmth, such as the heat of the rising sun.

Frost can be best studied as a problem in air-drainage. Cold air drains down the hill-sides into the bottom-lands and valleys, and while some of it continues in motion and either flows out or is splashed out (and air, unlike water, flows in all directions), a con-

siderable portion settles in pools or streaks, and, if undisturbed, soon lowers the temperature. This is the first step in the cooling. The first check in the cooling comes from the condensation of the water-vapor, which in itself sets free heat, and, further, by screening the ground and the plants, prevents loss of heat by radiation.

To check the loss of heat, to entrap all natural heat, to add artificial heat, and during critical hours to prevent any sudden warming of chilled plant surfaces—these are the principal steps in the process of fighting frost.



FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY ALEXANDER MACIE. HALF-TONE PLATE ENGRAVED BY C. SCHWARZBURGER.
SEA-FOG STREAMING IN OVER SAN FRANCISCO BAY, AS SEEN FROM THE UNITED STATES
WEATHER BUREAU OBSERVATORY, MOUNT TAMALPAIS.



FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY ALEXANDER MACADIE. HALF-TONE PLATE ENGRAVED BY R. C. COLLINS.
FOG BILLOWS, AS SEEN FROM THE WEATHER BUREAU OBSERVATORY, MOUNT TAMALPAIS.

On windy nights there is, as a rule, but little frost, the reason being that the air is thoroughly mixed, and the formation of stagnant areas, or frost-making belts and streaks, is prevented. It is therefore necessary that all wind-breaks be so located as not to prevent a moderate air-circulation.

One of the simplest and most efficient methods of protecting oranges from frost is to fire a wire basket which contains about

ten pounds of coal. As shown in the accompanying illustration, these baskets are either hung from the limbs of trees or supported on tripods in rows through the orchard. The cost of the wire basket is about ten cents, and for an acre about forty baskets should suffice. Much credit is due the members of the Horticultural Club of Riverside, California, for the systematic way in which the various devices proposed for fur-



FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY ALEXANDER MACADIE. HALF-TONE PLATE ENGRAVED BY E. M. NORTHCOTE.
FOG PYRAMID NEAR THE GOLDEN GATE, SAN FRANCISCO.

nishing heat were practically tested. It seems to the writer, however, that a combination of the wire basket and a shallow tin pan holding, say, a quart of water will be more effective than the basket by itself.

Damp straw, old wood, prunings, etc., when burned briskly, besides furnishing heat, raise a dense damp smoke, and while this is very trying to human lungs, it forms an excellent barrier to the loss of heat by radiation. This process, which is familiarly known as wet smudging, particularly when

height of about four feet above the ground, and the invisible vapor doubtless reached above the fruit line. From the flume the water flows gently down the different furrows. At the end of a furrow six hundred and sixty feet long the temperature of the water was 54°. It seems quite practicable, therefore, to control the temperatures of the lowermost air-layers in this or some similar way. Of course it will be remembered that these methods as used in California are strictly frost methods. In case



DRAWN BY H. D. NICHOLS, FROM A PRINT. HALF-TONE PLATE ENGRAVED BY C. SCHWARZBURGER.
FIRE-BASKETS MADE OF WIRE, IN AN ORANGE GROVE, CALIFORNIA.

the burning brush has been soaked with oil or turpentine and then doused with water, furnishes excellent protection for vegetables and garden-truck.

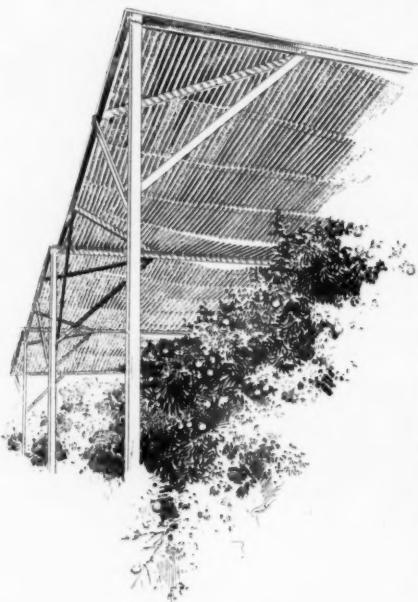
Water, as we have seen, owing to its high specific heat, is an excellent agency for the temporary storage of heat-energy. An experiment has been tried in California of piping an orchard with a main steam-pipe two inches in diameter, and delivering the steam at intervals of forty feet. But perhaps in many ways the best device yet tried for protecting on a large scale is by means of flowing warm water. In an experiment tried at the Meacham Ranch, Riverside, in February, 1900, a twelve horse-power tubular boiler was employed, and heated water was delivered to the flume at a temperature of 85°. Water-vapor was observed rising to a

of a severe freeze another line of action is necessary.

There is one further illustration of the conservative action of water in connection with frosts, and that is through the spray. It is the practice of some horticulturists, or rather florists, to turn a spray upon chilled flowers early in the morning after a frost. This will sometimes form a light coating of ice on the plants, but, strangely enough, even delicate flowers incrusted with ice seem to recover and escape.

There are many effective methods of protecting fruits from frost, based upon covering or screening the plant. All of these devices are modified hothouses, and there is no question about the thoroughness of the protection. The expense is the main objection. Screens and even buildings made

of light latticework, with canvas, muslin, or other material as a covering, are very effective. A more effective protection would probably be afforded if some light absorbent



DRAWN BY MALCOLM FRASER, FROM A PRINT.

LATH SCREEN OVER AN ORANGE GROVE, CALIFORNIA.

material well dampened were drawn over the openwork and wooden supports. This, so far as the writer knows, has not yet been tried; but in this way a layer of water-vapor could be introduced at a proper height above the fruit, which would be doing practically what nature sometimes does when frost is impending, namely, check the whole

frost-making process by a blanket of fog or cloud.

During the last two years articles have appeared in both American and European journals relating to a method of preventing injury to crops, especially in vineyards, from hail, by vigorous cannonading. Others besides vineyardists have held that some method of bombarding and forcibly displacing lower cloud strata at times of impending storms might prevent the sudden upsetting of normal conditions and the extreme consequences resulting. As yet there have been no records of trustworthy investigations looking to this end. Impatient at the slow progress which so often characterizes genuine scientific achievement, some have tried to forestall theory without waiting for the perfect story of the hailstone's formation yet to be read in the close concentric layers of ice and snow.

Within the last five years thousands of cannon of a special make, designed to throw dust whirls or vortices into the lower cloud levels, have been fired in the vineyards of Italy and Austria. The results have been neither definite nor certain. It is claimed that when these cannon are fired frequently and in sufficient number damage has been averted. The cannon are of five different sizes, ranging from nine to fifteen feet in height, and are purchasable from the makers at Gratz in Styria, Austria. While admitting the limitations of our present knowledge of the formation of hail-clouds and the part which the Stiger vortices may play in interfering with the rapidly ascending currents within large cumulus clouds, it is plain that evidence is lacking for a sure belief that the process advocated is effective, and there are yet no good reasons for urging an extension of these cannonading methods.

THE MAGIC OF THE INVISIBLE.

BY HENRY HARRIS.

I SEE not the brook—I hear it—
All of a summer long;
Under a brake of roses,
What is a brook but song?

A woman is she when with me,
And sweet to my heart's desire;
But when she is absent from me,
She is spirit—and dream—and fire!

DANIEL WEBSTER.

BY JOHN BACH McMASTER,
Author of "A History of the People of the United States."

FOURTH PAPER.

WEBSTER AS THE DEFENDER OF THE CONSTITUTION.



F the many orations which, up to this time, had been delivered in the Senate of the United States, the most far-reaching and enduring was the second reply to Hayne.

At last the South Carolina doctrine had been fittingly answered; at last the Union had found a staunch defender, the Constitution a noble interpreter, and the friends of both a champion able to give utterance to the thoughts and feelings they could not so well express. Webster's words sank into their hearts; his speech became a mine of political wisdom, and the Constitution henceforth had for them a new meaning.

Nor was the effect on Webster less important. He became at once a truly national character, saw the Presidency almost within his grasp, and from that day forth was animated by a ceaseless longing to become one of the temporary rulers of his country. National politics, nay, even local political affairs, the conduct of his possible competitors, his own course on the issues of the day, now had for him a weight and moment such as he had never accorded them before. His countrymen everywhere became eager to hear and see him. From all sorts of societies and associations came invitations to deliver addresses, and as the time drew near when a Presidential candidate must be chosen by the National Republicans, assurances were sent him by many whose opinion he respected that he was just the man the voters wanted. For a while Webster believed he was.

But he was saved for greater things. The Constitution and the Union were not yet secure. The debate with Hayne, so far as South Carolina was concerned, settled nothing, unless it was her determination to go on and execute the threats so often made and test the doctrine so boldly asserted. In the South Carolina election of 1830 the one question before the people was, Shall a convention be called to nullify the tariff of 1824

and the amendatory act of 1828? When the legislature chosen on this issue met, it was with the greatest difficulty that a call for a convention was prevented. Old party lines for the time being were forgotten. Each man was now a Unionist or a Nullifier—a member of the party devoted to the Union and the Constitution, or a member of that pledged to State rights, free trade, and disunion. Monster celebrations were held by each on the Fourth of July, 1831, and a State convention of Nullifiers in 1832; and when, some months later, Congress passed a new tariff bill, the governor summoned the legislature, and Calhoun once more took up his pen. In the course of the previous summer he had written and published in a newspaper an "Address to the People of South Carolina," in which the doctrine of State rights and the relation of the States to the federal government were reargued. Governor Hamilton wrote to urge its author to state his doctrine with more detail. Calhoun consented, and the letter was at once made public.

The moment Webster read it, he determined to reply, and decided to put his argument in the form of a letter to Chancellor Kent, a great expounder of the Constitution. "Mr. Calhoun, as you are doubtless aware," he wrote the chancellor, "has published a labored defense of nullification, in the form of a letter to Governor Hamilton. It is far the ablest and most plausible, and therefore the most dangerous, vindication of that particular form of revolution which has yet appeared. In the silence of abler pens, and seeing, as I think I do, that the affairs of this government are rapidly approaching a crisis, I have felt it to be my duty to answer Mr. Calhoun; and as he adopted the form of a letter in which to put forth his opinions, I think of giving my answer a similar form. The object of this is to ask your permission to address my letter to you. I propose to feign that I have received a letter from you calling my attention to Mr. Calhoun's publi-

cation; and then, in answer to such supposed letter, to proceed to review his whole argument at some length, not in the style of a speech, but in that of cool, constitutional, and legal discussion. If you feel no repugnance to be thus written to, I will be obliged to you for your assent."

The chancellor readily consented. "I shall deem it an honor," said he, "to be addressed

the choice of delegates was well under way. Before Congress gathered in December, the South Carolina convention had nullified the tariff acts of 1828 and 1832; had named the 1st of February, 1833, as the day whereon they should no longer be "binding on this State, its officers or citizens"; and the legislature had passed a replevin act and a test oath, and made all preparations neces-



DRAWN BY HARRY FENN. HALF-TONE PLATE ENGRAVED BY C. W. CHADWICK.

WEBSTER'S RESIDENCE IN WASHINGTON, 1832-56, SUBSEQUENTLY THE HOME OF W. W. CORCORAN,
FOUNDER OF THE CORCORAN ART GALLERY.

by you while engaged in the investigation of such an interesting subject. . . . The crisis is indeed portentous and frightful. We are threatened with destruction all around us, and we seem to be fast losing our original good sense and virtue. . . . If we are to be saved, we shall be largely indebted to you."

To write the letter at once was not possible. "I cannot complete the paper before election," said Webster. But before the November elections were over, the legislature of South Carolina had assembled, had called a convention to meet on November 19, 1832, had instructed it to devise some redress for the evils of the tariff acts, and

sary to put nullification into effect. Before the year ended, Jackson had issued his proclamation to the Nullifiers; Hayne (then governor in place of Hamilton) had replied in kind; Calhoun had resigned the Vice-Presidency, and when the new year opened took his seat in the Senate of the United States. He came as the successor of Hayne, and he came to find Clay ready to yield to defiance what his followers had refused to reason.

As Webster journeyed leisurely toward Washington, he stopped by chance at a New Jersey inn, and finding a traveler just from the capital, asked for news. The stranger, not knowing to whom he spoke, astounded

Webster by the reply that Jackson had just made a proclamation to the Nullifiers, and had taken it from Mr. Webster's famous reply to Hayne. Nor was he far wrong; for whole passages in it might, indeed, have been written by the Massachusetts senator. "The Constitution of the United States," said Jackson to the followers of Hayne and Calhoun, "forms a government, not a league; and whether it be formed by compact between the States, or in any other manner, its character is the same. . . . I consider the power to annul a law of the United States incompatible with the existence of the Union, contradicted expressly by the letter of the Constitution, and destructive of the great object for which it was formed. To say that any State may at pleasure secede from the Union is to say that the United States are not a nation." Language of this sort contained the very essence of the reply to Hayne, and Webster determined to uphold any vigorous measure the President might propose, and soon had one to support. The proclamation to the Nullifiers was answered in a set of resolutions passed by the legislature of South Carolina and laid before the Senate of the United States in January, 1833. Five days later the President replied to this new defiance; asked for authority to collect the revenue in South Carolina by force, if necessary; and soon saw his request embodied in the revenue collection bill, the "Force Bill"—the "Bloody Bill," as the Nullifiers called it. So vigorous was the measure that even steadfast friends of the President refused its support, nay, denounced it, as Webster said, "with the same vehemence as they used to do when they raised their patriotic voices against what they called a 'coalition.'" It snuffed, they declared, of the alien and sedition laws; was as bad as the Boston Port Bill; brought back the horrors of the Jersey prison-ship; made the President sole judge of the Constitution; sacrificed everything to arbitrary power; and was worse than the Botany Bay Law of Great Britain. The party of Jackson, in short, was in revolt, and the President at this crisis turned to Webster for support. Members of Congress urged him to defend the bill, and when he seemed indifferent, one of the cabinet called at his lodgings and asked for his help. With this appeal he complied, and a few days later, in the Senate, took occasion to say that he would support the measure as an independent member "discharging the dictates of his own conscience." "I am," said he, "no man's leader;

and, on the other hand, I follow no lead but that of public duty and the star of the Constitution. I believe the country is in considerable danger; I believe an unlawful combination threatens the integrity of the Union. . . . I think the people of the United States demand of us, who are intrusted with the government, to maintain that government. . . . For one, I obey this public voice; I comply with this demand of the people. I support the administration in measures which I believe to be necessary, and while pursuing this course I look unhesitatingly, and with the utmost confidence, for the approbation of the country."

This alliance of Webster with the Jackson party was of serious importance. It was now certain that in the struggle over the Force Bill he would bear a part, and with the recollection of the debate with Hayne fresh in memory, the followers of Calhoun looked forward to the contest with uneasiness. No other man in the Senate, save Clay, then approached Webster in influence with the people, and to Clay it was that Calhoun now turned for assistance, which the great Kentuckian proved only too willing to give. He would not speak for the bill; he would not vote for it; he would not do anything to strengthen the hands or add to the prestige of the man who believed in the coalition, who had proscribed the friends of Harry of the West, and had defeated him so overwhelmingly in the election just passed. But, worse than all, the father of the American system, the great apostle of protection, had in his desk the draft of a bill designed to abandon the protective system, yield every point South Carolina demanded, and reduce the tariff to a revenue basis. This bill Clay introduced soon after his interview with Calhoun.

With Clay thus silenced and committed to the course of the Nullifiers, but two of the great triumvirate remained to contend, the one for "our country, our whole country, and nothing but our country"; the other for nullification, secession, and disunion. Calhoun opened the contest, and Webster followed with the speech known in his collected works as "The Constitution not a Compact between the States."

We are told that as Webster was about to leave his lodgings to make that speech, the carriage of the President drew up at the door; that the private secretary of Jackson stepped out, delivered a message, and then drove the senator to the Capitol steps.

Calhoun was to continue his speech of the

day before, a performance which had greatly disappointed his friends. Never at any time had he been considered an orator, and long absence from legislative halls had dulled what little power as a speaker he once possessed. More than fifteen years had rolled by since he accepted the place of Secretary of War under Monroe, and in all that time Calhoun had addressed no legislative body. "He was," says one who now heard him, "quite unfit for long and sustained effort, by reason of the intensity of his feelings, a lack of physical power, and a weak voice. He was hoarse, and indistinct in utterance."

Calhoun finished a little before one o'clock, and a moment later Webster secured the floor, and spoke for two hours and a half, when the Senate took a recess till five o'clock. Meantime the news that Webster was answering Calhoun spread through the city, and when the Senate reassembled the chamber was "crowded to suffocation." The House had adjourned for the day, and the members were now to be seen seated among the senators. Citizens eager to hear a great speech had hurried to the room with wives and daughters, had filled every available inch of space, and furnished an audience far different from that of two hours before. From five till eight o'clock, when the speech ended, Webster spoke with much of his old power, carried his listeners with him, and when he closed, "a long, loud, and general clapping of hands rose from the floor and galleries." The cause was greater than any ever before put on trial. The preservation of the Union, the success of democratic government, the ability of a people spread over half a continent to rule themselves, were to be decided once and forever. Reject the Force Bill, and government by the many was supplanted by the rule of a few; the Constitution was degraded from an instrument of government to the contract of a league, and the republic of the United States was no more worthy to be called a nation. Pass the Force Bill, and the supremacy of the law was upheld firmly; nullification was brought down from a peaceful remedy to a revolutionary right, and the Union made stronger than ever. Yet neither the people nor the orator rose to the greatness of the occasion. The speech was indeed a fine one; but it lacked the bursts of eloquence, the rhetorical adornment, the intensity, the popular features, of the reply to Hayne, for it was undoubtedly but an elaboration of the letter which Webster intended to address to Chancellor Kent.

The Force Bill passed both Senate and

House; but it accomplished nothing: for hard upon it came the compromise tariff of 1833, yielding to South Carolina all she asked, abandoning the policy of protection, and giving the victory to the Nullifiers. Nevertheless, the speech of Webster was hailed with delight, and raised him still higher in popular esteem; and it pleased no one so much as Jackson. Writing to his friend Poinsett the day after its delivery, the President said: "Mr. Webster replied to Calhoun yesterday, and, it is said, demolished him. It is believed by more than one that Mr. C. is in a state of dementia. His speech was a perfect failure, and Mr. Webster handled him like a child." He was thanked by the President personally, praised by the Secretary of State, and when, in the summer of 1833, he set off on a pleasure-trip to the West, his journey was one long ovation.

At New York, on his return, a serious effort was made to attach him to the party of Jackson. This was not possible, for, when Congress met again, the long struggle against Jacksonism began, and through it all Webster sided with the opposition.

The questions of the hour were those which sprang from the war waged by the President and his friends against "the hydra-headed monster," the Bank of the United States. The first, Shall the bank be rechartered? had been decided in the negative by the veto of the new charter by Jackson, and his reëlection in 1832. The second, Shall the money of the United States continue to be deposited in the bank and its branches? had been decided in the negative by the order of the President to Secretary Taney to make no more deposits of government funds in the bank or its branches, and the obedience of the Secretary to the order of his chief. The third and all that followed arose over the passage of the resolution of censure by the Senate; the protest against that resolution by the President; the refusal of the Senate to enter the protest on its journal; the expunging of the vote of censure by the Senate, and the distribution of the surplus revenue among the States. Into the struggle thus begun Webster threw himself with an ardor he never before displayed. He gave his support and vote to Clay's resolutions of censure on the President, wrote the report of the committee condemning the reasons of the Secretary for obeying the order of Jackson, answered the protest in a set speech, voted against entering it on the journal of the Senate, and before the session closed attacked the financial policy

of the administration sixty-four times in speeches long and short, some of which still find a place in his collected works. That on "A Redeemable Paper Currency," and that on "The Natural Hatred of the Poor to the Rich," may be read with profit to-day.

Activity of this sort added to his renown, brought down on him the wrath of the friends of Jackson, and greatly increased the admiration of him by all who about this time began to call themselves Whigs. The cartoonists now attacked him as a national character. In one of their pictures a fountain of Congress water has exploded, and as Clay and Webster are blown into the air the latter exclaims, "Thus vaulting ambition doth o'erleap itself and falls on t' other side." In another Jackson holds in his hand the order for the removal of the deposits. The lightning from the paper is demolishing the bank, and Clay, who has fallen amid the tottering columns, cries out, "Help me up, Webster, or I shall lose my stakes!" To this appeal Webster answers as he runs away: "'There is a tide in the affairs of men,' as Shakspere says. Sorry, dear Clay. Look out for yourself." In yet another cartoon Old Hickory and Bully Nick are about to engage in a "set-to," with Long Harry and Black Dan as seconds to the Bully. Again, Webster, as a cat mounted on a copy of the Constitution placed upon a chair, is worried by the dog Benton, standing on the floor.

In one of the countless number of memorials that came to Congress from State legislatures, from cities, towns, villages, counties, congressional districts, banks, chambers of commerce, merchants, traders, farmers, artisans, tradesmen, and taverns and grog-shops where laborers gathered, some opposing, others approving the removal of the deposits, was one in the preamble of which Webster was foully slandered by name. So shameful was the attack that, at the suggestion of Van Buren, the Pennsylvania senators struck out the abuse before presenting the memorial. But Webster demanded that the preamble be read as written, and when this was done the Senate at once rejected the petition. Just before Jackson's famous protest reached the Senate, Webster was in Philadelphia; but hearing that it was to be presented, he hastened back to Washington. It was Sunday morning when the steamboat reached Baltimore. "It had been given out," says the account, "that they [Webster and Mr. Binney] would not come that day, perhaps to prevent the gathering of a crowd; but the people by thousands

assembled on the wharf. Mr. Webster, being called on, made a few animated remarks from the boat, with a view of dismissing the 'friends of the Constitution' assembled to meet him. But they would not be dismissed. They formed into a solid body, filling the whole street, and marched up to the City Hotel. When he arrived at the hotel, hardly less than five thousand well-dressed persons, very many of them elderly men and of lofty standing in society, were assembled in front of it, and the gentlemen were successively called on to offer a few words of exhortation. The people were highly excited, and often cheered, but in a subdued tone of voice." For this Senator Forsyth denounced him as having addressed a "bawling crowd" on the Sabbath, as having excited a "wretched clamor," and as having "designs to exasperate the people to treasonable acts unless they submitted to the power of a great moneyed corporation."

Wherever he went he was now as much an object of popular interest as was Henry Clay. His name began to be seriously mentioned as the next Whig candidate for the Presidency, and in 1835 the Whigs in the Massachusetts legislature made a formal nomination. Letters promising support now came to him from Vermont, New York, Ohio, and Louisiana. His nomination was indorsed by the Whigs of Penobscot County, Maine, and by his party in Berwyn, Hallowell, and Portland. A silver vase was presented to the "Defender of the Constitution" at Boston. "A thousand friends of Liberty and Union, now and forever, one and inseparable," at New York city signed an invitation to a public dinner. But the State conventions of the two parties, Whigs and Antimasons, met at the same time, December 16, 1835, in Harrisburg, agreed on William Henry Harrison as the most available man, nominated him formally, and from that hour he became the candidate of the Whigs.

For Webster to remain longer in the field as a serious candidate was useless, and when, in March, 1836, a convention of Whig members of the Massachusetts legislature and delegates from towns not represented in the General Court by Whigs gathered in Boston, he wrote expressing a desire to withdraw. But the convention would not hear of such a thing, voted that he was the true Whig candidate, and at the autumn election Massachusetts cast her fourteen electoral votes for Daniel Webster. He received no others, and had no cause for regret, for the Whigs

were overwhelmingly beaten, and Van Buren succeeded Jackson.

The success of Van Buren was disheartening, and for many reasons Webster now thought seriously of retiring from the Senate. While a member of the House and but one in a State delegation of twelve, he had found it an easy matter to carry on a lucrative practice in the Supreme Court. The interests of his State were then safe in the care of many colleagues. But as a senator he was one of two, and duty to his country and to his State left little time for practice, and his income went down rapidly. The fight with nullification in 1833 cut down his professional gains by eight thousand dollars, and never since had his earnings approached what they might have been. A longing for a great Western farm had seized him, and he had already acquired a little tract not far from Springfield, Ohio, which he named Salisbury, after the old home of his father. This he hoped to enlarge. He would make it a tract of a thousand acres and engage in farming on a great scale. All this required money, and money was not to be made by attendance in the Senate. In January, 1837, therefore, he wrote to friends in Massachusetts, announced his wish to resign, and urged that the legislature at once elect a successor. But as news of his intention spread, Whigs in all quarters besought him not to withdraw. Those in the Massachusetts legislature strongly opposed the step, appointed a committee, with the Speaker, Robert C. Winthrop, at their head, and bade them beseech him to recall the letter of resignation, or at least to postpone the request. At New York city a meeting of his political friends was called, Chancellor Kent placed in the chair, and an invitation to a public reception tendered. If he must leave the Senate, this was to be a testimonial of a lively sense of his public services. If he could be persuaded to remain, it was to be an opportunity to express their wishes to him in a manner as impressive as possible. He did consent to remain, accepted the New York invitation, and one day in March, 1837, was met at Amboy by a committee, and escorted to Niblo's Garden, where, in the presence of a vast throng, he gave utterance to his "sentiments freely on the great topics of the day" in what was long remembered as the "Niblo's Garden Speech."

This duty performed, Webster once more turned his thoughts westward, and in May was on his way to the Ohio. He went on to North Bend to visit General Harrison, and

to Cincinnati, where there was another outpouring of the people, and another speech. At St. Louis he was greeted, said a newspaper, as no other citizen was ever received on the west bank of the Mississippi. At Alton, across the river, flags were displayed, the church bells rung, and cannon fired as he came ashore. The great panic of 1837 was now sweeping over the country, Van Buren had summoned Congress to a special session, and at Madison Webster turned homeward. As he drew near Chicago a long train of wagons and horsemen met him ten miles from the town, and escorted him to the Lake House, where he spoke to the crowd that packed the street. The next day he attended a festival held in his honor. Pushing eastward, he visited Michigan City, Toledo, and Buffalo, where he was entertained with a steamboat regatta on the lake, and then went on to New York and Boston.

The decision of Webster to remain in the Senate brought him to another turning-point in his political career, and he went back to begin a new contest with Calhoun for the preservation of the Union. The first struggle arose over the tariff, and ended in nullification. The second began over slavery, and led to secession. Mr. Benton is authority for the statement that when Calhoun went back to his home in the spring of 1833, disappointed and downhearted at the slight support the South had given to the act of nullification, he told his friends that the South could never be united against the North on the question of the tariff, and that the basis of Southern union must henceforth be the questions that sprang from slavery. Certain it is that by 1833 the work of the abolitionists and antislavery people began to tell. It was in 1831 that the first number of the "Liberator" appeared, and the State of Georgia offered five thousand dollars to any one who would kidnap Garrison and bring him to the State. It was in 1833 that the American Antislavery Society was founded, and the "Telegraph," a nullification journal published at Washington, flatly charged the people of the North with a deliberate purpose to destroy slavery in the South. Twenty newspapers in twenty different parts of the North and the South at once made answer, denied the charge, and accused Calhoun and the Nullifiers of again attempting to wreck the Union. "His object," said one, "is to fan the flame of discord and separate the South from the North. Mr. Calhoun has been defeated in his ambitious project of reaching the Presidency. He would now gladly ruin

the fair fabric of the United States that he might become the chief of a Southern confederacy. The tariff was to have been the pretext for separation. This having failed, a new cause is sought in the question of slavery, and such miserable fanatics as Garrison and wretched publications as the 'Liberator' are quoted as evidence of the feeling of the people of the North."

But the movement thus started would not go down. In 1834 there were antislavery riots in New York and Philadelphia. It was in 1835 that Garrison was mobbed in Boston; that there was a riot in Utica; that antislavery papers were taken from the post-office in Charleston, South Carolina, and burned on the public square; that Jackson in his message asked for the exclusion of such documents from the mails; and that four slaveholding States requested the non-slaveholding to suppress the abolitionists. It was in 1836 that Birney was mobbed in Cincinnati; that Calhoun presented a bill to stop the delivery by postmasters of antislavery books, papers, tracts, and pictures; and that the House of Representatives passed the first of the gag resolutions. It was in 1837, a few weeks before Webster spoke in Niblo's Garden, that the United States recognized the independence of the slaveholding republic of Texas.

The fate of slavery was now clearly a national issue, and in the Niblo's Garden speech Webster placed himself on record. That a desire or intention to annex Texas to the United States already existed could not be disguised, he said. To this he saw objections, insurmountable objections. The imperative necessity of controlling the great river system of the Mississippi valley justified the purchase of Louisiana. A like policy and a like necessity led to the purchase of Florida. But no such policy required the annexation of Texas. Her accession to our territory was not necessary to the full and complete enjoyment of that already possessed. The limits of the Union in that direction ought not to be extended. Texas, moreover, was likely to be a slaveholding country, no matter by whom possessed, and he was not willing to do anything that should "extend the slavery of the African race on this continent, or add other slaveholding States to the Union. . . . I shall do nothing, therefore, to favor or encourage its further extension. . . . In my opinion, the people of the United States will not consent to bring into the Union a new, vastly extensive, and slaveholding country, large enough for half

a dozen or a dozen States. In my opinion, they ought not to consent to it." Here was free-soilism plainly stated, and here, as Webster claimed thirteen years later, was to be found the principle of the Wilmot Proviso.

As he was not a Southern expansionist, so he was not a Northern abolitionist. "Slavery as it exists in the States," said he, "is beyond the reach of Congress. It is a concern of the States themselves. They have never submitted it to Congress, and Congress has no rightful power over it." On the great question then before Congress, the right of citizens to petition for the abolition of slavery in the District of Columbia, and the duty of Congress to receive and its power to grant petitions, he said not a word. But when Congress next assembled, and Calhoun presented resolutions against the reception of petitions for the abolition of slavery in the District, and was followed by Clay, who offered a substitute for one of them, Webster was alarmed. Referring to the resolutions of Calhoun and Clay, he said: "Mr. Clay and Mr. Calhoun, in my judgment, have attempted in 1838 what they attempted in 1833—to make a new Constitution."

Later in the session, Webster came again to the defense of the Constitution, and in a speech, famous in its day, in which he reviewed the political conduct of Calhoun since 1833, Webster charged him with a steady design to break up the Union. "The honorable member from South Carolina," said he, "habitually indulges in charges of usurpation and oppression against the government of his country. He daily denounces its important measures in the language in which our Revolutionary fathers spoke of the oppression of the mother-country. . . . A principal object in his late political movements, the gentleman himself tells us, was to unite the entire South; and against whom or against what does he wish to unite the entire South? . . . I am where I ever have been, and ever mean to be. Here, standing on the platform of the general Constitution, a platform broad enough and firm enough to uphold every interest of the whole country, I shall still be found." Calhoun replied with a review of Webster's conduct since he entered the House in 1813; Webster answered with a like review of the behavior of Calhoun; and the two went their ways, the one to head the movement which ended in secession and civil war, the other to rouse that spirit of nationality which put down secession and preserved the Union of the States.

Of this reply to Calhoun he wrote: "The speech will not come up to expectations. It has been too much praised. If you can believe it, no reporter took down a single word of it. I had to gather it together from my own notes, my own recollections, other friends' recollections, and the letters of the letter-writers." The refusal of the Democratic reporters to take down such a speech is an interesting evidence of the bitter party feeling of the day.

His position on the slavery issue brought out a letter asking for a further statement of his opinions on the question of the hour. In his answer he declared his belief to be that Congress had no authority to emancipate slaves in any State; but that Congress did have power to emancipate slaves in the District of Columbia without the consent of Maryland and Virginia; that the citizens of the United States did have the right to petition for the abolition of slavery in the District, and that all such petitions ought to be received, read, and considered.

The summer and autumn of 1839 were spent by Webster in England, and as the ship that bore him homeward was entering New York Bay the pilot that boarded her brought word that William Henry Garrison had again been nominated by the Whigs. Before setting out on his visit to the Old World, Webster had decided not to have his name go before the Whig convention.

To have secured the nomination for the Presidency would, indeed, have been impossible; but he might, in the opinion of his friends, have been named for the Vice-Presidency. Of this he would hear nothing, and the one and only real chance he ever had of becoming President was suffered to go by. The Whig convention had not dared to frame a party platform; but the Democrats furnished one in the sneer that Garrison would be more at home in a log cabin guzzling hard cider than seated in the White House ruling a nation. Save the little red school-house, nothing was dearer to the heart of the people than the log cabin, and no insult more galling could possibly have been uttered. That humble abode, with its puncheon floor, its mud-smeared sides, its latch-string, its window, where well-greased paper did duty for glass, had ever been, and was still, the symbol of American hardihood, and instantly became the true Whig watchword. On vacant lots in every city and town, on ten thousand village greens, the cabin, with a coon's skin on the wall, with the latch-string hanging out in token of welcome,

and with a barrel of hard cider close beside the door, became the Whig headquarters. Mounted on wheels and occupied by speakers, it was dragged from village to village. Log-cabin raisings, log-cabin medals, log-cabin badges, magazines, almanacs, song-books, pictures, were everywhere to be seen; and into this wild campaign of song and laughter Webster entered with unwonted zeal. Though nobody wanted him to be President, the whole country seemed possessed to hear him speak. Countless Tippecanoe clubs elected him a member; innumerable "raisings" claimed his presence. New Hampshire appealed to him as the State where he was born. The West clamored for him as the stanch friend of her interests. A score of towns wanted him as the orator for the Fourth of July. The candidate himself was not so eagerly sought.

To many of their appeals Webster acceded, and addressed meeting after meeting till, he writes to his wife, he is "sore from speaking." In another letter he tells her: "I am charged with burning the convent at Charlestown [1836]. Do you recollect how I did it? Will you promise not to betray me if I deny it?"

His great speeches were at Saratoga, Bunker Hill, New York, and Richmond. At Saratoga, catching the spirit of the times, he lamented that he too had not been born in a log cabin. "Gentlemen, it did not happen to me to be born in a log cabin; but my elder brothers and sisters were born in a log cabin, raised amid the snow-drifts of New Hampshire at a period so early that when the smoke first rose from its rude chimney and curled over the frozen hills there was no similar evidence of a white man's habitation between it and the settlements on the rivers of Canada. Its remains still exist. I make to it an annual visit. I carry my children to it, to teach them the hardships endured by the generations which have gone before them. . . . And if ever I am ashamed of it, or if I ever fail in affectionate veneration for him who raised it, and defended it against savage violence and destruction, cherished all the domestic virtues beneath its roof, and, through the fire and blood of a seven years' revolutionary war, shrank from no danger, no toil, no sacrifice, to serve his country, and to raise his children to a condition better than his own, may my name and the name of my posterity be blotted forever from the memory of mankind!" After the Bunker Hill festival, the area covered by the crowd was

measured, and seventy-five thousand persons were said to have attended. At Richmond the ladies of the city gave him a reception in a log cabin.

The election over and won, Harrison tendered the Department of State to Clay, and, when he refused, asked Webster to choose between the State Department and the Treasury. To this Webster replied: "The question of accepting a seat in your cabinet, should it be tendered me, has naturally been the subject of my reflections and of consultations with friends. The result of these reflections and consultations has been that I should accept the office of Secretary of State, should it be offered to me under circumstances such as now exist."

To this the President-elect answered: "I entirely approve of your choice of the two tendered you"; and on March 4, Webster, having resigned his seat in the Senate, became Secretary of State.

The first official duty laid upon him was the revision of the inaugural address, which the President-elect had prepared with much pains, and which abounded in that sort of classical knowledge so fashionable when Harrison was a lad. Roman history was freely drawn on, and the speech was sprinkled with references to Cæsar, the proconsuls, and the Roman knights. This was too much for the new Secretary, and, after a long struggle, the President-elect agreed to leave out most of his warnings from the past. The story is told that when the work of revision was over and Webster reached his lodgings, the mistress of the house remarked that he looked tired, and asked if anything had happened. "You would think that something had happened if you knew what I have done," was the reply. "I have killed seventeen Roman proconsuls." But Cæsar and the Roman knights escaped, and still adorn the inaugural address.

One month after its delivery Harrison died, and the stormy administration of Tyler began. At the special session of Congress called by Harrison to correct the evils of Democratic rule, Tyler agreed to most of the measures of reform. He signed the bill repealing the subtreasury act, the bill to distribute the proceeds of the sales of public land, the bill to change the banking system of the District of Columbia, and the revenue bill; but he vetoed the charter for a "Fiscal Bank of the United States," and another for a "Fiscal Corporation," and for this four members of his cabinet resigned in a body. A fifth soon followed, and John Tyler was

read out of the Whig party. Webster remained in the cabinet. For a moment he seems to have been in doubt just what to do, and in his uncertainty wrote post-haste to a friend in Boston, "Do you Whigs of Massachusetts think I ought to quit or ought to stay?" and asked the Massachusetts delegation to meet him in consultation. The advice of those gentlemen was not to quit, and three days later, Webster, in a letter to a newspaper, made known his reasons for remaining. He saw no cause for the sudden dissolution of the cabinet by the voluntary act of its members; he believed that some sort of institution to aid the financial operations of the government and to give the country a good currency and cheap exchanges was absolutely necessary, and that, to get it, there must be a union of Whig President, Whig Congress, and Whig people.

Back of all this were far weightier reasons which he could not publicly declare. Grave questions of long standing between Great Britain and the United States were pressing for a settlement, peaceably if possible, forcibly if necessary; for settled they must be. The north boundary of Maine, after fifty-eight years of discussion, was still undefined. The affair of the *Caroline* and the assumption by Great Britain of all responsibility for the destruction of that steamboat had aroused the whole frontier of New York; the arrest and trial of McLeod had thrown Great Britain into a passion; while her assertion of a right to search ships supposed to be engaged in the African slave-trade stirred up a question once made a cause of war. Could Webster bring about a peaceful settlement of these many sources of ill feeling and ill will between two nations which of all others ought to be friends, he would render to his country services of no common sort; and the belief that he could do much to accomplish such an end was the chief reason why his State delegation was opposed to his resigning the Secretaryship of State. Again, he was an Eastern man, and, in the opinion of the people of Maine, the boundary question would never be settled till a man born and bred among them took the dispute in hand.

To the boundary dispute Webster had already turned his attention, had informed the British minister that a compromise line would be accepted, had selected an Eastern man, Mr. Edward Everett, to be American minister at London, and early in 1842 was informed that Lord Ashburton would be sent

to Washington to settle all controversies between Great Britain and the United States.

Meantime a new cause of irritation arose. While the brig *Creole*, loaded with slaves, was on her way from Hampton to New Orleans, the negroes rose, killed one man, shut the crew in the hold, took possession of the vessel, and brought her into the British West Indian port of Nassau. There a few of the slaves were held for murder, and the rest were set free. This incident, following hard upon like action in the cases of the *Comet*, the *Encomium*, and the *Enterprise*, inflamed the South and added new recruits to the party eager for war.

As the Secretary looked over the country, the prospect of settlement seemed small indeed. He saw the people of Maine in such a state of mind that, as Governor Kent assured him, they could with difficulty be kept from collision with the British. He saw the borderers in New York so excited by the trial of McLeod that he thought it prudent to urge the President to station troops along the frontier to keep the peace. He saw the new attempt of Mexico to reduce Texas, the protest of Mexico, the rumored purchase of California by Great Britain, and the fear of her intervention to destroy the independence of Texas, stir the South, and make annexation and perhaps war with Mexico more popular than ever before.

Most happily for the peace of the world, the two men now intrusted with the negotiation on which hung the issue of war or peace came to their work in a friendly spirit and framed the treaty known by their names. That Webster was too yielding on the boundary, that he sacrificed the interests of Maine, is certain; but that he averted a war, put at rest an old and irritating dispute, and by the introduction of the extradition clause did a great service to civilization, is not to be denied. The treaty was most creditable; but the glory must be shared with Judge Story, who gladly and freely gave to Webster advice, argument, and assistance of no trivial sort.

The treaty made and ratified by the Senate, even the friends of Webster cried out that the time had come for him to leave the cabinet, and were joined by the whole Whig press. After his old-time fashion, he now turned to his friends for advice. Said one: "Your best friends here think there is an insuperable difficulty in your continuing any longer in President Tyler's cabinet." That there might be no doubt where he stood,

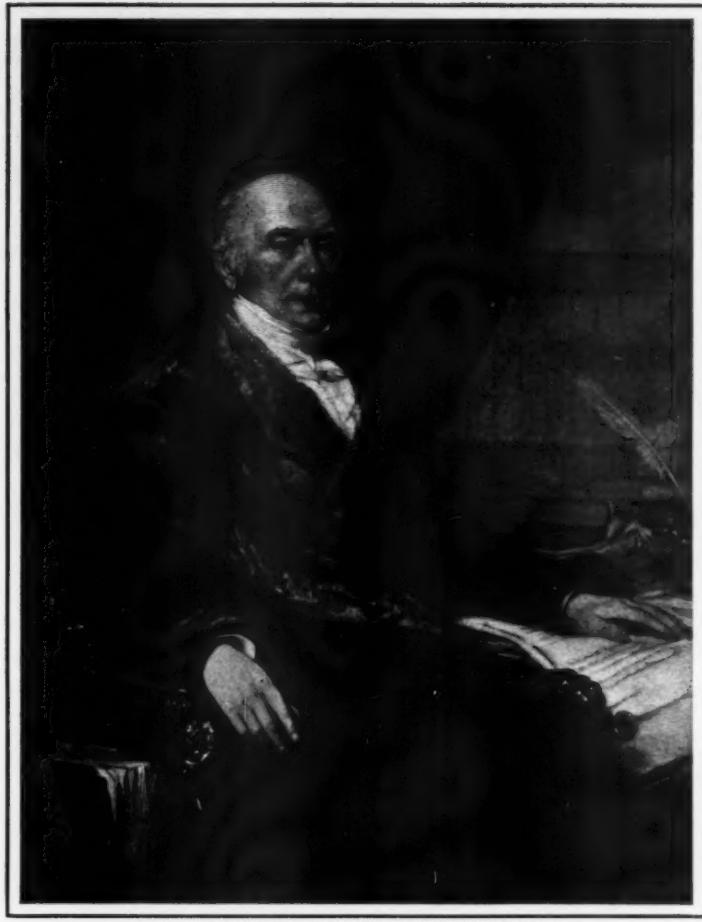
the State convention of Massachusetts Whigs, when it met in September, read the President out of the party. The duty of the convention was to nominate candidates for State officers: but it went further, and by one resolution announced that the misdeeds of Tyler "left no alternative to the Whigs of Massachusetts but to declare, as they do now declare, their full and final separation from him"; and in another resolution presented Henry Clay to the Whigs of the State as justly entitled to their suffrages "for the first office in the gift of the American people."

On the other hand, strangers, men whose opinion he had not asked, wrote from all parts of the country, urging him not to quit the Department of State. Some friends in Boston tendered a dinner, that a chance might be given him to speak in self-defense; but he asked that the dinner be changed to a public reception, and in September, 1842, delivered the "Hard to Coax" speech in Faneuil Hall. He needed just such a defense, and he made it manfully. To the clamor for his resignation he replied:

"You know, gentlemen, that twenty years of honest and not altogether undistinguished service in the Whig cause did not save me from an outpouring of wrath which seldom proceeds from Whig presses and Whig tongues against anybody. I am, gentlemen, a little hard to coax; but as to being driven, that is out of the question. I chose to trust my own judgment, and thinking I was at a post where I was in the service of my country and could do it good, I stayed there. . . . No man feels more highly the advantage of the advice of friends than I do; but on a question so delicate and important as this I like to choose myself the friends who are to give me advice; and upon this subject, gentlemen, I shall leave you as enlightened as I found you.

"I give no pledge, I make no intimation one way or the other, and I shall be as free, when this day closes, to act as I was when the dawn of this day—" The rest of the sentence was lost in an outburst of applause.

To the State convention of Massachusetts Whigs, which said that he was not to be their candidate for the Presidency, he uttered this defiance: "I notice a declaration, made in behalf of all the Whigs of this commonwealth, of a full and final separation from the President of the United States. If those gentlemen saw fit to express their own sentiments to that extent, there is no objection. Whigs speak their sentiments



HALFTONE PLATE ENGRAVED BY F. H. WELLINGTON, AFTER A PAINTING BY HEALY.

ALEXANDER BARING, LORD ASHBURTON.

From a portrait painted in 1843, in commemoration of the Webster-Ashburton treaty.
In the diplomatic reception-rooms of the State Department, Washington.

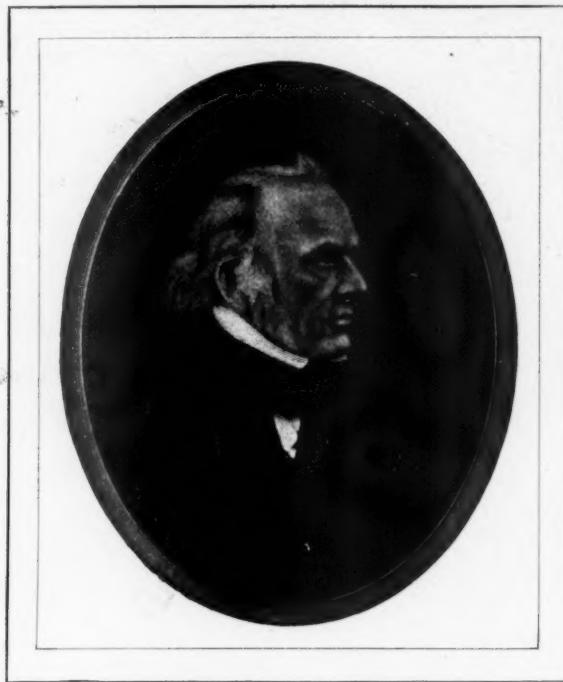
everywhere; but whether they may assume a privilege to speak for others on a point on which those others have not given them authority, is another matter. . . . I am quite ready to submit to all decisions of Whig conventions on subjects on which they are authorized to make decisions. But it is quite another question whether a set of gentlemen, however respectable they may be as individuals, shall have the power to bind me on matters which I have not agreed to submit to their decision at all. . . . And in regard to the individual who addresses you — what do his brother Whigs mean to do with him? Where do they mean to place me? This declaration announces a full and

final separation between the Whigs of Massachusetts and the President. If I choose to remain in the cabinet, do those gentlemen mean to say that I cease to be a Whig? I am quite ready to put that question to the people of Massachusetts."

As the speech, copied by one newspaper from another, spread through the country, murmurs of indignation went up from the Whigs. He was too great a man, they had been too proud of him, his services had been too signal, to make it safe to turn on him and with abuse drive him from the party; yet they made him feel their high displeasure. "You see what a dust my speech has raised," he wrote his son Fletcher. "It is

no more than I anticipated. I am sorry the 'Intelligencer' is acting so foolishly, but that is its own affair. The speech is printing in pamphlet form in Boston, and will be widely circulated."

ranks long honored by his presence and his labors." Mr. Berrien of Georgia told a Whig meeting in New York that he had rather be a dog and bay the moon than submit as Webster recommended; and the meeting said



HALF-TONE PLATE ENGRAVED BY PETER AITKEN.

JOSEPH STORY, ASSOCIATE JUSTICE OF THE SUPREME COURT.

There were other newspapers than the "Intelligencer" that commented on his speech. "If Mr. Webster," said one, "thinks he can dictate to the Whig convention of Massachusetts, he will find that he far overestimates the amount of his influence here." "We will tell him," said another, "what his Whig brethren have done with him: they have nominated Henry Clay for the Presidency, and Massachusetts, as sure as she exists in 1844, will give her electoral vote to that candidate." "Mr. Webster," said a third, "continues to vouch for the Whiggery of Mr. Tyler; but who will vouch for the voucher?" "If," said another, "he wishes to share the fate of Mr. Tyler, and go with him to support John C. Calhoun, he is a free agent; if he wishes to give Whig principles and Whig men the benefit of his commanding eloquence, he will be welcomed back to those

"Amen and amen!" Some thought the speech indicated that he would leave the cabinet; others that he would stay, as there were many more international difficulties to settle.

Not the least among these was the Oregon boundary, which might have been settled in the treaty had not the President thought fit to join to it other issues which could not be hastily discussed. The plan of Tyler was that Great Britain should persuade Mexico to acknowledge the independence of Texas and sell us California from latitude 42° to 36° 31'; that she should pay a part of the cost, and in return take Oregon as far south as the Columbia River; and that Webster should go to London on a special mission, with those ends in view. To this the Senate would not consent. An effort was then made to persuade Mr. Everett to take the newly created Chinese mission,

and send Webster to London as Mr. Everett's successor. This too failed, and early in May the "National Intelligencer" announced that Daniel Webster had resigned the office of Secretary of State. For months past the newspapers had been asserting and then denying that he would surely leave the cabinet; but now, to the joy of the Locofocos and the Democrats, the report was true. "There is now nothing to disturb the unanimity of the cabinet councils," said a Democratic journal, "and the administration may henceforth be regarded as a unit in sentiment, principles, and purposes." Another spread abroad the report that the President's son had said, "We have got rid of Webster at last." That his resignation had been forced, that the President and his Secretary had parted bad friends, was long believed, but was not true. The attacks of the Whig press, the wide-spread belief that he was no longer a Whig, the effect this belief might have on his chances of securing

the Presidential nomination sometime in the future, the determination of Tyler to take up the question of annexing Texas, and the failure to secure the English mission, were the causes which induced him to leave the cabinet.

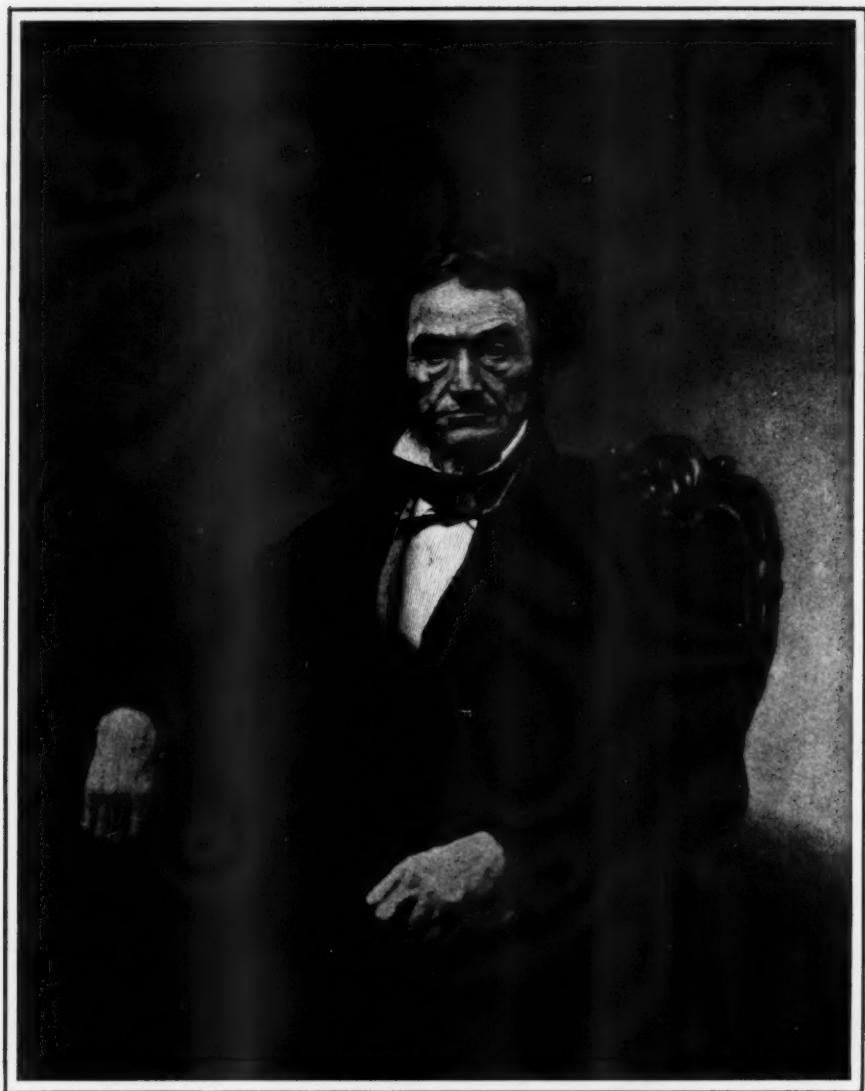
Webster was now, for the first time in fifteen years, a private citizen. That he should ever again return to public life seemed far from likely. He had passed his sixtieth birthday, his private affairs were in disorder, and he was free to enjoy the delights of Marshfield, which was to him the dearest spot on earth. But his friends opposed his retirement. Some insisted that he must remove all doubt as to his Whiggery, and sent him as a delegate to the Whig convention at Andover, before which he again spoke in defense of his conduct. Others in New Hampshire asked that they might present his name to the people as a candidate for the Presidency. Still others, in the General Court of Massachusetts, tendered him a re-



DRAWN BY HARRY FENN. HALF-TONE PLATE ENGRAVED BY C. SCHWARZBURGER.

WEBSTER'S RESIDENCE IN WASHINGTON, 1846.

The house, the one on the left, was altered after the war, when the building on the right was added to form the "Webster Law Building."



FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY JOSIAH J. HAWES. HALF-TONE PLATE ENGRAVED BY F. H. WELLINGTON.

RUFUS CHOATE.

This photograph was taken between 1855 and 1860, and the negative was not retouched.

election to the United States Senate, in place of Mr. Choate, who wished to resign. To this he answered that he would not affect to deny that he much preferred public employment to returning to the bar at his time of life; but his affairs needed attention, he must make a living, and he could ill afford to go back to the Senate and lose the fifteen thousand dollars a year yielded by his practice. Until March 4, 1845, at least,

when Mr. Choate's term would expire, it was, he said, far more important to him to remain in private life than it could be to the nation that he should return to the Senate.

Never was he more mistaken, for an event that he had often contemplated with dread was near at hand. As the campaign opened, the two prospective candidates, Clay and Van Buren, had earnestly striven to put the Texas question out of politics; but Tyler,

just before the nominating conventions met, surprised the Senate with a treaty of annexation secretly negotiated with the Texan agent, and made annexation the issue of the day.

Scarcely was this done when the Whig National Convention met at Baltimore and nominated Clay, not by ballot, but with a shout that shook the building. The next day the Whigs held a great ratification meeting, before which Webster appeared to make his peace with the party. Again he solemnly declared himself a Whig, spoke of Clay in the warmest terms, was glad to present the great leader's name to the country as the Whig candidate for the Presidency, and knew of no question before the people on which he did not agree with the candidate. The wild cheers that greeted Webster gave assurance that he was forgiven, and expressed confidence that the reunited and harmonious party was now sure of victory. This confidence was much disturbed when the Democratic convention, a few weeks later, rejected Van Buren, nominated Polk, and demanded the annexation of Texas. Polk was an almost unknown man, and that he should defeat Harry of the West seemed laughable. But the demand for Texas was serious, for now the Whigs must meet that issue or take the consequence of their silence. Webster, in his campaign speech at Valley Forge, spoke plainly and to the point. He was opposed to annexation. But Clay undertook to explain, sent off his Alabama letter, and wrote himself out of the Presidency. The defeat of Clay stunned the Whigs and elated the Democrats, who, carried away by their triumph, passed the joint resolution under which Texas entered the Union as a slave State.

To Webster's plea that it was not important to the country that he should return to public life the Whigs of Massachusetts would now no longer listen, and on March 4, 1845, he once more took his seat in the Senate, as the successor of Rufus Choate, who was a native of Essex, Massachusetts, and a student at Dartmouth College when Webster delivered his great speech in the Dartmouth College case. We are told that Mr. Choate was so powerfully affected by the argument that he determined to study law, a profession in which, in time, he won a reputation as an advocate second to none.

The influence of Webster over Choate, thus early acquired, was never lost; and in their later political careers the two men were closely allied. When Webster left the Sen-

ate in 1841, Choate became his successor; when Choate resigned in 1844, Webster in turn succeeded him; and in 1852 it was Choate who urged the nomination of Webster for the Presidency before the Whig National Convention at Baltimore.

The annexation of Texas brought war with Mexico; the victories of Taylor and Scott, Kearny and Stockton, brought a chance to secure more territory; fear that the new acquisition might be made slave soil called forth the Wilmot Proviso; and the great struggle for the rights of man was on once more.

During the summer of 1846, President Polk asked Congress for two million dollars "for the purpose of settling all our difficulties with the Mexican Republic." Well knowing that it was intended to use the money to obtain a land cession from Mexico, David Wilmot moved an amendment to the bill, providing that from all territory ceded by Mexico slavery should forever be excluded. The House passed the bill and proviso, but the Senate struck out the proviso, and the House refused to concur. The bill was lost; and when Congress met again a new bill carrying a three-million-dollar appropriation was presented to the House, and the proviso was once more added. This was directly in accord with Webster's anti-expansion views, and a fortnight later he laid upon the table of the Senate two resolutions: the one set forth that war ought not to be waged with Mexico for the purpose of acquiring new territory out of which to form new States to be added to the Union; the other that Mexico ought to be told that the United States did not want her territory, and would treat for peace on a liberal basis. A couple of weeks later, when a resolution much like his was put and voted down, he spoke out:

"It is due to the best interests of the country, to its safety, to its peace and harmony, and to the well-being of the Constitution, to declare at once, to proclaim now, that we want no new States, nor territory to form new States out of, as the end of conquest." He was not opposed to a change in the boundary, to such a change as would give us the port of San Francisco. He was in favor of the Wilmot Proviso, and voted for it when the bill with it attached came before the Senate. "We hear much, just now," he said, "of a panacea for the dangers and evils of slavery and slave annexation, which they call the Wilmot Proviso. . . . I feel some little interest in this matter, sir. Did I not commit myself, in 1837, to the whole

doctrine, fully, entirely? And I must be permitted to say that I cannot quite consent that more recent discoverers should claim the merit and take out the patent. I deny the priority of their invention. Allow me to say, sir, it is not their thunder."

The world of politics was now in utter confusion. Both the great parties were breaking up, and from the fragments that fell off a host of little organizations, "movements" as they were called, were forming. Never before in our annals had so many candidates been nominated by the people. Native Americans, the Liberty party, the Liberty League, the Industrial Congress,

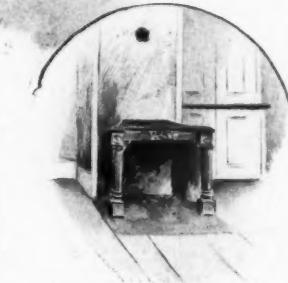
had been driven by the conduct of Clay into the ranks of the Liberty party. But the prospect, fair as it was, proved a delusion. Webster did not possess one of the attributes of a popular leader. The very greatness of his abilities raised him far above the mass of men, and put him out of touch with them. He inspired awe, but not affection. No mortal man ever thought of coupling his name with any epithet of popular endearment. Jackson was "Old Hickory," "Old Roman"; Harrison was "Old Tip"; Clay was "Harry of the West," "the Mill-boy of the Slashes"; and Taylor "Old Rough-and-Ready": but the senator from Massachusetts was "the Hon. Daniel Webster" to his dying day. Even the cartoonists could find no other name for him than "Black Dan." It was to "Rough-and-Ready," therefore, and not to Daniel Webster, that the Whig masses turned in 1848, when they were done with Henry Clay.

That the hero of Palo Alto and Resaca de la Palma and Monterey and Buena Vista would be nominated by the Whigs was certain

as early as the spring of 1847. "The probability now is," Webster wrote to his son in April of that year, "that General Taylor will come in President with a general rush. . . . It is the nature of mankind to carry their favor toward military achievement. No people have ever been found to resist that tendency." This was quite true; yet, when the time came, and the convention met, Webster allowed his name to go before it, though cer-

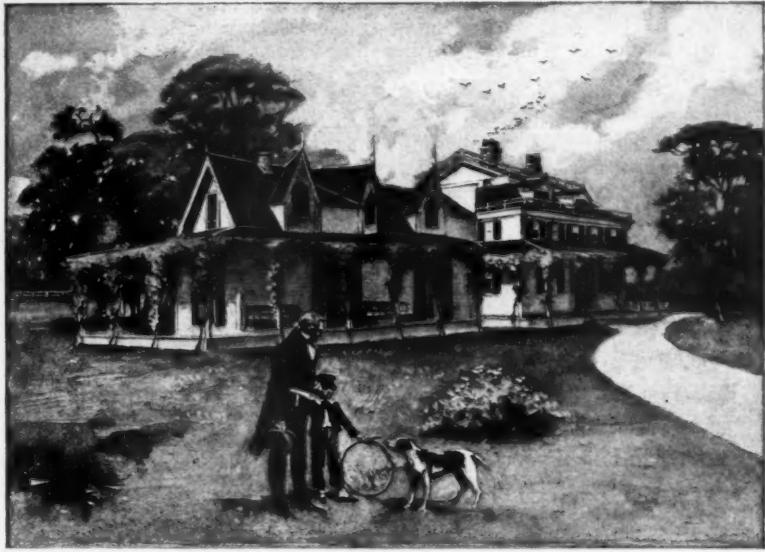
Barnburners, Free-soilers, Whigs, and Democrats had each named a candidate of their own or had indorsed one of some other party's choosing.

After the defeat of Clay in 1844, it did seem as if Webster's hour had really come, and that he was the only available leader the Whig party could offer for the Presidency in 1848. Clay, it is true, was never more idolized; but his enemies were many and active, his views on the extension of slavery were opposed to the growing convictions of Northern Whigs, while even his warmest friends had grown very tired of following him always to defeat. A new man was wanted; might not Webster be that man? His belief that slavery was a State institution and could not be meddled with by Congress made him acceptable to Southern Whigs. His services, his abilities, his devotion to the Constitution and the Union, were the admiration of Northern Whigs. His opposition to expansion, to the acquisition of more slave soil, might well bring to his support thousands of old-line Whigs who



DRAWN BY B. WEST CLINEDINST. HALF-TONE PLATE ENGRAVED BY R. C. COLLINS.
EXTERIOR AND INTERIOR OF WEBSTER'S LAW OFFICE AT MARSHFIELD, MASS.

tailed of defeat. On the first and second ballots he was given twenty-two votes by Maine, New Hampshire, Massachusetts, and New York. On the third ballot he lost one from Maine, three from Massachusetts, and the one from New York. On the fourth and last ballot another vote from Maine and two from New Hampshire left him, and Taylor was triumphantly nominated. The candidate having been named, member after member rose to promise his support to the nominee, and among those who secured recognition from the chair was



DRAWN BY B. WEST CLINEDINST, FROM A PRINT. HALF-TONE PLATE ENGRAVED BY C. W. CHADWICK.

WEBSTER'S HOME AT MARSHFIELD, MASS.

Mr. Allen, a Conscience Whig of Massachusetts and a warm supporter of Webster. "I think," said he, "I know something of the feelings of my State; I express for myself what I believe to be the sentiments of that State; and I say that we cannot consent that this should go forth as the unanimous vote of this convention, and I will give my reasons." "Amidst cries," says the reporter, "of 'Sitdown!' 'Order!' 'Hear him!' 'Go on!' 'Sitdown!'" Let him go on!" we finally caught the words: "The Whig party of the North are not to be allowed to fill with their statesmen— ['Sit down!' 'Order!' 'Hear him!'] Therefore we declare the Whig party of the Union this day dissolved.' Cheers and hisses now rose in a deafening shout from the excited convention. Member after member jumped to his feet to reply, but they were persuaded by their friends to refrain. 'Let the North answer him!' 'Let Massachusetts answer him!' 'There is better Whiggery there than that!' were the shouts heard from all sides."

When some semblance of order was at last restored, nominations were made for the Vice-Presidency, in the course of which Mr. Ashmun of Massachusetts, rising to withdraw the name of Robert C. Winthrop, denied that Mr. Allen spoke the sense of Massachusetts. In a moment Henry Wilson

of the same State was on his feet. "I, for one, will not be bound by the proceedings of this convention," he said. "We have nominated a gentleman, sir, for President of the United States who has stated over and over and over again, to the whole nation, that he did not intend to be bound by the principles or the measures of any party, and that he will not accept the nomination of the Whig party, or the Democratic party, or any party in any portion of the country who will nominate him. Sir, he has said— ['Order, Mr. President, I call the gentleman to order.] All I asked of this convention was the nomination of a Whig who is unreservedly committed to the principles of the Whig party. But the convention has seen fit to nominate a man who is anything but a Whig; and, sir, I will go home, and, so help me God! I will do all I can to defeat the election of that candidate."

As for the rest of the Massachusetts Whigs, the cotton wing of the party, they accepted the nomination and kept still. Mr. Choate called on them, "though grieved by the fall of their favorite leader, pierced by a thousand wounds," to rally about Taylor. Mr. Ashmun made a like plea, and shrewdly closed a letter to his constituents with Webster's words to a Whig convention in Faneuil Hall: "In the dark and troubled night

that is upon us, I see no star above the horizon promising light to guide us but the intelligent, patriotic, united Whig party of the United States."

Counsel of this sort, however, was not for the great Whig chief, and it was long before he could bring himself to follow the star. He was deeply disappointed. Neither Vermont nor Rhode Island nor Connecticut had cast one vote in his behalf; even Whigs from his own State had deserted him for Taylor: and in the first moments of displeasure he felt sorely tempted to stand aloof.

Webster had now reached another and the final turning-point in his public career. Had he been wise, he would have taken the turn which led him "right into opposition." Judged in the light of every speech he had made since the Missouri Compromise, he was a Free-soiler, and his place was with that party. So far as principles were concerned, the platform of that party might have been made up of extracts from his own public utterances.

For a man so minded the Whigs were not fit companions. But Webster now lost the courage of his antislavery convictions, and in a little while lost even his convictions. He remained a Whig, and, as he was obliged to speak out, accepted an invitation to address his friends at Marshfield in September. "My purpose in this speech," he wrote a friend, "was exactly this: first, to make out a clear case for all true Whigs to vote for him; second, to place myself in a condition of entire independence, fearing nothing, and hoping nothing personally, from his failure or success; thirdly, and most especially, to show the preposterous conduct of those Whigs who make a secession from their party and take service under Van Buren." Just why a Whig who believed in the exclusion of slavery from the Territories, who was opposed to the formation of more slave

States, should vote for Taylor, a slaveholder, rather than Van Buren, a Free-soiler, he failed to make clear. But when he told his neighbors that the nomination of Taylor "stands by itself, without a precedent or justification from anything in our previous history"; that it was a nomination "not fit to be made"; that the "sagacious, wise, far-seeing doctrine of availability lay at the root of the whole matter," he succeeded, so far as Taylor was concerned, in placing himself "in a condition of entire independence." This he well knew, and feeling that he could have little influence at Washington, another fit of political blues seized him, and he wrote: "The general result of my reflections up to the present moment is that it will be most expedient for me to leave Congress at the end of the session and attend to my own affairs."

From the Slough of Despond his friends raised him by insisting, after the great Whig triumph, that he should take his old place at the head of the Department of State.

"A friend has just said to me, 'The great question in State street is, Can Mr. Webster be prevailed upon to be Secretary of State?' My dear friend, I am old and poor and proud. All these things beckon me to retirement, to take care of myself—and, as I cannot act the first post, to act none." Yet he would not commit himself to a refusal of the place should it be offered, and went to Washington in December, 1848, in a better state of mind. During the next three months his letters show a lingering hope that the office may be tendered, a well-founded doubt that it would be, and an earnest desire to be left "to my profession, my studies, or my ease." To some extent this wish was granted. The invitation to join the cabinet never came. Once more a kind Fate preserved him for greater things. Had he entered the cabinet of Tay-



DRAWN BY B. WEST CLINEDINST. HALF-TONE PLATE ENGRAVED BY C. W. CHADWICK.

DANIEL WEBSTER'S GRAVE AT MARSHFIELD.

The grave on the extreme left is that of his son
Colonel Fletcher Webster.

lor, he would have been a silent spectator of the struggle for the Compromise of 1850, and the most famous of all his speeches would never have been made.

While Webster thus waited and wondered what Taylor would do, the South and the North were in bitter strife over the territory wrung from Mexico—the one to open it to slavery, the other to keep it, as Mexico had made it four-and-twenty years before, free. How to turn free soil into slave soil was a hard question to settle, and many plans were presented and rejected before a senator proposed to spread the Constitution over the new Territory by act of Congress. This done, all trouble would be over: for, under the Constitution, slaves were property; could, as such, be taken into the Territory by immigrants; and, once in, must be protected. With slaves in the Territory, the institution of slavery would quickly follow, and all trace of freedom be swept from the soil. But just here a new difficulty arose: Could the Constitution be spread over the Territories? Calhoun declared it could be so extended; Webster maintained that it could not; and the two fell into a debate of no little interest to us at this moment. The question was the status, under the Constitution, of newly acquired soil. In the opinion of Webster, such territory was the property of, not part of, the United States. The Constitution was confined to the United States, to the States united under it; was extended over nothing else, and could extend over nothing, "because a Territory while a Territory does not become a part, and is no part, of the United States." "The Constitution," said Calhoun, "interprets itself. It pronounces itself to be the supreme law of the land." "What land?" said Webster. "The land," was Calhoun's reply. "The Territories of the United States are a part of the land. It is the supreme law, not within the limits of the States of this Union merely, but wherever our flag waves, wherever our authority goes, the Constitution in part goes; not all its provisions certainly, but all its suitable provisions."

"The 'land,' I take it," said Webster, "means the land over which the Constitution is established, or, in other words, it means the States united under the Constitution, . . . the laws of Congress being the supreme law of the land as well as the Constitution of the United States. The precise question is, whether a Territory, while it remains in a Territorial state, is a part of the United States? I maintain that it is not."

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In the end these views prevailed. The attempt to extend the Constitution failed; no government was provided for California or New Mexico, and the question went over to the next Congress. At this the South, firmly united on the question of slavery in the new Territories, grew alarmed and angry. The old spirit of disunion again arose, threats of secession were heard once more, and a call went out for a State-Rights convention, to meet at Nashville beside the bones of Andrew Jackson. All the old grievances that the South had against the North were revived and asserted. The failure duly to execute the fugitive-slave law, the "underground railroad," the activity of the demand for the abolition of slavery and the slave-trade in the District of Columbia, were now declared unendurable. To make matters worse, a quarrel broke out between Texas and the federal government over the boundary of New Mexico, and the people of California, taking matters into their own hands, made a free-State constitution, established a State government, and asked admission into the Union as a free State.

With all these burning questions under hot debate, it may well be believed that the country awaited the meeting of Congress with feelings of no common sort. On that body most assuredly rested the momentous question of peace or war. By it was to be decided whether the house divided against itself should stand or fall; whether there should be within the limits of what was then the United States one people, one government, one flag, or two republics—one of States where black men were slaves, the other of States where the negro was free. Nor was the Congress then assembled less interesting than its work. Never had there been gathered in the two chambers so many men whose names later events have made familiar to us. In the Senate were now brought together, for the last time, Webster, Calhoun, and Clay, leaders of the old parties, and Jefferson Davis and Stephen A. Douglas, soon to head the wings of a hopelessly divided democracy. There, too, were Salmon P. Chase and William H. Seward, destined to become chiefs of a party yet unformed; Hannibal Hamlin, the first Vice-President under Lincoln; Samuel Houston, who led the Texans on the field of San Jacinto, and twice served as president of that republic; and Thomas Hart Benton, now about to close thirty years of continuous service in the Senate.

To this distinguished body Clay returned

fully determined to take little part in its proceedings. He would support Whig measures, but would neither aid nor oppose the administration. He would be a calm looker-on, rarely speaking, and even then merely for the purpose of pouring oil on the troubled waters. But he had not been many days in Washington before he was convinced that the talk of disunion was serious, that the Union was really in danger, that old associates were turning to him, and that he must again take his place as leader. During three weeks the House of Representatives wrangled and disputed over the choice of a Speaker, and this time was used by Clay to prepare a plan to serve as the basis of a compromise. By the middle of January, 1850, his work was ready, and one cold evening he called on Webster, and went over the scheme, and asked for aid. This was conditionally promised, and a week later Clay unfolded his plan in a set of resolutions, and at the end of another week explained his purpose in a great speech delivered before a deeply interested audience. A rumor that he would speak on a certain day brought men and women from cities as far away as New York to swell the crowd that filled the Senate Chamber, choked every entrance, and stood in dense masses in the halls and passages. Fatigue and anxiety were telling on him. He could with difficulty climb the long flight of steps and make his way to his place on the floor. But the eager faces of the throng, the seriousness of the plea he was about to make, and the shouts of applause that rose from floor and gallery when he stood up to speak, and were taken up with yet greater vigor by the crowd without, gave him new strength. So wild was the cheering of those beyond the chamber doors, and so long did it continue, that he could not be heard in the room, and the president was forced to order the hallways to be cleared. Again Clay spoke during two days, and on the second showed such signs of physical distress that senators repeatedly interrupted him with offers to adjourn. But he would not yield, and went on till he had finished.

Clay having spoken, it was certain that Calhoun would follow, and letter after letter now came to Webster imploring him to raise his voice for the preservation of the Union, and speak as he had never done before.

Appeals of this sort were quite unnecessary, for Webster was cautiously and deliberately deciding what was the wisest course to take. In a letter written as late as the

middle of February he said: "I do not partake in any degree in those apprehensions which you say some of our friends entertain of the dissolution of the Union or the breaking up of the government. There is no danger, be assured, and so assure our friends. I have, thus far, upon a good deal of reflection, thought it advisable for me to hold my peace. If a moment should come when it will be advisable that any temperate, *national*, and practical speech which I can make would be useful, I shall do the best I can. Let the North keep cool." Another week's reflection convinced him that a national speech must be made, and on the 22d of February he wrote the same friend: "As time goes on I will keep you advised by telegraph, as well as I can, on what day I shall speak. As to what I shall say you can guess nearly as well as I can. I mean to make a Union speech, and discharge a clear conscience." His biographer assures us "there was but little written preparation for it," and that "all that remains of such preparation is on two small scraps of paper."

On the 4th of March, while Webster was still at work on his speech, Calhoun, then fast sinking into his grave, attended the Senate. He was far too feeble to bear the fatigue of speaking, so his argument was read, in the midst of profound silence, by Senator Mason of Virginia. The second of the great triumvirate having now been heard, it soon became noised abroad that Webster would reply on March 7, and on that day, accordingly, the floors, galleries, and antechambers of the Senate were so densely packed that it was with difficulty that the members reached their seats. Mr. Walker of Wisconsin had the floor to finish a speech begun the day before; but when he rose and had looked about him, he said: "Mr. President, this vast audience has not come together to hear me, and there is but one man, in my opinion, who can assemble such an audience. They expect to hear him, and I feel it my duty, therefore, as it is my pleasure, to give the floor to the senator from Massachusetts."

Webster then rose, and after thanking the senator from Wisconsin, and Mr. Seward, the senator from New York, for their courtesy in yielding the floor, began that speech which he named "The Constitution and the Union," but which his countrymen have ever since called by the day of the month on which it was delivered.

Addresses of approbation now came to him from citizens of Boston, of Newburyport,

and of Medford, from the inhabitants of towns on the Kennebec River in Maine, and from innumerable places all over the South, the West, and the Middle States, coupled with calls for printed copies of the speech.

By the end of March "one hundred and twenty thousand have gone off," and as the demand showed no decline, "I suppose that by the first day of May two hundred thousand will have been distributed from Washington."

No speech ever delivered in the Senate of the United States produced such an effect on the country. Compromisers, conservative men, business men with Southern connections, those willing to see the Union saved by any means, rallied to his support, and loaded him with unstinted praise. But the antislavery men, the abolitionists, the Free-soilers, and many Northern Whigs attacked him bitterly. "Every drop of blood in that man's veins has eyes that look downward," said Emerson, after reading the speech. "Webster," said Sumner, "has placed himself in the dark list of apostates." In the opinion of hosts of his fellow-countrymen, he was indeed an apostate. He had changed his creed; he had broken from his past; he had deserted the cause of human liberty; he had fallen from grace. When Whittier named him Ichabod, and mourned for him in verse as one dead, he did but express the feeling of half New England:

Let not the land once proud of him
Insult him now,
Nor brand with deeper shame his dim,
Dishonored brow.

But let its humbled sons, instead,
From sea to lake,
A long lament, as for the dead,
In sadness make.

Then, pay the reverence of old days
To his dead fame;
Walk backward, with averted gaze,
And hide the shame!

The attack by the press, the expressions of horror that rose from New England, Webster felt keenly; but the absolute isolation in which he was left by his New England colleagues cut him to the quick, and in his letters he complains of this bitterly: "Thus far I have not one concurring vote from Massachusetts. I regret this much, but I hope I may be able to stand, though I stand alone. At any rate, I shall stand till I fall. I will not sit down."

The purpose of Webster was not to put slavery in nor shut it out of the new Territories, nor make every man in the North a slave-catcher, nor bid for Southern support in the coming election. He sought a final and lasting settlement of a question which threatened the permanence of the Union and the Constitution, and Clay's "comprehensive scheme of adjustment," he believed, would effect this settlement. The abolition, the antislavery, the Free-soil parties, were to him but "Northern movements" that would "come to nothing." The great debate of 1850 he regarded as idle talk that interrupted consideration of the tariff. Never, in his opinion, had history made record of a case of such mischief arising from angry debates and disputes, both in the government and the country, on questions of so very little real importance. Therein lay his fatal mistake. The great statesman had fallen behind the times, and it was perhaps well for him that he was now removed from the Senate to the Department of State.

Change of place, however, brought no change of views, and his hatred of the Free-soilers and abolitionists grew stronger and stronger. To him these men were a band of sectionalists, narrow of mind, wanting in patriotism, without a spark of national feeling, and quite ready to see the Union go to pieces if their own selfish ends were gained. That he too had once labored for those selfish ends, that he too had stood up manfully for the freedom of the Territories and the exclusion of slavery from all future States, was forgotten. Free-soilers and abolitionists were all one to him, and as such were attacked in language unworthy of the great man. In June, 1850, he declared to a friend:

I believe, my dear sir, that the political men of lead and consequence of both the great parties are sound on great constitutional questions. They are *national*, and justly appreciate great national objects. But there are thousands in each party who are more concerned for State than for national politics, whose objects are all small and their views all narrow; and then again this abolition feeling has quite turned the heads of thousands. Depend upon it, indeed, I dare say you think so as well as I, there are many men at the North who do not speak out what they wish, but who really desire to break up the Union. And some of these are men of influence and standing, and are or have been in public life.

Things begin to look better. There is evidently a reaction in the South; some impression has been made in N[ew] York. Most of the New England States are now pretty right on the Union questions; and Massachusetts, who has so strangely

bolted from her sphere, may, I hope, be brought back to it. On the whole, I believe the worst is past.

In September, when laboring hard to secure votes for the compromise measures, he assures another friend that he "had much rather see a respectable Democrat elected to Congress than a professed Whig tainted with any degree of Free-soil doctrines or abolitionism. Men who act upon some principle, though it be a wrong principle, have usually some consistency of conduct; and they are therefore less dangerous than those who are looking for nothing but increased power and influence, and who act simply on what seems expedient for their purposes at the moment."

Though the Seventh of March Speech cost Webster the good will of hosts of his countrymen, his influence was still great and visible. Calls to speak at Union meetings came from New York, from Philadelphia, and from Virginia. Hatred of Free-soilers had now become intense. In a letter to a friend, Syracuse is called "that laboratory of abolitionism, libel, and treason." In a speech at Capon Springs, Virginia (now West Virginia), after ridiculing Seward's "higher law," he said: "It is the code, however, of the fanatical and factious abolitionists of the North." But "the secessionists of the South" were "learned and eloquent, . . . animated and full of spirit, . . . high-minded and chivalrous. . . . I am not disposed to reproach these gentlemen or speak of them with disrespect." The Constitution, despite his reply to Hayne and his answer to Calhoun, was now found to contain at least one "compact." "How absurd it is to suppose," said he to the Capon Springs audience, "that, when different parties enter into a compact for certain purposes, either can disregard any one provision, and expect, nevertheless, the other to observe the rest! . . . I have not hesitated to say, and I repeat, that if the Northern States refuse, wilfully and deliberately, to carry into effect that part of the Constitution which respects the restoration of fugitive slaves, and Congress provide no remedy, the South would no longer be bound to observe the compact."

The Seventh of March Speech, the elaborate and repeated defenses of the compromise measures, the avowed sympathy with Southern views, the earnest support of the fugitive-slave law, now led the Eastern Whigs to see in Webster an available candidate for the Presidency. The failing health of Clay and his many defeats put his nomi-

nation out of the question. But to the voting masses the name of Webster made no appeal. They were steadily turning toward another military chieftain. They had nominated the hero of Tippecanoe, and had won; they had nominated the hero of Buena Vista, and had won. Why not nominate the hero of Cerro Gordo, of Churubusco, of Chapultepec, and win again? As between "Old Fuss-and-Feathers" and the "Defender of the Constitution," the people found it easy to choose. Nevertheless, the friends of Webster thought best to make the attempt to effect a union of Whig sentiment in his favor, and two appeals were soon before the public. One was the work of Mr. Everett, the other came from the pen of William M. Evarts, and both fell flat. Even his friends saw this, and when the Whig convention was about to meet at Baltimore, Mr. Choate, who was to present the name of Webster, went to Washington to warn him of the hopelessness of the attempt. But he found the great man so sure of victory that he had not the heart to tell him, and went on to Baltimore. There, on the first ballot, the vote stood: Fillmore, 133; Scott, 131; Webster, 29; necessary to a choice, 147. That he was beaten was now apparent; but it was equally clear that his friends might say whether Scott or Fillmore should be the candidate. They chose to fight it out to the bitter end, and fifty-three ballots were taken before Scott received 159 and was declared the nominee.

In public Webster bore his defeat like a man; but his letters show how keenly he felt the disappointment. To his son he wrote:

I confess I grow inclined to cross the seas. I meet here so many causes of vexation and humiliation, growing out of the events connected with the convention, that I am pretty much decided and determined to leave the department early in August, and either go abroad or go into obscurity.

But the sting of defeat was sharpest when calls without number came to him to give aid to the party candidate. Most of them he would not answer; but to one he replied:

MARSHFIELD, October 12, 1852.

GENTLEMEN: I received only yesterday your communication of the 24th of September; and, among a great number of similar letters, it is the only one I answer. . . . If I were to do what you suggest, it would gratify not only you and your friends, but that great body of implacable enemies who have prevented me from being elected President of the United States. You all know this, and now how can I be called upon to perform

any act of humiliation for their gratification, or the promotion of their purposes?

But, gentlemen, I do not act from personal feeling. It is with me a matter of principle and character, and I have now to state to you that no earthly consideration could induce me to say anything or do anything from which it might be inferred, directly or indirectly, that I concur in the Baltimore nomination, or that I should give it, in any way, the sanction of my approbation. If I were to do such act, I should feel my cheeks already scorched with shame by the reproaches of posterity.

It was long the popular belief that disappointed ambition, chagrin over the loss of the Presidential nomination, was the cause of Webster's death; but that such was the case may well be doubted. He was now an old man, far on in his seventy-first year. His health had long been failing; his strong efforts in behalf of the compromise measures had impaired it still further; and his end was inevitably near. That his great disap-

pointment hastened the end is quite likely, for from the June day when the Baltimore convention adjourned he broke rapidly, and in the early morning of October 24, 1852, he died at Marshfield. Clay had preceded him by four months.

The great triumvirate had now passed into history. Of these three men, Calhoun taught the most pernicious doctrines; Clay was the most popular leader; Webster created the most enduring work. What John Marshall did on the Supreme Bench, Webster did in the forum. The decisions of the great judge were not read by the people. The speeches of Webster were everywhere read by the people, influenced them strongly, and inspired that great leader of the plain people, Abraham Lincoln. To Marshall, Webster, and Lincoln, more than to any other men, is due the belief now held by the great mass of our countrymen, not that the United States are a league, but that the United States is a nation.

ISAM'S SPECTACLES.

BY HARRY STILLWELL EDWARDS,

Author of "Two Runaways," "De Valley an' de Shadder," "His Defense," etc.

WITH DRAWINGS BY EDWARD POTTHAST.

ISAM sat on the back steps at Woodhaven, the yard full of the cool, deep shadows of twilight, Helen's little boy by his side, and Major Worthington, as usual, smoking in his great arm-chair, with one of his stout legs peacefully reposing on the balustrade of the veranda. Not far away, in the deep shadow, was Helen, dreaming, with hands clasped behind her shapely head.

The little boy was impatiently shaking the old negro's arm and pleading:

"Please, Unc' Isam! please! You've been promising for a week to tell me how you saved your life with a pair of spectacles."

"Was hit er true story, honey?" Isam scratched his chin reflectively, and the major chuckled.

"Yes; a true story. Of course it was true if it happened to you, was n't it, Unc' Isam?"

"To be sho, to be sho." The old man appeared to be studying over some half-forgotten incident. He began slowly and cautiously: "I disremember now perzactly 'bout de spectacles. I disremember 'bout de spectacles. An' I done save mer life so many times—you

don't mean when de bees an' de goat tackled me, an' driv Marse Craffud unner de kitchin, does yer?"

"Oh, no, no, no! That was n't the time."

"Den dere was de special 'casion," said Isam, dreamily, "when I fought de whole Yankee army out up yonner 'bout Chicken-mauger, an' save mer life, 'long wid er whole waggin-train an' er lot er niggers ter boot."

"Oh, no, Unc' Isam; you know what I mean."

"An' time when I save mer life wid er watch, while Marse Craffud was prac'sin' wid a pistol on Marse Rem Billin's—"

"No, no; not that. Don't you know you went to town with Uncle Crawford, and they took you to some place where all the doctors stay?"

"Oom-hoo! Oom-hoo! Now I sorter 'gin ter ketch what you been drivin' at. Ef you'd des said docters de fus time, an' not kep' on beatin' 'bout de bushes so long—what ails yer, chile, anyhow?" he asked with a show of indignation. "Whar yer git dat roun'erbout way of not comin' straight out an' sayin' wha's on yo' min'? You don't git hit f'm

me, 'cause I ain't er man to was'e words; an' you don't git hit f'om Miss Helen, 'cause when she got anything ter say, hit comes straight out. Hit's 'Isam, I want you to hitch up er horse,' or, 'Isam, fetch er pail er water,' or, 'Isam, have 'em serve supper'; an' so on. Marse Craffud comes to de p'int in er lope: 'Isam, — yo—'"

"Isam, don't use such language in the presence of my child!" Helen's voice floated out reproachfully from the shadow.

"Dere, now! What I tell yer, honey? Ain't no roun'erbout an' come-up-behin'-yer in dat. She know des what ter say, an'—"

The little boy shook the old man with both hands.

"Oh, Unc' Isam, you know what I want. Go on, please—p-l-e-a-s-e!"

"Lemme stiddy erwhile; lemme stiddy. I disremember perzactly whar de specticles come in. Savin' mer life was er special fac'. Why n't yer ask me 'bout dis hyah story long time ergo? Big fac's is all right; dey hangs in de min' of man like cockle-burs in es breeches leg, an' he cyan't loose 'em. He sorter feels 'em er-techin' somewhar all time; but dese hyah miser'ble little trashy fac's cyan't be 'pended on no time. Now, in gen'l, specticles is mos'ly er little fac'; you can lay down specticles an' tek up specticles, an' hit don't count fer nothin' on yer min'. Hit's like er ole 'oman fannin' herse'f ter sleep in er cheer, an' gittin' her nap out 'thout breakin' her lick."

"You reached out and took them off the table—don't you remember?"

"Seems ter me like I do sorter ketch er little shimmer of hit. I reached out, tuk'em f'om de table, an' den what? I'm er-stumblin' ergin."

"You reached out and took them off the table, and put them on, and sat up in bed—don't you remember?"

Isam looked at his questioner with wide-open eyes.

"Sholy. I sholy does. Hit all comes back ter me des like hit was yestiddy. But, honey, ef yer know all 'bout dis 'spe'unce of mine, what yer keep on pesterin' me 'bout hit fer? It ain't ev'y man c'n tell de same story des erlike more 'an oncest. Ef I done gi' yer dis story oncest, an' I tell yer de same story wid er special diff'unce in de tex', yer goin' ter rack roun' dis hyah plantation lettin' on erbout it to Hannah an' Silvy an' Mandy an' er whole passel er tattlin' niggers, an' git me drapt f'om de church fer de ninth time. Lemme keep in de norrer paf, chile; don't crowd me, don't crowd me."

"You have n't told me anything but that," said the little boy, earnestly. "You just told me your spectacles were once lying on a little table, and you reached out and took them, and sat up in bed, and put them on, and saved your life. You promised me if I would get you a plug of tobacco out of Uncle Crawford's closet—"

"An' I'm er-goin' ter tell yer 'bout hit right now," said Isam, raising his voice and straightening up. "You got too much sense fer any chile livin', an' dere ain't no way to head yer off, once yer git started. Whar yer want me to pick up de story?"

The major and Helen were silently laughing. The little boy dropped down happily beside the old negro's side, and rested one arm on his knee.

"Tell me all about it—every bit."

"All is er heap, honey, specially when hit comes ter er story what's true. Dere ain't no tellin' whar any story what's true gits its fus start. Dis hyah story er mine heads erway back yonner 'fo' you was born, an' I ain't sayin' perzactly how much more. Hit heads 'long erbout muscadine-time somewhar, an' hit come of me gittin' er muscadine-seed hitched in mer vermafooge pendulum." There was a sudden explosion where the major sat, and fire flew from his pipe. Isam looked toward him silently a few moments, one eyebrow twitching slightly. "I never tolle dis story but twicest befo'," he said, "an' Marse Craffud blowed all de fire outer his pipe at de same place, bofe times."

"But, Unc' Isam, what did you say it was that the muscadine-seed got into?"

The old man took the little boy's hand solemnly and pressed it against his heart.

"Wha's dat rookus goin' on inside dere? Tech me, tech me! Don't be erfeard ter tech me."

"That's your heart beating."

"Oom-hoo! des so. An' dat's what move all de inside works uv er man, too. Hit's de clock; an' when hit gits outer gear, hit's good-by, Isam! Go up-stairs, honey, 'fo' yer go ter bed, an' look th'ough de little roun' glass in de wais' of de big clock in de hall, an' yer goin' ter see somep'n' waggin' ercross f'om one side to de yuther, an' tickin' erway ter beat de ban'—"

"Oh, I've seen that many a time. That's the pendulum."

"Dis boy is sho got sense," said Isam, slowly. "Ain't nothin' goin' on 'bout de place he don't know. Oom-hoo! honey, dat's de pendulum; an' dere's somep'n' inside ev'y man dey calls er pendulum, too—er vermafooge

pendulum; an' when hit quits er-workin', dat man on de outside knocks off erlong 'bout de same time. Ef you don't b'lieve hit, you ask anybody ef dey ever hyah tell of er tickin' inside er dead man, or seen er man up an'

Docter Bailey, one day, an' tuk er look at me, an' press es finger hyah an' plump me dere; an' bimeby he up pass his 'pinion dat I'd done got er seed in mer vermafooge pendulum. Hit sholy scyared me fom de start,



"TELL ME ALL ABOUT IT—EVERY BIT!"

goin' erbout when de inside tickin' done 'cause Docter Bailey is somebody what knows quit." This statement was being gravely pondered by the little boy when the old man continued: "De muscadine-seed lodge in de pendulum, an' de fus news I got, de mis'ry ketch me unner de bottom rib on mer right side; an' hit stuck dere, comin' an' er-goin' mo' er less ye'r in an' ye'r out, tell I 'mos' fergit how ter walk on mer heels. Many an' many er time I could n't more'n git up fom mer cheer, much less git er bucket er water fom de well. An' when hit come ter hoein' in de gyarden, de mis'ry was des scand'lous. Marse Craffud is er-laughin'up yonner, honey, ergin, but I 'm er-talkin' fac's ter yer des de same. Hit was des natchully too scand'lous ter git erlong wid. An' den come erlong

de name of ev'ything on de inside of er man, an' can cut er man's leg off wid es eyes shet an' never tek his seegyar outer es mouf. He knows all de titlements of what 'flicts er nigger, an' tell him whar he aches 'fo' he done settle on de spot esse'f; an' des whar ter drop er little ile, an' when ter brace up ev'ything wid er dram. An' when Docter Bailey let on 'bout dat muscadine-seed, an' I knowed I 'd been er-swallerin' 'em forty ye'rs ruther 'n hunt roun' in mer mouf fer 'em, I 'mos' drapt down in mer tracks, I was so pluralized wid de shock. De mis'ry got worser an' worser fom dat day on; an' den dey up an' say ef dey don't tek me inter town an' have de seed distracted fom whar hit

done been lodge, I was sholy er gone nigger. Honey, hit tuk me nigh on ter fo' weeks termek up mer min', an' de mis'ry helpin' all night. Look like I would n'more 'n shet mer eyes 'fo' I'd hyah dat pendulum knock off, an' I'd jump fer fresh air at de winder an' set ev'ything inside er me rackin' erlong like er scyared rabbit. An' in de daylight I got ter goin' in yonner an' wastin' mer time front er de big clock, an' wishin' hit was ole Isam gittin' erlong so steady, tick-noc, tick-noc—so steady, an' hit forty ye'r's ole when Marse Craffud was a baby!

"Well, I drag erlong tell one day Marse Craffud he git mad an' mek 'em hitch up de blacks; an' he got me inside de coach wid him, an' gi' de word fer town. Bless Gord! 'fo' I had mer min' made up, I was yonner in de horsepit'l, undressed, layin' up in bed. Dey ain' been er man moved so fas' sence er chair't snatch up ole man 'Lijah. An' dar I lay, full er 'spicion by day an' wrastlin' wid de nightmar' by night. But folks was sho good ter me, honey; dey sho was. Dey say I war n't goin' ter be teched fer fo' days, leastwise not tell dey done got me sorter 'conditioned' up to de right pitch; but, oom-m-m! de stuff dey gimme ter swaller!" Isam made a grimace that started the little boy laughing. "Look ter me like de pu' smell of hit was ernough ter stop any town clock in de worl'. An' Miss Helen she come an' fetched er whole raft er pictur' papers an' mer ole spectacles; an'dere I lay an' steady 'bout de doin's in de worl' outside—de young 'omen in dey short dresses an' de men in dey woolens goin' in er-swimmin' tergether, an' proud o' hit; an' er ship erfire; an' er whole passel er sojers runnin' er man up er hill what done stole dey flag, Ireck'n; an'er railroad injine fallin' off er trestl'. But, chile, I never seed er pictur' of anybody in sech trouble as I was er-havin' over des one muscadine-seed. Dere was er man 'long erbout de back of de paper what seem like he was er-sufferin' mightily, fom de 'pression of his face; an' ernuther man right erlong side o' im fat an' sassy an' er-laughin' fit ter kill esse'f. I spelled out dat hit was de same man 'befo' an' de same man 'after,' an' I say ter merself, 'I don't wonder at 'im, ef hit means er muscadine-seed.' Hit did n't help me much, 'cause I could n't tell which pictur' was took las'. I laid out ter ask Miss Helen; but when she come, she come er-cryin', an' drapt down dere by me on 'er knees an' 'gin ter pray. Honey, I been scyared er heap er times in mer life, but when yo' ma drapt down dere an' ask de good Lord ter be wid

me in mer 'fliction, an' case hit was his will dat I should n't be spar'd, ter lead me th'ough de valley an' de shadder, well, hit tuk her an' er nigger 'oman an' two young docters ter hol' me in dat bed! Dey never did hol' me tell somebody jabbed me in de hip wid er hipperderme contraption—"

"What was it they jabbed you with, Uncle Isam?" asked the little boy, eagerly.

"Oh, I don't know, chile; hit was some sorter little tin squirt-gun wid er p'int like er hornet's tail." Isam rubbed his leg gently and sighed. "When I woke up dey say I done been 'sleep; an' I hyah Docter Bailey say hit 's bes' ter break de news ter me. I gyethered that I was er mighty sick man—er mighty sick man! Ev'ybody was stirrin' roun' on dey tiptoe, an' de air was natchully heavy wid trouble. Docter Bailey pass out an' lef' me er-stiddyin', an' 'bout dat time I seed de young doctors busy in de nex' room, movin' things hyah an' er-movin' things yonner—spreadin' er cloth, clinkin' dishes, an' washin' dey han's in er chinny bowl. So much doin' erbout sot me ter stiddyin' mo' an' mo', an' tekin' mo' intrust. I ketch de eye of de nigger 'oman when she pass de do', an' she come close to de bed. 'Chile,' I says, des so, 'you is 'bout de likeliest gal I seen sence freedom. Is yo' sweet name Sugar?'

"No," she answer me back; 'mer name is des Lucy Ann.'

"Oom-hoo!" says I, 'hit 's er name 'mos' as putty as de gal what er-wearin' hit. Lucy Ann, is de white gemmen in de nex' room gittin' mer dinner ready? Seems like I hyah de clink o' dishes, an' ef mer eyes don't fool me, Docter Muckhat'n had er cyarvin'-knife in es han'des now. I sholy would want some dinner, fer dey 's been er-feedin' me on promises fo' times er day fer fo' days, an' I'm natchully hungry. Gord knows I done swallered ernough "condition" powders ter eat er sawmill steer.'

"Well, widdat she look at me sorter cu'ious-like outer de lef' corner of 'er eye."

"Dinner?" says she. "Dinner?"

"Oom-hoo!" says I, 'ain't yer never hyah tell of er man eatin' dinner?'

"She look at me like I done gone 'stracted."

"Why, man," she says, des so, "dey is gittin' ready in dere ter perform on er sick man."

"Lucy Ann," says I, after waitin' fer mer pendulum ter start ter tickin' ergin, 'is dere anybody sick in dis hyah house?'

"Yes," says she; 'ain't *you* sick, Uncle Isam?'

"Ain't nobody sick hyah but me?" says I.

"'Nobody but you,' she answer back, an' runnin', an' tek de main road outer town, an' out she went.

"Den I 'lowed ef dere war n't nobody sick dere *but* me, dat all de gittin' ready in de nex' room was *for* me. I sot up sudden in de bed, an' reach fer mer specticles, an' clapped

I cross de fiel's like er man's tracks. It come ter my min', when I hit de valley whar de log cross de crik, 'bout how yo' ma done pray fer somebody ter lead me th'ough de shadder, an' I quicken mer lick when I look back an'



"'I LET MER FOOT TO DE FLO'."

'em on, bein' nigh-sighted. 'Bout dat time de youngest docter open er box an' start ter layin' out saws an' long, cu'ious knives an' wrenches wid twisted handles; an' Docter Muckhat'n scratch er match on his right leg ter light er paper chee-root, an' I hyah 'im say, 'Dere ain't much chance fer de ole nigger, but we'll cut 'im open an' see what ails 'im.' Well, honey, I knowed den dat war n't no place fer me. I let mer foot to de flo'; I slip 'cross de room, an' stuck mer leg in mer breeches; I gythered mer shoes in mer lef' han', an' drapt outer de nighes' winder like er wet towel. I hit de groun', er-

see de sun drap behin' er cloud, an' er shadder comin' erlong on my trail. I was sholy movin'! I done lead dat shadder plumb home in er seven-mile race. I did n' know I was done hyah tell I hit head fo'mos' 'ginst de back do', an' shuk ev'y winder-pane in de house. Dat's whatmek me say as how de specticles save mer life."

"But, Unc' Isam," said the little boy, when he had ceased to laugh, "what became of the muscadine-seed?"

"De muscadine-seed? Well, honey, when I hit dat back do' head fo'mos' I reck'n I des natchully swallered hit furder. Yo' uncle

kin laugh, an' yo' ma kin laugh, but I know what I 'm er-talkin' erbout. I ain't never been so shuk up in all my borned days as I was when I look th'ough dese specticles for dinner, an' seed dem performin' instermunts on dat table—'cept when I hit de back do' of dis house. Des one little ole pa'r of specticles," continued Isam, taking off his glasses tenderly—"des one little ole pa'r specticles! An' ter think how *many* times I done *sot* on 'em, an' *dрапt* 'em, an' *lef'* 'em erroun' for er aggervatin' boy to projec' wid! Hit fa'ry

mek me col' f'om head ter foot! When er man cyan't look th'ough er do' wid es necked eye an' know de diff'unce 'twixt performin' instermunts an' er lay-out fer dinner, hit 's time ter tie es specticles on ter 'im. Chile, ever yer see dese hyah specticles o' mine lay-in' erroun' loose anywhar, call me—call me!"

That night, when Isam was closing the house, he found the little boy in his night-gown, intently studying the pendulum through the round glass in the "waist" of the great hall clock.

LOUIS PHILIPPE IN THE UNITED STATES.

BY JANE MARSH PARKER.

I.

EARLY in the year 1797, when Washington was asked by the exiled Orléans princes, his guests at Mount Vernon, to map out for them the best itinerary that they could follow in their proposed journey through the United States,—the best route for gaining a correct idea of the resources, scenery, political, social, and industrial conditions of the country,—he made a careful study of the subject, and drew in red ink, on the pocket map of Louis Philippe d'Orléans, a line beginning at Mount Vernon, reaching northward to Harper's Ferry, extending diagonally across Virginia along the mountain-ranges, southwest to Abingdon; crossing the eastern part of Tennessee to Tellico Blockhouse, on the northern boundary of the Cherokee Reservation, then across the Cumberland Mountains to Nashville, Louisville, Lexington; through Indiana; on through Ohio to Pittsburgh, Erie, Niagara Falls, and the much-talked-of Genesee country; back to Philadelphia via Seneca Lake and the Susquehanna valley. The trip could be made only on good horses, and would demand great physical endurance.

The eldest of the three princes (sons of the Duke of Orléans, guillotined October, 1793, nearly four years before) was then in his twenty-fourth year. His brothers, Count de Montpensier and Count Beaujolais, were a few years younger and in delicate health, the effect of long imprisonment in the damp dungeons of Fort St. Jean, Marseilles.

The itinerary as given them by Washington was followed to the letter, and the journey was accomplished without serious mishap between March 25, 1797, and June of that year.

"We traveled a thousand leagues," wrote Montpensier to his sister, the Princess Adelaide, when they had returned to Philadelphia, "and always upon the same horses, except the last hundred leagues, which we accomplished partly by water, partly on foot, partly on hired horses, and partly in the stage or public conveyance. . . . We found the Falls of Niagara . . . the most interesting object upon our journey. . . . It is the whole river St. Lawrence which precipitates itself at this place. I have taken a sketch of it, . . . which my little sister will certainly see at our dear mother's. . . ."

Among the descendants of early settlers living along this route, there are yet to be found many who cherish with peculiar pride the distinction of belonging to families which have given hospitality to princes. If the old homestead at which the exiles supped or slept still remains, it has an honored place in the local annals of the region, and is frequently "taken" by the amateur photographer. To be able to boast of a grandfather who, in shirt-sleeves, and possibly barefooted, once sat down at his own table with "princes of the blood," and of a grandmother who baked a hoe-cake for Louis Philippe, King of France, is surely something out of the line of commonplace experience.

The notable part of the story often is

that grandfather and grandmother did not know that they had entertained princes unawares until years after, and then regret at not having made more of the episode greatly lessened the pleasure of recalling details. Oh, if grandmother had only known that the impress upon her limp hens'-feather pillows had been made by heads which had recently and narrowly escaped the guillotine, and that the gentle manners of her visitors, even when they signified that something besides fried racoon would be acceptable, were those of princes in a line of sixty kings, she might have been a little uncomfortable in offering them her best, 't is true, but she certainly would have asked more questions than she did. Foreigners on a tramp through the "wild lands" were common enough in those days. The camp-fires along the most traveled Indian trails were seldom extinguished; and titled personages often slept on the bare ground, rolled up in blankets, lucky if a "rattler" did not seek the warmth of their pillows.

How like leaves before a whirlwind had they drifted upon our shore, those three young princes of the house of Orléans, after the downfall of the Bourbons in France! "Let us imitate the Romans," Buzot had been applauded for saying in the Assembly prior to the execution of Louis XVI and Marie Antoinette; "like them, let us expel the Bourbons," emphasizing that the most dangerous branch of the family was that of Orléans, because it was the most popular with the people.

"We have cut down the old tree," was the ruffianly cry which the two younger princes had heard in prison after their father's execution, "but that is only half the work. We must cut up the roots, or the tree will sprout again."

In their darkest days the Orléans princes had never been without a constituency among the people. They were not "unmitigated aristocrats." Louis Philippe d'Orléans had served with distinction in the national guards, had been a brigadier under Dumouriez, was once doorkeeper of the Jacobin Club, and as the youngest general of the army had won laurels in Flanders—was the hero of Jemmapes. The plotting and counterplotting of which his father and himself stood accused had resulted in the banishment of the whole family of Orléans from France and the confiscation of their large estates. He had escaped arrest, but his brothers had been imprisoned with their father in the dungeons of Fort St. Jean,

Marseilles. Their mother and sister were in exile.

Pitiful indeed were the sufferings of the captives of Fort St. Jean. The darkness and dampness of the prison fatally undermined their health. Nor were the princes often permitted to meet. More than once their devotion to each other had prevented their escape; if only one might go, both would remain in prison.

Louis Philippe, like his father, was shunned by Royalists, distrusted by Revolutionists, tolerated by Jacobins, and suspected by Girondists. He did not deny that he aspired to the throne. Was it not well known that the Dumouriez party intended to make Chartres Égalité King of France? that they only waited for a counter-revolution? It was well that he escaped from France when he did, fleeing with Dumouriez to Austrian quarters, then to the Genlis cottage in Switzerland. He had hoped that Louis XVIII, who was at Koblenz, "a throneless king with a court," would at least receive him. Not so. Louis XVIII looked upon him as the son of a regicide, the Duke of Orléans having voted in the Assembly for the death of the king. The French Royalists everywhere gave him the cold shoulder, even insult. At Schaffhausen, where he had joined his sister, the Princess Adélaïde, who had received the shelter of a convent of St. Clare, an attaché of the household of Marie Antoinette had reported him to the magistrates, who refused him a resident's passport. "There is nothing left for you," said a friend, "but to wander among the mountains, stay but a short time in any place, and continue this miserable mode of traveling until circumstances prove more favorable."

With a sum not exceeding four hundred dollars, raised by selling all his personal effects except one horse, and accompanied by his faithful valet Baudoin, whom nothing could induce to leave his master, he set forth on his wanderings, professing to be a French lawyer whose interest in geology and botany had led him to take a vacation in search of specimens. He was a genuine student, and so found real and absorbing pleasure in an avocation peculiarly adapted for preserving his disguise. Before setting forth, he wrote to his father, then in prison, upbraiding him severely for the part he had taken in the death of the king, a letter his father bitterly resented to the day of his execution. Once a fugitive, a prince in disguise, he had many novel experiences, for

his clothing was shabby and his purse was light. On one occasion the monks of St. Gotthard refused him a bed, reluctantly permitting him to sleep in the loft over their stable with muleteers and chamois-hunters. Not long after, a poor peasant woman shut her door in his face, gruffly consenting, however, to his lying down on the straw beside her cow; but she sent a boy with a musket to keep an eye on him.

As "Mr. Chabaud," he applied for a vacant professorship in the College of Reichenau, in Switzerland, and passed the examination with high honors. Only a few days before the execution of the Duke of Orléans, Mr. Chabaud was appointed professor of mathematics, French, geography, and history at Reichenau. After eight months of most acceptable service he surprised everybody by suddenly resigning his chair, and nothing could induce him to remain. Upon his departure the students gave him a snuff-box, which he used to exhibit at Versailles, asking when a Bourbon had won scholastic honors before. The villagers of Reichenau made him their deputy, an honor that he did not forget when king of the French.

Then Professor Chabaud disappeared, and a Mr. Corby was quietly engaged in Switzerland, and in other parts of northern Europe, in schemes for establishing a constitutional monarchy in France. His correspondence was intercepted, his schemes frustrated, and when it was known who Mr. Corby really was, Mr. Corby disappeared. Insult was a part of his daily experience. Having only four louis left in his purse, he gave one of those to an old attaché of his father's. Then he went to Denmark and Norway. Once in Norway he was sure that he had been discovered. It was at a little picnic given by the family with whom he had taken lodgings. When the wagon drove up that was to take the party back to town, the driver called out pompously, "Make way for the carriage of the Duke of Orléans!" imitating exactly what he had heard in Paris years before, when, with gaping crowds of the bourgeoisie, he had watched the arrival of the duke at some brilliant court reception or ball. He never knew the effect of his wagging upon the veritable duke, who had climbed to his seat speechless with apprehension lest he had been again discovered.

Dressed like a Norwegian sailor, he slept in the smoky tents of the Laplanders, and ate their coarse fare with keen relish. He studied their life and history, and made

notes and pencil sketches. In Stockholm, when standing in a balcony looking down upon a court ball, he was at once recognized by the French envoy, and summoned into the presence of the king, who greeted him most cordially, assuring him of perfect safety, a pleasing variation in his life of isolation and friendlessness.

The whereabouts of his mother and sister and the fate of his brothers were unknown to him. He knew that in all the wide world there was but one safe asylum for his father's unhappy family—the United States of America; but that he or his brothers, were the latter still living, would ever reach those far-off shores he had little reason to hope.

II.

THAT Europe must be well rid of the Orléans princes was at last the decision of the Directory. Where was the head of the house, Louis Philippe d'Orléans? Who knew what he was about? Official communication was opened between the Directory and the Duchess of Orléans. If she would find her eldest son (assuming that she did not know where he was), and would prevail upon him to leave the Continent and go to the United States for permanent residence, the sequestration of her property would be terminated, and her two younger sons would be permitted to join their brother.

Most thankfully did the Duchess of Orléans assent to the proposal. She wrote at once to Louis Philippe, begging him to think no sacrifice too great that would liberate his poor brothers, dying of confinement at Fort St. Jean, and contribute as well to the peace of unhappy France. Her letter was intrusted to an agent of the government, who for two months sought in vain for Louis Philippe. At last a clue was obtained. The exile was in the neighborhood of Hamburg. After much difficulty an interview was arranged, with great precaution on the part of the duke, and he consented to go to the United States as soon as the necessary funds could be raised.

Appeal was made to Gouverneur Morris, United States minister to France during the Reign of Terror, and then in Europe. He advanced a generous loan, placing fifteen thousand pounds to the credit of the duke in London, and increasing the sum when Montpensier and Beaujolais reached Philadelphia. It is said that the princes drew sparingly upon their generous allowance, repaying every dollar in good time, and that

the whole amount of their expenditure for about four years did not exceed thirteen thousand dollars. Their account-book, in which every item of expense was entered, Louis Philippe was proud to exhibit to American guests at Versailles. These loans remained unpaid for a long time, but were at length fully reimbursed with interest.

Upon his departure for the United States the Duke of Orléans wrote to his mother: "It seems to me like a dream. In a short time I shall embrace my dear brothers. . . . By contributing to the peace of my country I can once more serve France."

III.

COMPARATIVELY little is known of the unique experiences of the princes during their exile beyond what was originally given by King Louis Philippe himself, and that mainly in conversation with American visitors at Versailles. The distinguished wanderers had scanty notice from the American press. The Citizen King never wearied of recalling and describing in detail what he had seen of our wild West, finding peculiar pleasure, whenever informed that his visitor was from some locality near or on the route of his memorable journey, in asking at once after some one he remembered in that region, or about changes that must have taken place. "Do you still sleep three in a bed in Tennessee?" "Is good whisky to be had now between Nashville and Louisville, or must a body carry it in a canteen strapped to his neck?"

The traditions of pioneers, given in county histories, and the often contradictory statements of early local annalists have contributed much to this account of a journey the facts of which it has taken much time to collect, bit by bit, from many scattered sources. It was the boast of the Citizen King, in his last years, that he had kept a diary since he was old enough to write. Of the three pocket diaries which he kept in this country, only one, the first of the series, is said to be in existence, and that is strictly withheld from the public by the custodian of the papers of the Orléans family.

Much has been gleaned, in the writing of this article, from Poore's "Rise and Fall of Louis Philippe" (Ticknor, Boston, 1848); "The King and his Court," by Lewis Cass, American minister to France during the reign of Louis Philippe; the Smithsonian Report (1855) of George Catlin's Indian

Exhibition at the Louvre in 1845; "The Life of Louis Philippe," by the Marquis de Flers, said to be the first of his biographers to have access to the family papers; and the biography of Laugier and Charpentier of the French Institute. The last has been only in a measure available. Old newspaper files have been consulted, and keepers of ancient archives of towns along the route have been called upon for facts; yet the story is far from complete.

IV.

OCTOBER 25, 1796, the following item appeared in the "New World" of Philadelphia, and that without any flourish of headlines whatever: "Among the passengers of the ship *America* was L. P. de Orléans, eldest son of the *ci-dérant* Égalité, and distinguished in French history as lieutenant-general at the battle of Jemmapes."

Louis Philippe had been provided with a Danish passport at Hamburg, and passed himself off on the voyage as a Dane. A gruff old Frenchman, the only cabin passenger besides the duke, complimented him upon speaking French so well for a Dane, and promised to correct any blunders he might hear him make. Baudoin was in the steerage, where his master, who had a keen sense of the ludicrous, chose to spend much time in chatting freely with the poor emigrants, one of whom, a shopkeeper in Rouen, was astounded, years after, to receive a gold medal from King Louis Philippe — a souvenir of their voyage together.

Upon landing in Philadelphia, he threw off his disguise, and was known as "Mr. Orléans." We hear of him first as the guest of David H. Conyngham of the "American," 94 Front street, where he stayed for several days. Then he had rooms in the lower part of a house "next to a church in Walnut street, between Fourth and Fifth, owned by the Rev. Mr. Marshall." There he impatiently waited for his brothers, who arrived in the Swedish vessel *Jupiter* from Marseilles (with "eighty Americans redeemed from Algerian slavery"), after a voyage of ninety-three days, having embarked November 5, 1796. We are told that the reunion took place at the house of Marcus Hook, on the Wilmington road.

The princes set up housekeeping in a modest way in a house in Fourth street that had been occupied by the Spanish consul, agreeing to pay "five hundred and fifty milled dollars" a year for the same. The lease was

signed by Joseph Ignat's Viar, the Spanish consul, and L. P. d'Orléans. Abner Shoemaker and Joel Richardson were the witnesses. One servant, the thrifty, loyal Baudoin, did the work of the house, and was valet besides. He used to get the better of the market-women, it was said, in his close management of household expenses.

Philadelphia was then the seat of government. The princes were invited to the best houses, a hospitality they never forgot. It was reported that "Mr. Orléans" offered his hand to Miss Willing, and was told by her father that, as an exile destitute of means, he was not a suitable match for her, and that should he recover his rights, she would not be a suitable match for him. The three princes were present at the inauguration of John Adams. They listened to Washington's Farewell Address to the American Congress. It was in Independence Hall that Washington invited them to visit Mount Vernon, where he marked out not only their route of travel in the South and West, but planned every detail of the journey. Baudoin accompanied them, of course. Excepting when they presented letters they were not known by their titles, but as "Mr." Orléans, "Mr." Montpensier, and "Mr." Beaujolais, the duke being called Chartres by his brothers.

It was late in March, 1797, that they left Philadelphia by the Wilmington road, sleeping at Marcus Hook's, the place where Louis Philippe used to say he had tasted the truest happiness of his life, for there he had met his brothers after long separation and sorrow. March 26 they were in Wilmington, "inhabited mostly by Quakers." They continued through Christiana and Newport to Elkton, where they slept at Mrs. Boyd's—"a swampy and dreary country," wrote Louis Philippe. They crossed the Susquehanna with difficulty, the high wind nearly upsetting their boat, and one of their horses falling overboard. They halted at Havre de Grace, and on March 29 reached Baltimore, and put up at the "Indian Queen," General Smith, the Catons, and others doing much to make their stay agreeable. April 2 found them at Bladensburg, in the lonely public house of Colonel Van Dorn. Upon entering Maryland the duke began a careful study of slavery, noting its effect upon the white laborer, as well as upon the social condition of the slaves.

On the 3d of April they reached Washington, which the duke calls "a city laid out upon paper, staked out in swamp-land," add-

ing, "the stone-masons are paid about two dollars a day." The Capitol was only rising from the ground, among houseless streets. The duke greatly admired its position. Here the travelers were entertained by Thomas Law. The speculation in real estate and the rivalry between Washington and Georgetown were leading topics. The completion of the Chesapeake and Ohio Canal, it was believed, would draw the flour trade of the West to the Potomac. Washington was bound to become a great commercial emporium. They were escorted to Georgetown by Mr. Law, and were shown the new bridge and the lesser falls. At the Great Falls they were received by Mr. Mason. April 5 they were due at Mount Vernon. They were expected early in the day, but it was half-past six when they arrived, as the linen they had given out to be washed had not been returned in due season.

They were charmed with the hospitality of Mount Vernon. The subject of slavery was freely discussed with their host. There were then some four hundred slaves on the estate, which contained ten thousand acres. Washington had prohibited the use of the whip, a restriction by no means approved by all the neighboring planters. In Baudoin's conversations with the house servants they had told of the coming emancipation, in which they seemed to believe, repeating what they had heard the Quaker preachers say in favor of abolition. Mrs. Washington's cook had run away, and a daughter of the fugitive had confided to Baudoin that she was glad of her father's escape.

Four days were spent in Mount Vernon. Then, with Washington's map for a guide, and with lighter hearts than they had known for years, the princes set out on their journey. The great New World was before them. The April days were fair, their horses sound, and blissfully far away were stormy France and gloomy Fort St. Jean. They were at last rid of the dread of arrest, of secret agents of the French government, of conspiracy, and suspicion of betrayal.

Now, my co-mates and brothers in exile,
Hath not old custom made this life more sweet
Than that of painted pomp? Are not these woods
More free from peril than the envious court?

V.

AT Big Springs, some two miles north of Leesburg, on the banks of the Potomac, was the old Virginia farm-house of Colonel Burgess Ball (Springwood House, burned to the ground by the Union troops in 1862).

Here the exiles were entertained with true Virginian hospitality. Colonel Ball was the threefold cousin of Washington, his nephew by marriage, comrade in arms, and most intimate friend. The households of Mount Vernon and Big Springs were as one family, and the stay of the princes with the Balls was only a continuation of all that they had enjoyed with the Washingtons. They found it hard to decline the pressing invitation of Colonel Thomas Lee to spend some time with him, but they were impatient to be off. Pushing on for the slopes of the Blue Ridge, they crossed the hills at Keyes Gap, enjoyed the extensive view of the valley of Virginia, and reached the Shenandoah River at Keyes Ferry; then they continued down to Harper's Ferry, the duke writing of this part of the road admiringly, but saying that the scenery was not to be compared with the savage grandeur of the Alpine passes.

Their route lay through Charlestown to Winchester, where, upon arriving at the inn of Mr. Bush, a veteran of the Revolution, they so far forgot themselves as to request, with all due courtesy, that their dinner might be served in their room. "If you are too good," broke out their indignant host, "to eat at the same table with my other guests, begone!" And go they did, hungry and tired as they were, never breaking fast until they reached Strasburg, in a storm of hail and rain.

Through mountains clad with oak and pine they reached Hudson's tavern. At Strasburg they found the emigrants still speaking German and drinking beer. From Staunton their road lay to Abingdon, with stops at Lexington, Amsterdam, Christiansburg, Wytheville, and Marion. Nineteen miles from Lexington they dined at the inn of David Steel, their host entertaining them with graphic accounts of the battles in which he had fought for his country, Mrs. Steel bringing forth from her treasures the piece of skull-bone her hero had lost in one of them.

They saw the Natural Bridge, the duke describing it as "a most remarkable freak of nature." Between Lexington and Pattonsburg, where they crossed the James by ferry, they slept at Captain Bartley's; at Amsterdam they spent the night at the good inn of Mr. Botts, where they met a party of emigrants going to Kentucky. The travelers were then nearing the Cherokee country; the Indians were not to be trusted, they were told by these emigrants, who were desirous of joining forces; but the proposition was declined.

They crossed the Roanoke six times, and slept at the house of Colonel Lewis, two miles from Colonel Hancock's.

April 21 they crossed the Alleghanies, the duke noting that the western slopes were rougher than the eastern ones, and that the inhabitants of the section were unusually tall and strong. The settlers of the Shenandoah valley, he observed, were of greater size than the inhabitants of any other part of the country. They dined at Marshall's inn in Wytheville, at the junction of the English and "the Pepper's road."

On the 23d they stopped at Atkins's, on the Holston River. At Colonel Campbell's they noted for the first time "the sugar-maple tree and the wild American vine." Colonel Campbell claimed to be the direct descendant of a companion of William the Conqueror, and took pains to trace his family line back to its source for the entertainment of those lineal descendants of St. Louis the Crusader. On the 24th they stopped at Captain Green's, six miles from Abingdon. Their host, the day following, was Major Fulkinson, who had about a thousand maple-trees, and produced sugar on a large scale. On the boundary-line between Virginia and North Carolina they stopped with James Campbell, who said that, owing to a dispute about the line, he could vote in either State.

So bad and so scanty was the food provided for them at the inns that our travelers were now quite famished. The good square meal promised by one Mr. Smith turned out to be nothing but hoe-cake, of which they had had more than a surfeit. They left it untouched, and rode thirty-five miles before reaching a good supper at Mr. Armstrong's. They crossed the Holston River, and found themselves in a land of wild turkeys, deer, partridges, and blue pigeons. The duke mentions especially the beauty of the forest trees, but complains of the muteness of the birds and the monotony of the endless woods. It is plain that the travelers were becoming very homesick. The cooking of the inns, they said, was wretched, much inferior to what they would have had in the smallest village of France.

They had now reached Tennessee, and were in what the duke called a rugged country. They made a short halt at Rogersville, or Hawkins Court-house, where a Mr. Mitchell was their host. They went farther for lodging, stopping awhile with Joel Dyer on the Holston River.

April 28 they were at Colonel Orr's, then



FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY BRAUN, CLÉMENT & CO., AFTER THE PAINTING BY CARLE VERNET, IN THE GALLERY AT CHANTILLY. HALF-TONE PLATE ENGRAVED BY H. DAVIDSON.
PHILIPPE (ÉGALITÉ), DUKE OF ORLÉANS, AND HIS SON, LOUIS PHILIPPE, DUKE OF CHARTRES.

more rugged country, with dinner at Mr. Bunch's and beds at Mr. Perkins's.

The duke writes that it is a most lonely and desolate land. They were hungry and weary when they reached the little town of Knoxville, then less than five years old. They counted more than one hundred houses. They stopped only a few hours, and then set out for Maryville, on the dividing ridge "between the Little River and the Tennessee," a town some fifteen months old, and an outpost on the Cherokee border. It seemed likely just then that the Cherokees, who claimed it as a part of their reservation, might attempt reoccupation. The beauty of the country, the luxuriance of the river meadows, charmed the travelers.

At Tellico Blockhouse they were the guests of the commander, Mr. Strother. The duke called the place Fort Wilkinson, but the name does not so appear in the records of the region. The fort was building at the time of their visit. Here they first ate wild turkey, something never forgotten by Louis Philippe. The white settlers of the section had turned out in large numbers to see the princes, for it had been

announced in the local newspapers that the three sons of the Duke of Orléans had stopped in Knoxville April 30, and were on their way to Tellico. Mr. Orléans here began his study of Indians, Cherokees, Chickasaws, Choctaws, and Creeks. He was much impressed by the fact that the Indians knew little of their history beyond a few tribal myths and traditions, that anything relating to the arrival of the white man on this continent was already lost to them, and that their old men could tell nothing of events that happened even in their youth. He saw a disposition on the part of the white race to precipitate a conflict on the border in order that the Indians might be driven from the territory. The travelers dined with the half-breed chief John Watts.

Many incidents of this part of the journey have been often related: how "Mr. Orléans," having fallen from his horse, and feeling unwell, bled himself, with such good results that he was asked to operate upon an old chief, who improved so rapidly that the greatest honor the tribe could confer was voted to the paleface, one never offered a white man before, nor could it be declined

without giving mortal offense—Mr. Orléans must sleep that night in the family wigwam of the chief; more than that, upon the family mat, and in the place of highest honor—between the grandmother and the grandaunt, the most venerable of the squaws. That made rare fun for Montpensier and Beaujolais, and Orléans wished that his surgery had turned out differently.

It was during their sojourn at Tellico that a game of ball was played for them by some six hundred Indians, the princes guaranteeing six gallons of brandy to the winning side. The annual ball-game of the Cherokees gave to that region of country on the west side of the Tellico River, where it empties into the Little Tennessee, the name of Ball Play. The visitors were escorted to the game by the drums of the garrison and a large number of Indians. Louis Philippe was fond of describing this game in detail, and his visit to the Cherokee village of Tokona, where he went inside of the temple, "a hexagonal pyramid of logs," and saw the war-shields of the three tribes, on which were painted a serpent, a turtle, and a lizard. He noted that the dresses of the squaws were made entirely of European stuff. He smoked a great diversity of pipes and tobacco, and ate of many queer dishes.

May 3, with Major George Colbert, a Chickasaw half-breed, as guide, they were in saddle again, and off for Cumberland. They were obliged to keep clear of Indians, for their guide was not on good terms with them, having provoked their animosity in many ways.

Judge Campbell was their host at the junction of the Holston and the Tennessee. There were rumors of an Indian outbreak, and the whole region was in alarm. On the highroad to Knoxville they slept on the bank of Clinch River. At South West Point they visited the proposed site of a fort, and studied the prehistoric remains of a breastwork between the Clinch and the Tennessee. Captain Wade had "some bread cooked" for them. They met a squad of soldiers under General Higgins, and were again urged to travel under protection, but declined. They crossed the Tennessee mountains into a country teeming with game, with the Obed River so high that their horses swam it with difficulty.

May 7 they crossed the Cumberland Mountains, and May 8 found them on the banks of the Cumberland River, then lined by swamp and cane jungles. Old Fort Blount was about to be rebuilt. To them

the country seemed famine-stricken enough; "some smoked bear's-grease and Indian corn" was served for their hunger. At last they had coffee at Major Dickson's, and, to their delight, two beds for four.

At the Clinch Ferry they heard much of the wonderful migration into that region which had followed the treaty of peace with the Indians; twenty-four thousand whites and four thousand blacks had crossed the ferry for the Cumberland valley the year before.

May 9 they entered the "old settlement" of Tennessee, at Bletch's Lick (eighteen miles from Major Dickson's, thirty-four from Fort Blount). The duke writes that, although there were some salt-springs, salt was rare and dear, as it had to be imported in carts from Kentucky, at a cost of four dollars a bushel.

At Old Somner's Court-house they stopped with Mr. Douglas. May 10 they arrived in Nashville in time for dinner, halting two days to write their journals and buy a horse. The duke speaks of Nashville as a little town, much smaller than Knoxville. They put up at Captain Maxwell's house and "dined once" with Dr. Hennings, an Englishman. It was court week, and one bed must do for three. Learning that it would be well-nigh impossible to get good liquors on the road between Nashville and Louisville, a tin canteen was filled with the best of whisky and strapped to the neck of the prince of the Bourbons.

The western limit of their journey was reached at Nashville. On the 13th of May they pushed on northward, sleeping at Mr. Britton's, keeping to the high ground, "improperly called the Barrens," noting the conically shaped small depressions in the earth's surface, the rich pasture-lands and innumerable flowers. For sixteen miles they did not pass a house on the road from Major Sharp's to that of Mr. Lucas, where they spent the night.

On the 15th, after a short ride, still on the Barrens, they stopped early at the house of Captain Chapman, who, not being able to realize why four young Frenchmen were undergoing such hardships without any apparent benefit for them, told them frankly that he suspected them of having come to stir up a rising of the Indians, and, while freely censuring the United States government for its mismanagement of Western affairs, he tried to dissuade the party from such an undertaking.

On through the wooded valley of the Big

Barren River they rode, resting at a ferryman's on the Green River. They would have been reduced for food to a few grains of corn had not a hunter brought in a buck, upon which they feasted. Stretched out on the cabin floor that night, their host and hostess in the wall-bunk in the same room, Mr. Orléans overheard the good wife regretting that four such gentlemanly young men should be running about the country with nothing to do. Why did they not settle down on a farm and be of some use in the world?

From the Barrens they went down into the bottom-lands. Twenty-two miles in a drenching rain made them thankful for shelter in a wretched cabin, that of a Pennsylvania farmer named Räcker. Later they reached the plantation of Mr. Hodgkins. They crossed the Salt River at Pitts Fork with difficulty, and night found them at the inn of Captain Bean, at Bardstown, then a settlement of about one hundred and fifty houses and "great expectations."

At Bardstown the duke was taken seriously ill. A traveling show was performing in the place, the first that had ever visited the town. The inn and the sick guest were deserted by the landlady. Nothing could keep her or any of her family from attending the show. Louis Philippe, when King of the French, sent a clock to the Roman Catholic church at Bardstown, which suggests that he had some pleasant reminiscences of the place—kindly attentions from the good *père*, no doubt.

[The duke's own record, yet unpublished, closes at Bardstown. If there was a continuation of it, it was not known to the member of his family who kindly sent the writer an abstract of the portions of general interest from which much of the foregoing narrative has been drawn.]

After a detention of two days, the travelers were off for Louisville, crossing the Salt River by canoe, their horses swimming behind them. Of their stay in Louisville, and their journey via Lexington, Maysville (Kentucky), Chillicothe, Lancaster, Zanesville, and Wheeling, to Pittsburg, the writer has failed to collect any details, full of episodes as that part of the journey must have been.

At Chillicothe they stopped at the inn of Mr. McDonald, where the duke defended his landlord against an assault from a drunken fellow in his own bar-room. At Zanesville Mr. McIntire was their host. At Pittsburg they received much attention from General Neville, Judge Breckinridge, and General

Eaton. From Erie they went to the Cattaraugus Reservation, then to the Seneca trading-post called Buffalo Town, of which Rochefoucauld had written two years before: "All this country is full of stagnant waters and large stinking swamps and morasses, and yet we did not observe any ague among the Indians." The travelers complained of the cold weather. Crossing Buffalo Creek, one of their horses sank deep in the mire, and was rescued with difficulty.

Niagara Falls they saw from the American shore, the trouble on the border just then making their crossing into Canada unadvisable. They sketched the cataract and did their best, tired and homesick as they were, to describe it fairly. The much-talked-of Genesee country and its falls, the broad hunting-grounds of the Senecas, recently purchased by Phelps and Gorham, and to which settlers were flocking, was next upon their itinerary. Undoubtedly they followed, in going from Buffalo to the ford of the Genesee River, what was known as the White Man's Trail, sleeping by campfires on the way. The ford was at Canawaugus (Avon Springs)—Widow Berry's rope ferry. They must have enjoyed their stay at Hosmer's—that homelike, comfortable inn, prominent in the early history of the Genesee country, a long list of notable names on its register as early as 1797. Dr. Hosmer's was the first sanatorium at the Springs, he having provided a fine bath-house almost as soon as he opened his hotel. On the site of the Rochester of to-day, some thirty miles to the south of Avon Springs, there was then a deserted shanty in a swamp, the first mill of the Flour City.

The road from Avon to Canandaigua was little better than a cow-path; the cabins were few and far between. Of this part of the journey Montpensier wrote to his sister: "We passed fourteen nights in the woods, devoured by all kinds of insects, wet to the bone, unable to dry ourselves, eating pork and sometimes a little salt beef and corn-bread."

Canandaigua, where Thomas Morris, a schoolmate of the duke's in Paris, had invited them to make an extended stay at his home, must have loomed up before them like the Celestial City of Bunyan's pilgrim. There they hoped to hear from their mother and sister, to get the latest news from France, and, what they were sadly in need of, new shoes and decent clothing.

A letter written by Mrs. Thomas Morris in 1852 refers to this part of their journey:

"Mr. Morris had been educated in France, where he had spent seven years. . . . In the summer of 1797 three French gentlemen called on him, . . . Louis Philippe, Duke of Orléans (afterward King of France), and his two younger brothers. . . . Mr. Baring, now Lord Ashburton, had met these gentlemen in the woods. . . . They were really destitute of money, their clothes torn and boots worn out. My husband (this was two years before his marriage) received them with the utmost hospitality, supplied all their wants, and, as he had a capital French cook, feasted them in the best manner he was able. After fishing in the Canandaigua Lake, and seeing the country in the neighborhood, my husband mounted them on fresh horses, and all went to visit the 'Falls of the Genesee River,' the place where the city of Rochester now stands. Then it was a perfect wilderness. . . ."

The beauty of the "little Senecas River" and its falls made less impression upon the exiles than did the rattlesnakes and mosquitos. Sometime in the forties, Louis Philippe, seeing an unusually large plate of glass on exhibition in Paris, asked its destination, and was told it was for a dry-goods house in Rochester, New York, whereupon he exclaimed: "What! can it be that mud-hole is calling for anything like that?"

Their host at the Genesee Falls, Orange Stone, lived some three miles east of the river. The spacious, comfortable farmhouse where the duke's party were entertained is still standing, and not greatly changed from what it was one hundred years ago.

Neither history nor tradition tells us anything of importance concerning their short stay in Geneva, then a considerable town, with a fine hotel, Colonel Williamson's, "Baron of the Backwoods." Here they bought a small boat and rowed ninety miles on the Seneca Lake to Ithaca; then with their luggage strapped on their shoulders, they walked thirty miles through the forest to Tioga, where they bought a canoe, says one account, and paddled down the Susquehanna to Wilkesbarre. In Wilkinson's "Annals of Binghamton" (1840) we read that in 1797 the village was honored with the visit of no less a personage than Louis Philippe, "the present King of France," two French noblemen accompanying him. They had traveled on foot from Canandaigua, bearing letters of introduction from Thomas Morris to Henry Tower, Esq., who then lived in the village of Elmira. Accord-

ing to Wilkinson, they spent several days with Mr. Tower, who fitted up a boat and took them to Harrisburg.

In Peck's "Wyoming," and in "Early Times on the Susquehanna," we get a clue to what must have been the most interesting event during their exile—their visit to Asylum, sometimes called Frenchtown, in Bradford County, Pennsylvania, where a colony of their countrymen, who had fled from France in the Reign of Terror, had been settled for several years, and where a large house "and a bake-house" had been built for the royal family, when it was believed possible to rescue them from prison and give them a home in the New World. Alas for the scanty annals, often contradictory and unreliable, telling of the short stay of the princes with their countrymen in Asylum! "Colonel Hollenbeck," says Peck, "was employed by Robert Morris, the agent of Louis XVI, to provide a place of retreat for the royal household at some secluded spot on the Susquehanna. . . . He purchased twelve hundred acres of land, . . . embracing the locality where Frenchtown was subsequently built. . . . Louis Philippe, the late King of the French, . . . came through the Wind-gap on horseback, and lodged in Wilkesbarre, in the old Red Tavern on the river-bank, then kept by James Morgan, and subsequently known as the old Arndt Hotel, and then made his way up to Frenchtown."

In the travels of the Duc de la Rochefoucauld-Liancourt we find a description of Asylum as it was in 1795, two years before the visit of the Orléans princes. It is not a clearly defined picture of that visionary scheme, "richer in hopes than in cash," one of the founders of which was Louis Marie de Noailles, son of Marie Antoinette's "Madame Étiquette," five or more of whose near kindred had been guillotined. One M. Talon was associated with Noailles, and, after a time, Robert Morris. The colonists were largely of gentle breeding, ecclesiastics, army officers, broken-down capitalists, and ladies of rank constituting a majority. Rochefoucauld's comment that "industrious families must be invited" was suggestive of the true state of things. It was, indeed, a tragic repetition of the playing at shepherd and shepherdess at Little Trianon, and very disconsolate and discouraged the colony must have been when the Orléans princes arrived, and were entertained by M. Talon, who, we are told, "lived somewhat more splendid" than his fellow-

exiles, as he had a salary of three thousand a year. What would we not give for letters from Asylum, written by a Walpole or a Fanny Burney, in that summer of 1797! Every vestige of the old settlement, nearly opposite the present Lehigh Valley Railroad station Rummerfield, has been swept away. "Looking down the river," writes David Craft, "the north branch of the Susquehanna sweeps round the mountain, . . . a distance of four or five miles, inclosing a gravel plain of some twelve hundred acres, on which once stood Asylum."

The most reasonable of several accounts indicates that they made their way from Asylum over the mountains on foot to Easton, and that they took there a coach for Philadelphia, where they arrived in June, poor Beaujolais in sad decline, and Montpensier broken in health.

The yellow fever was then raging in Philadelphia; but they could not leave the city, their finances being so low that they had to await a remittance from their mother. They had hoped she would join them; but she had been sent to Spain with others of the house of Orléans. Finally the exiles went to New York, as guests of Talleyrand. Frequent mention is made of them in the gay life of that winter—at the dinners of Mrs. Alexander Hamilton, and at many high social functions. In the diary of Gouverneur Morris we read: "Yesterday my coachman overturned M. d'Orléans's chair, so I must dismiss him." At a dinner given by M. d'Orléans at his modest lodgings, half of the guests were seated on the side of the bed for want of room to place chairs.

October 21 the Boston press announced the arrival of the princes in that city, accompanied by Talleyrand. It had taken them seven days to reach Providence by the sloop *Yankee Blade*, and a day and a half more they had been on the road, in a stage-coach, between Providence and Boston. The duke, who was a freemason, was enabled to replenish his purse by selling a brother mason some valuable books. They had been set down at the Hancock House in Corn Lane, kept by Mrs. Brazier, ever afterward their ideal of a model housekeeper. They boarded awhile with a tailor, Amblard by name. The editor of the "Sentinel," Major Russell, was their good friend, and they went to his office daily to read the foreign-exchanges. The "Sentinel" of November 15, 1797, contained a strong vindication of the character of the late Duke of Orléans, said to have been written by his confessor,

but generally ascribed to Louis Philippe. The exiles counted among their warm friends in Boston such men as Garrison Gray Otis, John Amory, Colonel Pickering, General Knox, and others. They much enjoyed the dancing-parties of M. Daport.

With Talleyrand they made a trip to Maine, stopping at Newburyport and Haverhill. "This earth can show nothing fairer than the Merrimac," Louis Philippe was often heard to say. For a week they were guests at the Martin farm, on the Sagamore Creek, near Portsmouth. At Gardiner their host was General Henry Dearborn.

Hearing that their mother was on her way to New York with Lafayette, the princes hastened to that city to meet her, only to be grievously disappointed. They then resolved to go to her as soon as possible, in spite of the edict of banishment. "She shall not remain sonless . . . while we are alive."

Communication between the United States and Spain being seriously interrupted just then, owing to trouble between Spain and England, they determined to go by way of New Orleans and Havana. At this time Louisiana was full of French refugees and Spanish grandes.

It was a serious undertaking for Beaujolais, but the hope of seeing his mother revived his strength. December 10, 1797, they started off on horseback, but as Beaujolais could not keep to the saddle, a wagon was provided. At Carlisle their horses ran away, and they were all thrown out, Orléans lying insensible for some time. When consciousness returned, he bled himself so successfully that the onlookers thought him a physician going West to locate, and begged him to settle in Carlisle, where a good doctor was needed. "Perhaps," he used to say, "I should have been happier there than as King of France."

From Pittsburg they went down the river to Wheeling by boat. The ice kept them at Wheeling three days. Then they proceeded to Marietta, where they were obliged to wait for bread to be baked for them. "Do you know a French baker in Marietta named Thierry?" Louis Philippe once asked of an Ohioan at court. "Oh, yes; very well." "Well," said the king, "I once kidnapped M. Thierry"; and he told how the Marietta baker, with his smoking loaves, came aboard when they were impatient to be off, for the ice in the Muskingum was breaking up, and they must keep ahead of it, and how, before the baker could return to the wharf,

the boat was in mid-river, M. Thierry much distressed at being torn from his family in that fashion.

Their descent of the Ohio and the Mississippi was full of danger. Once when their bow was stove in by a snag, they worked for twenty-four hours at saving their boat from wreck. Poor Beaujolais! it was a hard trip for an invalid.

They reached New Orleans February 17, 1798. The governor assured them a safe convoy to Havana; they waited for five weeks, and then went aboard an American brig bound for Cuba. They were hardly out at sea when an English frigate bore down upon them and boarded the craft; the passengers were ordered to "tumble up" from the cabin and become seamen, as the Britisher was short of hands. "God knows," sighed Montpensier, "where they will take us now." But the head of the house of Orléans did not propose to serve as an English sailor. He drew himself up to his full height, some six feet, and quietly informed the officer who was bluffly ordering them upon deck that it was the Duke of Orléans he was addressing, introducing his brothers ceremoniously by their full titles. The man was simply confounded; nor was he quite ready to impress the Orléans princes into the British marine, gladly landing them at Cuba.

They waited in Havana two months, defeated in every effort to get passage to England or the Continent. When the Spanish government learned that they were in Havana, an order for them to leave at once was given, as a revolutionary spirit was already smoldering in the colony. It would never do to let the Orléans princes have residence in Havana, no matter how secluded they might keep themselves. There was no help for it; they must go back to New Orleans.

However, they slipped away to the Bahamas. From there they sailed for Halifax, and were welcomed by the Duke of Kent, father of Queen Victoria; but he could not give them passage to England, or at least not until he had permission from headquarters. That meant another long detention and probable defeat. They were almost penniless; two were invalids in sore decline. For months they had heard nothing from their mother and sister. How cruelly destiny was drifting them about! Back they must go to New York.

They did not yield their purpose, however, to leave the country. In time they had raised money enough to pay the expense of the journey to England. In February, 1800, they landed at Falmouth, England, and were soon settled in a charming home of their own, Orléans House, Twickenham:

*Close by those meads forever crowned with flowers,
Where Thames with pride surveys his rising towers.*

VI.

WHEN convinced that the Duke of Orléans was not engaged in any political scheme, but was intent upon living in retirement, George III gave a reception at St. James's to the three princes, and the houses of the aristocracy opened to receive them. The king also gave them a royal pension. But their meeting with their mother was painfully delayed. Pitt was finally persuaded to send them in a ship of war to Minorca, whence they hoped they might cross over into Spain. The duchess was then in Catalonia, Napoleon having restored to her a large share of the confiscated revenues of the family estates, says Vallet, upon the condition that her sons should not serve against the government. But the aversion of the Spanish government to "the sons of the regicide" was still so great that they were forbidden to go into the interior, and they returned to Twickenham without having seen their mother. Nor can I learn that they met her before October 15, 1809, when she arrived at Palermo to attend the wedding of Louis Philippe d'Orléans to the Princess Amélie, daughter of Ferdinand I, King of the Two Sicilies. Upon this occasion Lord Collingwood wrote of her: "The duchess, who is a delightful old woman, seems to have forgotten all her misfortunes (and they have been very great), and is very happy in the choice which her son has made in a wife."

Montpensier died in 1807. His tomb is in Westminster Abbey. Surely no one reads its long Latin inscription with more interest than do those sight-seers of the abbey whose ancestors once gave hospitality in backwoods cabins to this "Princeps illustrissimus et serenissimus Antonius Philippus Dux de Montpensier," who had at last "found repose in the Asylum of Kings." Beaujolais did not long survive him. He died in Malta, whither he went reluctantly and without hope of recovery.

HOW I SAVED BEN.

A SKIT.

BY GENERAL LEW WALLACE,

Author of "The Fair God," "Ben-Hur," "The Prince of India," etc.



T was in my twentieth year. I had just returned to Indianapolis at the end of an uneventful term of military service in Mexico as a second lieutenant, and was making a heroic struggle to bring the judges of the Supreme Court of the State to see and approve my fitness to practise at their bar. The enchanted gates of society stood open to me; yet I sturdily went my way, lingering occasionally to gaze at the Peris who kept them. Aside from Blackstone, Chitty, and Starkie,—acquaintances in especial of lawyers old and young,—my companionship was severely limited. In fact, I acknowledged but two intimates, one of them Ben —, the subject of this reminiscence.

Ben's calling was that of *Antonio*, famous as a Venetian merchant. In the opinion of the public, his firm was making money. That I was of the same opinion had nothing to do with my regard for him. To shrewdness he added wit, the two being to fellowship what good dressing is to salad.

It is easy sending my memory after him, though he is dead. His face was blondish and thin; his cheeks were rouged by nature, looking as if one were in the habit of crushing roses on them in matutine preparation for breakfast. Phil, the barber, shaved him three times a week, always applying infallible unguents to his chin and upper lip. Nothing came of the attention, however, except an increase of fuzz and an intensified girl-like peachy softness of complexion. Withal he had spirit. To cure for a time the chronic dullness of the town, some of the young folk proposed a public rendition of Garrick's "Guardian," a comedy in two acts, and wanting a *Miss Harriet*, an adventurous committee waited on Ben, and suggested how admirably he would look the character. They were not permitted to finish the overture. He put them to flight. The sweet femininity of his countenance was the sensitive bone in the elbow of his pride.

My intimacy with Ben grew, in a measure, out of an obligation which a fortunate chance gave me to put him under. It was in this way. Emma C — was a charming girl whom I had known at her home in a neighboring town. Education had not spoiled her. Croquet being then the most violent outdoor exercise for ladies, she was not in the least mannish. In her English there was never a hint of slang, and she strummed the guitar ravishingly while singing "Gaily the Troubadour." Once she came up to the capital visiting, and calling on her, I was impressed—not for myself, but for Ben. That—I may be excused for saying it boastfully—that was a time when friends were capable of sacrifices for each other. With a little management I brought the two together. Thereupon he fell in love, proposed, and was accepted.

The morning after the scene he came to tell me about it, and there was such radiance in his face, such a light of joy in his eyes, that I knew of the blissful happening before he gave it a word. I have not the slightest idea he had ever heard of the "Ruba'iyat,"—no more had I then,—yet unconsciously he served old Omar a good turn by illustrating:

The day that thou spendest without love, there is no day more useless to thee than that day.

Then, poor fellow, before the winter was gone, he served the same ancient another turn:

Khayyām, who stitched at the tent of wisdom, fell into the furnace of sorrow, and was suddenly burnt.

But before taking up that canto, I must say, to be coherent, that so it was Ben's leaning toward me grew decided. In his great happiness he did not forget to be grateful.

"I am tired; I will quit."

So saying,—it was about ten o'clock night,—I arose from a chair, weary to the soul of

me, and dropped a heavy book done in tawny calfskin upon a table cumbered with other volumes as like it as peas of the same pod are alike. I looked at the heap, and yawned. "Oh! Oh! Am I to give my life to them? My whole life? Yet—it's for bread."

Bread; yes, and straightway I felt an-hungered.

The restaurant to which I betook myself was a homely affair, by no means the most flashy in the city. Thinking from it up to Delmonico's, an evolutionist had been discouraged. Whitewash, instead of paint; room oblong, with low ceiling; center-table covered with tattooed oil-cloth; booths on both sides done in red calico; inside the booths pine tables flanked with benches for two, and on every table a pepper-box, a salt-cellar, a basket of crackers, a glass water-pitcher, and a small bell—such was "Bill Crowder's Restaurant," poor in furniment, rich in cuisine, and still well remembered. Few the dishes, but every one a masterpiece, justifying the popularity of the establishment.

In the booth last on the left-hand row, and back in the corner, I set myself, sole patron of the house. Possessed of a fancy that oysters *au lait* and celery were good to bring sleep, I ordered them, and was lingering in meditative enjoyment over the bowl, rousing occasionally to make certain that the largest of the swimming mollusks was yet in reserve, when customers entered the room.

Who the comers were I could not see, but my attention was drawn to them by the rustle of skirts,—something one of the sterner sex must always notice,—and it served to link together steps unmistakably masculine. The rustling ceased at the center-table, while the steps came on, and presently a gentleman passed the half-closed curtain door of my apartment without observing me.

"We are alone," he said. "Come, let us take a table here."

The voice was Ben's; and who should his partner be but the fair Emma? She came tripping to him, and they went into the booth adjoining mine. There they took the bench at the side of the table next me, so that presently they and I were seated back to back, with only the calico partition between us.

I felt the awkwardness of my position instantly. What should I do? Cough? Shuffle a foot? Rattle my spoon? Or merely say, "Hello, Ben!"? But—but I yielded

the least bit to an impulse of obstinacy. Mine were the rights of a prior preëmptionist. And then the couple were sensible and discreet. Why should I anticipate anything silly or out of the proper from them, especially in a place dedicated to the public? Ben settled the debate—he rang the bell. To the waiter he said laconically, and in a tone not humorous:

"Oysters."

"How will you have them?"

Thus the waiter.

"What do you say?"

Thus Ben to Emma; and she answered simply:

"Raw."

I cannot say now why that word should have shocked me, yet it did, and grievously. Perhaps the incongruity of oysters raw in a mouth which I had been used to thinking of as permissible to nothing grosser than pearls and poetry rasped a favorite sentiment. That as it may; I said to myself philosophically, the affair is not mine, but Ben's. Besides, wanting the oysters, and wanting them raw, what other word at her command so well became the wish?

Minutes passed, and the pair was singularly economical of speech. With me, waiting unemployed always trenches close upon what the physicist calls a positive vacuum. Why did n't he say something? Or she?

The waiter brought the order.

"Anything else?" he asked politely.

"No."

A stir followed the man's exit, and a sharp engagement between forks and plates satisfied me that the couple was alive, and moved by a purpose in common. Nevertheless, that they had nothing to say disturbed me. Though they were the very lovingest lovers I had ever known, I suspected, speaking after the manner of Sergeant Wappenhauß, that they might be under the influence of a cold wave. In short, the situation irritated me. My soup was getting cold, and I was in a trap, and dared not move—no, not even to go after the big reserve mouthful floating in the bowl just in front of me.

At last, answering the bell, the waiter came and cleared the table; then Ben cleared his throat, and spoke.

"Emma," he said, "I am thought to be doing well in my business; but suppose it not so; suppose the worst, that [pause] I had not wherewith to restock our store for the summer trade; suppose [this time I thought the pause would consume the night]—suppose me utterly ruined; would you—"

"Would I what, Ben?"
 "Would you love me still?"
 "Ruined—you?"
 "Would you love me?"
 I imagined her staring at him.
 "Would you?" he persisted.

She caught her breath, and then sat thrumming the table, thinking, doubtless, of the horrible hypothetical proposition behind the question.

On my side of the partition the sensation was quite as pronounced as on the other. At first I smiled. My friend is playing with his pretty bride to be; it delights him to have her tell her love over and over and over; probably he has heard the soft avowal a thousand times already, and is now entering upon the second thousand, mayhap the tenth. So I thought, with a wish momentarily intensifying to hear her reply. Then—Goodness! Could it have been the truth he told her, that his house had not wherewith to replenish its stock? This, I am bound to say, broke in upon the comicality of the situation explosively; but presently I set to putting points together, with conclusion that what he had said was the truth, told *then* lest it should arise to plague him after the wedding—told, too, under the sanctity of a relation in which I had no part. What more natural, then, that I should ask myself the question which, put by him, would have been to my everlasting confusion: What was I doing there? Eavesdropping—I? Not an instant more, not even for her reply. The candle in the tin sconce above the table all of a sudden became offensively bright. I sprang on the bench, and with a loud puff blew the light out.

Ben's coolness was admirable. He said something in a voice low but steady; then the two arose, and quietly left the house.

Now, it had been Ben's daily habit, while out for his mail, to stop at the office where my labors were going on, and unload the gossip he had netted in the social currents of the town. The graciousness, while welcome to me, delighted him; for, aside from the good-natured badinage with which he spiced his reports, he made much of the opportunity always given him by my respectful inquiries about the well-being of his *inamorata*. With what an air he would say: "Oh, the little woman is charming as ever; in fact, more so. She 's a day older." But since that grouty night at Crowder's a week had gone to swell Shak-

sper's eternal procession of to-morrows, and no Ben.

That the good fellow had not seen me the night in question I was positive; still I could not help nursing a litter of fears, so true is it that whosoever doeth to his shame, to him his imagination shall become a burden.

It was the seventh night after my offense. A fire burned in the stove, and I sat within the zone of its warmth drowsily reviewing the day's work. Yielding to the chill outside, the town had lapsed into restful silence. Suddenly a rapping at the door startled me, and, answering my loud call, who should appear but Ben? Not seeing a stick in his hand, or any visible weapon, I met him heartily. Hardly was he seated before I knew him to be in trouble, and that it was sore. The signs were on his face as plain as raised letters, and much more readable.

"What is it, Ben?"

Sympathy made me impulsive.

"What is what?"

"Something is bothering you."

"How do you know?"

"Your face is the telltale."

He turned from me, and said evasively, "I 've been doing the street from end to end."

"Alone?"

He caught my meaning.

"It 's too cold for her."

Then he arose.

"I 'm hungry. Let us to Crowder's. He has a sign out—'Lobsters just arrived.'"

Now I would be pleased to have it understood that I accepted Ben's invitation, not for the lobster,—with me his kind are the premier scavengers of the sea,—but because I fancied there was discernible in it the expression of an underlying wish to talk to me confessionally. And, sure enough, the fish disposed of, he began, slowly at first, his face down:

"You know this is the time when people in my business go East to lay in stock for the summer trade. I should be there now, but—"

He colored, stopped, broke down. And I, seeing where he must land, partly that he might recover himself, partly out of remembrance of his former inadvertence, arose, and looked carefully into the booths without seeing any one to overhear us.

"You were saying?" I asked, at his side again.

"Yes, I was about to explain. Our firm, you see, has done a large business, but upon

the credit system; and now collecting is impossible. We have not—"

Another dead stop.

I had not realized in its fullness the calamity impending over my friend; or rather it had appeared to me a mere matter of dollars and cents. Now, in presence of his great feeling, I saw it a wound to his pride and a menace to his engagement with the woman he loved. Thereupon, my sympathy taking a practical turn, I began reaching out vigorously in search of help for him, and presently a way offered itself. To be sure, it was attended with risk, but not to him, and its brilliancy dazzled me.

"Ben," I said impulsively, "you are telling me nothing new."

He caught his breath, and, staring at me stupidly, said, "It is public, then?"

"No; I had it from you."

"From me?"

"A week ago this night I sat behind you here, and heard you tell what you tell me now, and in exactly the same words."

"It was you, then?"

"Yes, it was I."

He had not time to speak, I was in such a hurry with my scheme.

"You think yourself ruined. You think Emma will break with you. Listen, now. Get all your funds in hand,—all you can control,—and make ready to take the road for New York. Have faith in me; do as I say, and I'll fetch you through."

"Were you ever in New York?" he asked, with a sneer.

"No."

"Do you know anybody there?"

"No."

"Does anybody there know you?"

"Not a soul."

"Well!"

"It is not necessary that anybody should know me. There's risk in what I tell you, but it is not to you."

"You seem in earnest."

"Yes; but I insist on three conditions."

"What are they?"

I could see he thought me hedging.

"That you do not start to New York until this day week—number one. That you quit selling goods on credit—second."

"Oh, that lesson is learned!"

"Swear it."

"I swear."

"Now you are ready for my third—that you will not overstock yourself."

At this he laughed a little hysterically, but, sobering, asked if I were serious.

"Try me," I returned.

"I will."

And at the end of the week he set out for New York.

AT Crowder's, upon Ben's return.

"How did you get along?"

"Splendidly. Never was so received. By George, I could have bought out the largest establishment on Broadway! Now tell me,—and he gave me a nudge in the side,—tell me how you did it."

"Don't ask."

It was turn of tide with my friend after that; he pushed collections energetically and thrrove. I was best man at the wedding.

FOR a time how I saved Ben was a secret. There is no reason now why the seals should not be broken. Nothing can be more simple.

A mercantile agency in New York, one of the concerns of service as collectors and keepers of the standing of men in business throughout the country, had appointed me its correspondent at Indianapolis, and, by a happy coincidence, the appointment had been perfected the very day my advice was so boldly given to my friend. The week imposed upon him, as "condition one," was required to make out a report and have it precede him in the city. I took care, of course, to include his standing with that of a number of other solid merchants; and having run him up to "A 1," I waited a decent while, and resigned the employment.

The resort on my part was wrong, of course; but it was a generous time with me then, and I had unbounded faith in Ben.

Lew Wallace.



IMPRESSIONS OF THE HAWAIIAN ISLANDS.

(THE EAST OF TO-DAY AND TO-MORROW.)

BY HENRY C. POTTER.



URING a recent voyage across the Pacific, our evenings in the steamer's fine saloon were often beguiled by the music of various races and tongues.

A modern ship's company has as little homogeneity in nationality as in interests; and to a traveler of philosophic temperament few things are more interesting than to note the ways in which this fact at first betrays itself, only to melt away before a great while, if there be the opportunity of a long voyage, into a kindly and neighborly temper which enforced proximity makes both sensible and mutually agreeable. Our transatlantic racers, it is true, offer little or no chance for anything of this sort. The voyage is scarcely begun before it is ended, and the conventions of social reservé, and sometimes the memory of rather painful experiences, conspire to beget in the traveler a habit of repression, if not of exclusiveness. But in a long Pacific voyage it is different. People who are destined to be two or three weeks together in the same ship and at the same table sooner or later conclude to make the best of the situation, and one and all bring out their store of amusements or accomplishments for the common benefit.

It is to this that we owed, on an evening that will always be memorable, the privilege of listening to some Hawaiian songs accompanied by a running commentary both descriptive and historical, to which I am bound to say I am indebted, in its larger suggestions, for the outlines of this paper. The singer and performer—for he was both—was an American gentleman whose name, if I were at liberty to record it here, would be familiar to many American ears; and he brought to his task a rare and most individual charm. He was born in Honolulu, of an ancestry identified with the earliest missionary history of the Sandwich Islands, and he united in himself the fine insight of his New England forefathers and the sunny vivacity of Oahu. The instrument which he used was a primitive guitar consisting of a wooden bowl with metal strings across its

open face; the notes were produced by a manipulation analogous to that of a banjo; and along with this he undertook to give a brief history of the evolution of Hawaiian music. Some of us had heard it—or thought we had—while in the islands, and had been much struck with both its plaintiveness and its tunefulness. It was a rude shock to learn that, in its primitive and unadulterated form, Hawaiian music had neither characteristic; and that for the obvious reason that it consisted in thumping the bottom of the wooden bowl and twanging a single string. The performer then illustrated how these elementary modes of expressing musical ideas had been influenced by the incoming of civilization: how the Hawaiians had caught the airs of the missionary hymns and modified them by their own interpretation of them; and finally how, as the element of civilized life became more pervasive and potential, the music of the native and the manipulation of his instruments took up into themselves everything—and it was apparently not much—that was intelligible to the native mind, even to the last negro or music-hall melody.

The whole was a parable of really large suggestiveness. For one could not but see in it how what had come to pass in connection with something that, after all, was a very small part of a people's life, was that which had taken place in other and far graver aspects of that life. There was, in other words, first the primitive simplicity and barbarism of that life, with all its charm and all its dreaminess; and then, step by step, there came to be, out of the mere babel of primal instincts and acts, like primal noises, something increasingly complex, increasingly pathetic, and sometimes, alas! increasingly tragic.

For one cannot read the story of the aboriginal days of these beautiful islands without being sensible first of all of their charm. In their merely natural aspect this, in its almost dramatic contrasts, has a unique fascination. As the Hawaiian Islands rise out of the sea to the vision of one who sees them for the first time from the deck of a ship,

their aspect is both rugged and august. The mountain-ranges are distinguished by great strength of outline and boldness of proportion; and, as seen against the sky, as we saw them, with the moon rising behind them, have in them something indescribably mysterious and noble. But as they are more nearly approached, they are seen to be clothed almost to their summits with a rich verdure, and this has a singularly gracious quality of softness and depth.

This feature in the landscape seems somehow typical of the people. Their history reveals them as distinguished by characteristics of great savagery and cruelty; but their ordinary aspect, and their unspoiled manner toward strangers, where it still survives, is one of an individual and most unusual charm. No one who has seen them will find himself tempted to compare them to any other people or race. Wherever they derived the traits of form and feature that distinguish them,—and their racial origin is hidden in considerable obscurity,—they do not resemble the races or people from whom they are supposed to be sprung. The race found by the first explorer, Juan de Gatan, commander of the Spanish exploring expeditions sent out when the ships of Spain dominated the waters of the Pacific, was Polynesian; but it has not been claimed that any other Polynesians closely resembled them. It is undoubtedly the case that, during their long occupancy of the beautiful islands in which they found their home, they underwent those changes which, as Buckle in his "History of Civilization" has shown, are as inevitable as the effect of climatic and kindred influences. In a latitude in which the range of the thermometer, all the year round, is ordinarily between 75° and 85° F., it is not probable that great robustness or aggressive vigor would be developed; and it has not been. On the other hand, in a region singularly favorable to the development of almost every variety of tropical and semi-tropical fruits and flowers, without the arid and desolating influence of long droughts, it was equally to be expected that this rare beauty and affluence in every natural environment should find its reflection in the singular softness, grace, and beauty of the people. The mountains make them strong and stalwart,—their height, grace, and symmetry of physical development are especially noteworthy,—and their plains, fertile, flowery, and ever verdant, make them soft and indolent and self-indulgent. No stranger can see them for the first time, disfigured as

they now too often are by the hideous costumes of our modern civilization, without being dazzled sometimes by a beauty of form and feature and of expression which, to an artist's eye, when they are seen in their own lovely setting, is a perpetual delight. "Here," such a one would be tempted to say, "is something like the original Garden of Eden, as it might have been."

Yet the earlier and tribal history of the people was neither beautiful nor engaging. In the Bishop Museum in Honolulu, a foundation which owes its existence to the wise munificence of an Hawaiian princess who was, at the time of her death, the wife of an American merchant in Honolulu, we may see not alone the emblems and implements of domestic life, but those others which in the history of the most primitive peoples are the symbols of its religion. Along with these one may read, too, if his curiosity leads him in such a direction, the story of that strange admixture of grotesque beliefs, rites, and priestly terrorism which repeats a story that, alas! in the history of the world's religions, is as old as the race. Two elements go, ordinarily, to make up these religions, and they were not wanting in the Hawaiian Islands. One of them has been superstition, a blind terror begotten by persistent misinterpretation of the forces of nature, with its invariable accompaniment of a belief in the power of evil spirits in earth and air and sky; and the other the cleverness of unscrupulous men who, as priests or religious teachers, perpetuated among the people a blind fear, which by the adroit manipulation of charms and amulets, and, above all, by the mysterious influence of the taboo, they maintained and deepened. We are accustomed to associate that word "taboo" with the idea of prohibition; but, as a matter of fact, it stood for a whole code of religious rites, ceremonies, and privileges, as well as restrictions, which covered every man's life, reached out to and controlled the disposition of his goods, appropriated to so-called religious uses, if it saw fit, the products of his fields and fishing-grounds, and, in its extreme form, when it became a part of the worship of the people, sent the king for days and nights to the temple in a continuous act of worship, while the altars reared under the trees reeked with the blood of human sacrifices. It was characteristic of a note of singular brutality in the religion of these island peoples that, in a silence which, if it could, muzzled the mouth of every man, woman, and child, beast and fowl, the priest killed a hog, and

then put to death a man. The hog was then roasted and eaten, and the people returned thanks after the feast by putting to death another man!

Such conceptions and usages prepare one to find among a people whose they are a morality of the very lowest type; and of the unnamable vices of a race with singularly engaging traits of disposition I may not speak here. They are a tragic commentary upon the theory that heathen peoples, so far as their religion is concerned, may wisely be left to themselves, and that efforts to better them lead them only to exchange one set of vices for another; and are, incidentally, a no less interesting commentary upon the relative value of religious ceremonial, and of those great informing and inspiring principles which touch the springs of conduct rather than direct the rules and instruments of worship. A stranger who had landed in one of the Hawaiian Islands when they were as yet untrodden by the white man might easily have formed a conception of them as an extremely devout people. They never built a canoe or used a new fishing-rod without offering a prayer and making a sacrifice to their patron god. Much more, if a house were to be built or a boat to be launched, was the priest invoked and the sacrifice offered. But in pathetic contrast with such usages was the fact that those two most august facts of life, as we view it, marriage and death, were unattended with any religious ceremonial whatever. And in this striking departure from the custom of other pagan peoples we have a very impressive demonstration of the essential animalism of the people.

In the most picturesque of the many interesting collections assembled in the Bishop Museum at Honolulu are specimens of the superb plumed spears and robes worn by the chieftains and sovereigns of the Hawaiian tribes. One of them is a magnificent canary-colored vestment made of feathers of inimitable richness and delicacy, and behind these are seen the various insignia which denoted the rank and achievements of these hereditary chieftains, one of whom became in time their king. For here, as so often elsewhere, the political evolution seems to have been from an association of heads of tribes who became in time vassals to one who was stronger and cleverer than the rest. The Hawaiian chiefs found their master, after long periods of warfare with one another, in that powerful ruler of the island of Hawaii who, having first conquered the whole of his

own island, pushed his victories over the other islands, and demonstrated in many ways the qualities of a really great sovereign. His statue has wisely been placed in front of the Government Building in Honolulu, and no one who looks at it will refuse to own that its original was justly called "Kamehameha the Great." To this man, wise, strong, and courageous, his people owe a lasting debt; and under his hand there came to them, for the first time, the enjoyment of those individual rights which under a feudal government are unknown. How welcome they must have been, we can realize only when we contrast the original condition of such a primitive people with our own. The artist, the poet, the sentimental traveler, are fond of reminding us how much of the world's earlier beauty and simplicity civilization in its advance has spoiled. Yes, it may be so, from a superficial point of view; but how would our artistic or sentimental friends have enjoyed a condition of things in which, when their own feudal chief went abroad, they and their families were obliged to be prostrate on the ground face downward, and where it was death for a common man to remain standing at the mention of the king's name, or when his sovereign's old coat was carried by? Civilization, when it enables a man to call not only his soul, but, when the tax-gatherer is done with it, his property his own, has ill-educated us to appreciate the condition of a people among whom two thirds of all that they produced was the property of the chiefs, big and little, who ruled over them. We may be reverting to such a type as this in our great cities, with their greater imposts, but happily we have not gotten there yet.

This leads me naturally to the next and, to many minds, more interesting period in Hawaiian history when its peaceful seclusion was at length invaded by alien influences which, in a comparatively short time, have largely changed its aspect and prospects. The first intrusion, as we have seen, was Spanish, but it was speedily followed by the visit of Captain Cook in 1778, and later by that of Vancouver. Cook accounted himself the discoverer of the Hawaiian Islands, and as a compliment to an English peer who was at that time First Lord of the Admiralty, gave them the name by which school-boys have oftenest known them, the Sandwich Islands.

The sentimental moralist who has reached this point in the history of newly discovered territory has, as I have intimated, a tempting

opportunity for raising the question how far civilization has really elevated the character of the savage. In the case of the Hawaiian Islands there is a great deal that lends itself to such a discussion in the painful history of civilized commercial invasion, and the most repulsive features of this are to be found in connection with both the naval and commercial marine of the nations that, from their rediscovery by Cook, sought a foothold in these gems of the Pacific. I need not rehearse that history here. It has, alas! its familiar counterpart all around the world; but it has also this honorable sequence, that there was speedily awakened in many American hearts the purpose to give to the Hawaiian Islands that strong foundation of Christian morality which can alone make either a community or a nation enduringly great.

I may not trace here the history of Christian missions in the Sandwich Islands, but I may at least say, as one wholly outside of the communions by which originally they were initiated and conducted, that no one can visit these islands without recognizing the noble work which Christian missionaries have done there. By a curious confusion, a habit of jesting allusion to the "sons of missionaries" in the Hawaiian Islands has, in many minds, been associated with the missionaries themselves, and perhaps it may be worth while for an outsider to say how much in his judgment it amounts to. I suppose that in Honolulu, as elsewhere, the sons of missionaries have turned to secular callings, and I presume they have conducted themselves with shrewdness and success. It is difficult to see why they should not have done so; and if a missionary's residence in the Hawaiian Islands gave his son a business advantage there, it would seem natural enough that he should have embraced it. I have heard in other foreign fields bitter words about the missionaries, and in one instance took the trouble to follow these complaints and sneers to their source. It was said that missionaries took advantage of opportunities to push their way into business agencies, and so to crowd out men whose livelihood these agencies were. On inquiry I found that the whole basis for these wholesale charges was that one missionary in a foreign land who had lost his voice there had turned to a secular task which was offered to him, and which it was found that he could do better than the man who stood next to him in competition for it; and that was all there was to it. Under such circumstances, the whole super-

structure of misrepresentation crumbled to the ill-smelling fragments of business jealousy. In the same way I found, on inquiry in Honolulu, that a good deal of the bitterness against missionaries had to do with their courageous witness against the glaring immoralities of their own race. They have been contemptuously described as, there and elsewhere, living in luxury and indolence, and their homes as illustrating what, to the natives among whom they labored, was a prodigal expenditure. Well, yes, when one is living among a community whose wardrobe consists of a bit of cotton cloth, and their daily menu a bowl of rice or taro, a rocking-chair and a pair of cotton sheets may seem bloated self-indulgence; but the question whether a civilized human being is called, in order to do missionary work, to accept barbarian standards of decency or modest comfort would still remain to be answered.

A much more interesting and more important question, whether in the Hawaiian Islands or anywhere else, is the question, What was the influence of these Christian missionaries and those who came after them upon the manners, habits, beliefs, and ideals of the people to whom they came? At the base of the state, it forever needs to be remembered, there is the family; and the first thing that Christian households, largely drawn from New England ancestries, spoke to was, so far as it existed at all, the Hawaiian conception of the family. We were shown in the streets of Honolulu a wooden house which had been made in New England and shipped piecemeal to its destination. It was as delightful a bit of incongruity as could be imagined, with its two stories, white clapboards, green blinds, narrow windows, low ceilings, and the rest. One perspired at the thought of the sufferings of those who had summered in that hot second story, and wondered at the persistence of provincial type that could have done so stupid a thing. But also one could not but straightway remember how much else that was fine and high had persisted along with it, how much patient courage and steadfast self-sacrifice had gone to the acquirement of the heathen speech, had wrought with the pagan mothers and children, and day by day had held up before that wild and lawless savagery the pure and strenuous examples of gentleness and godliness and unswerving devotion to duty. That that large expenditure of labor and money has produced in the Hawaiian Islands enduring

results, no one who knows them will pretend to question.

But along with them there were coming to pass political changes of equal and lasting import. I have spoken of Kamehameha I, whose statue stands in front of the Government Building in Honolulu, and whose noble presence proclaims him every inch a king. It is not easy to imagine what would have been the fate of civilization in the Hawaiian Islands if this sovereign and his vassals had antagonized it. But the king, if not the feudal chiefs, had the rare discernment to see how much of order, security, and prosperity the white man could give to his people, and to welcome changes from an arbitrary paternalism, which ripened under his successors into something like a constitutional form of government with definite land tenures, the dethronement of the heathen priests, and, under Kamehameha III, in 1833, the proclamation of a bill of rights, and the creation, a few years later, of an executive ministry, a judiciary department, and the promulgation of a constitution. In other words, a race of savages gradually organized itself into a state; and, in the whole process of organization, it is but just to say that our own institutions and our own progress and development under them exercised a paramount influence.

But, alas! you cannot make a state by a constitution, and our own times have had no more dramatic illustration of this than the Hawaiian Islands. That able ruler, Kamehameha I, who had the wisdom to discern that the foreign peoples who had found their way to his shores were the product of institutions which he and his might wisely borrow, was followed by successors, male and female, who had neither his prudence, his principles, nor his genius for statesmanship. There were five Hawaiian rulers in the Kamehameha succession, but when, in 1874, Kamehameha V, the last of that dynasty, died, the situation became gravely complicated. There was, as I have indicated, a legislative body, and this, after much delay, proceeded to the election of David Kalakaua, who received the suffrages of a considerable number of his own countrymen, but especially of the American residents. Opposed to him, however, was Queen Emma, of late years so familiar a figure in Hawaiian history, the widow of Kamehameha IV. Queen Emma was the representative of the anti-American sentiment in the island, and besides the considerable British sympathy which ranged itself on her side, she had a

large following of various nationalities and of not very fragrant record. In a word, the lines were drawn and the battle set in array for that long struggle, the latest issue of which resulted so recently in the annexation to our own republic of what was not long before the kingdom of Hawaii.

I may not trace the history of that struggle here, but I may perhaps be permitted to state the conclusions which I think almost any dispassionate student of history must inevitably reach in regard to it.

In the first place, it is important that the materials out of which this new state had inevitably to be made must be clearly recognized. There were, to begin with, the native populations. Their characteristics have already been in some measure indicated, and these, it is to be remembered, have not at any time revealed any considerable substantive character. The native Hawaiian was kindly, but cruel; graceful, but essentially savage; and superstitious to an almost incredible degree. It has been charged that when the people received Christianity they gave a cordial welcome to both its teachers and its teachings; but I apprehend that there can be little doubt that both pagan beliefs and superstitious practices still survive in what are reckoned as Christian households. An intelligent observer to whom I am much indebted, Captain Lucien Young, U. S. N.¹, says: "The idols have been destroyed or hid away, but in secret haunts, concealed from the public gaze, the natives practise their incantations and believe in the mysteries of their time-honored religion." When it is remembered that many of these are most intimately associated with their usages as to alleviating pain or healing or warding off disease, it can readily be seen how difficult it has been to uproot them. The physician attached to a Christian mission or civilized community in those islands, when called to the bedside of a native patient, has had to battle not only with the disease, but with the persistent faith, if not of the patient, then of his whole household and all his neighbors, in a science of medicine which consisted in propitiating some offended deity by the sacrifice of a pig, and sometimes (as late as 1820) by the sacrifice of a child. Nor does this seem surprising when one comes to understand the characters of the gods, who, as conceived by their worshipers, were certainly embodiments of cruelty and bestiality. No description of the rites of worship which the first visitors to these islands found there

¹ See "The Real Hawaii," p. 73 *passim*.

could be admitted to the pages of a decent publication; yet long after the earlier rule of savage chieftains had been superseded by constitutional forms of government, some of these survived in the royal household; and a queen who professed to have unreservedly accepted the Christian religion kept about her the *kahunas*, or priests and heathen doctors, as her closest friends and advisers.

With this background of unredeemed heathenism to build upon, it was not more natural that it should reappear under new forms of civic order than that these, in turn, should be made the opportunity for every unscrupulous adventurer who had the audacity to ingratiate himself with this simple people or to lend his cleverness to the turbulent or revolutionary tendencies which from time to time appeared among them. The American residents and others who, in 1875, elected Kalakaua as king, chose, I suppose, the best available man; but he was not even a pure Hawaiian, being reputed to be the illegitimate son of a negro cobbler who came to the Sandwich Islands, no one seems to know on what errand, from our own Boston! This certainly was pretty poor stuff out of which to have made a king, and it throws an interesting light, incidentally, upon the sometime struggles of our Anglican brethren to maintain in the islands an "ancient dynasty"! But I refer to it now because it helps to explain what, in the subsequent history of the government, came to be such a curious and constantly recurring characteristic of the successive cabinets, administrations, and the like. Kalakaua's chief counselor and mentor was an ex-Mormon missionary of such unsavory character that his own community had expelled him—one who, after having swindled his Mormon associates and apostatized from them, fled to Honolulu and devoted himself to inflaming the natives against the whites. This man stands foremost in a long series of disreputable men, Americans, Englishmen, and of whatever other vagrant race that drifted into the islands, who in any political crisis came to the surface, always as fomenters of discord, friends of unbridled license, and leaders of every vicious element in the community. In reaching a conclusion as to what was our duty as a nation to these people, it is impossible to leave out of sight such obvious considerations as those facts which I have rehearsed suggest. I am not a disciple of a policy of imperialism, but I confess, in view of the situation as it existed in the Hawaiian Islands when they voted to seek an-

nexation to the United States, I am unable to see what else we could have done than to grant their request.

For their position in the Pacific indicated that if they are not strong enough to rule themselves, they belong rightfully under that protection which we, of all other peoples, can best give them. Whatever earlier civilization, Spanish, English, or French, found them, seized them, or sought to enrich itself from them, we alone earliest recognized a duty to them, and sought, by bringing to bear upon them the highest and most transforming influences, to discharge it. We alone strove to build up among them a civilization which had for its foundation some other motive than the passion of conquest or the love of gain. We alone gave them schools and teachers, and the good physician with the Christian home. We alone enriched them with those who, whatever may be said of their descendants, lived pure and noble lives, and did among them good and lasting work. After these, it is true, have come the trader, the land-speculator, the sugar-planter, and the rest; and possibly it may be as well that the authority of the United States should stay in the Hawaiian Islands to regulate them, as well as to protect its own international rights.

International rights, I say, for as to the growing importance of these there can be no smallest doubt. One need not be dazzled or blinded by the glamour of imperial expansion in order to recognize that no republic such as ours can draw a line round its domestic territory and ignore its duties and its opportunities with reference to the rest of the world. We must trade with other countries than our own; and if we have anything good that they have not, we must needs wish, and even though there should be pecuniary profit in it, may rightly wish, to impart it to them. But we cannot do this unless we can get at them, and we cannot get at them without the physical resources and conveniences which shall enable us to do so. Now, the Hawaiian Islands stand preëminently for one of these conveniences. No traffic with the great East can be maintained, except at almost ruinous cost, without some foothold between its coasts and ours for a Pacific coaling-station, and no greater opportunity for the enlargement of certain departments of agriculture and trade than the Hawaiian Islands afford could easily be discovered. If we do our duty toward them, we shall find our interest in doing it, and to that duty and to those toward whom we are to dis-

charge it there is no great world-power that is so near as we. Geographical, commercial, and moral considerations here seem all to point one way.

But, alas! it would seem as if the people toward whom we are to discharge such duty would soon cease to be. There is one mysterious effect of civilization upon weaker races concerning which the historian and the psychologist have yet to give us more light. The United States, since its people first went to the Sandwich Islands, has carried on no exterminating war. With shame and confusion it must be owned that it has taught them many vices, or rather perhaps it would be more true to say it has corrupted them with the taint of forms of those vices which were distinctly its own. But, on the other hand, it has given them the arts, and learning, and civic order, and the examples of industry and thrift. But it cannot be said that they have prized the learning highly or widely profited by it. For no reason which can be directly traceable to us, it must be owned that they are a decaying race, and their more recent statistics reveal this with dramatic significance. According to Captain Young,¹ whom I have already quoted, the eight islands composing the Hawaiian group have a total population of 107,000, of which, however, only 35,000 are Hawaiians. There are 10,000 people of mixed descent, in part Hawaiian; the rest are Chinese, Japanese, Portuguese, and other Europeans, of which last, with Americans, there are 14,000. In other words, nearly two thirds of the people of these islands are other than Hawaiian. That this proportion is likely to be increased along the same line seems probable, and the time seems likely to come when the native Hawaiian, like the native North American Indian, will have disappeared.

Who they are who will ultimately be dominant in his place it is not easy to forecast. At any moment the United States may close its Hawaiian doors to those races which, of the Eastern world, are nearest to the islands, and

¹ "The New Hawaii," p. 327.

which are now represented there by a large proportion of the population—some twenty-four thousand Japanese and fifteen thousand Chinese, who to-day, in fact, taken together, make an element larger than that represented by the Hawaiians themselves or any other peoples. Both these races have brought to the Hawaiian Islands forces and qualities which, originally, were foreign to the native people. As the eye ranges the distant hillsides which flank the rear of Honolulu, it is arrested by the shining patches of ordered verdure which, terrace upon terrace, climb up along their slopes; and the inquirer is told, in every instance, that these are the farms and market-gardens of the Japanese, who have in so many like places taught the soil to yield its increase where it never did before. Such qualities, in any people, are sources of power and wealth; and when it is remembered that behind the Japanese have come the Chinese, whose thrift in the Eastern world is a proverb like that of the French or Germans in the Western, it is plain that their influence upon the future of the Hawaiian Islands must be deep and lasting. Already, in the case of the Chinese, has their capacity for agricultural work revealed itself in the vast sugar-plantations which American and other capital has acquired and is administering with characteristic skill and profit; and already there are tokens of the wealth which, aided by this foreign labor, these can extract from a rich soil and from singularly favorable climatic conditions.

So the problem is set: the mixture of races, energies, industries, and of the higher moral qualities which these various strains, ancestries, and activities stand for. There are other theaters in which the same drama is being played out under much broader and, it may be, more complex conditions, but not in which a more interesting or indeed dramatic experiment is being made. It will be for the government and the people of the American republic to demonstrate that they are equal to a task in itself so delicate, and in its consequences so grave and important.



TRENT'S TRUST.

A NOVELETTE.

BY BRET HARTE,

Author of "The Luck of Roaring Camp," etc., etc.

I.



ANDOLPH TRENT stepped from the Stockton boat on the San Francisco wharf, penniless, friendless, and unknown. Hunger might have added to his trials, for, having paid his last coin in passage-money, he had been a day and a half without food. Yet he knew it only by an occasional lapse into weakness as much mental as physical. Nevertheless, he was first on the gangplank to land, and hurried feverishly ashore, in that vague desire for action and change of scene common to such irritation; yet, after mixing for a few moments with the departing passengers, each selfishly hurrying to some rendezvous of rest or business, he insensibly drew apart from them, with the instinct of a vagabond and outcast. Although he was conscious that he was neither, but merely an unsuccessful miner suddenly reduced to the point of soliciting work or alms of any kind, he took advantage of the first crossing to plunge into a side street, with a vague sense of hiding his shame.

A rising wind, which had rocked the boat for the last few hours, had now developed into a strong sou'wester, with torrents of rain which swept the roadway. His well-worn working-clothes, fitted to the warmer Southern mines, gave him more concern from their visible, absurd contrast to the climate than from any actual sense of discomfort, and his feverishness defied the chill of his soaking garments, as he hurriedly faced the blast through the dimly lighted street. At the next corner he paused; he had reached another, and, from its dilapidated appearance, apparently an older, wharf than that where he had landed, but, like the first, it was still a straggling avenue leading toward the higher and more animated part of the city. He again, mechanically,—for a part of his trouble was a vague, undefined purpose,—turned toward it.

In his feverish exaltation his powers of

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perception seemed to be quickened: he was vividly alive to the incongruous, half-marine, half—"backwood" character of the warehouses and commercial buildings; to the hull of a stranded ship already built into a block of rude tenements; to the dark stockaded wall of a house framed of corrugated iron, and its weird contiguity to a Swiss chalet, whose galleries were used only to bear the signs of the shops, and whose frame had been carried across seas in sections to be set up at random here.

Moving past these, as in a nightmare dream, of which even the turbulency of the weather seemed to be a part, he stumbled, blinded, panting, and unexpectedly, with no consciousness of his rapid pace beyond his breathlessness, upon the dazzling main thoroughfare of the city. In spite of the weather, the slippery pavements were thronged by hurrying crowds of well-dressed people, again all intent on their own purposes—purposes that seemed so trifling and unimportant beside his own. The shops were brilliantly lighted, exposing their brightest wares through plate-glass windows: a jeweler's glittered with precious stones; a fashionable apothecary's next to it almost out-rivaled it with its gorgeous globes, the gold-and-green precision of its shelves, and the marble and silver soda-fountain like a shrine before it. All this specious show of opulence came upon him with the shock of contrast, and with it a bitter revulsion of feeling more hopeless than his feverish anxiety—the bitterness of disappointment.

For during his journey he had been buoyed up with the prospect of finding work and sympathy in this youthful city—a prospect founded solely on his inexperienced hopes. For this he had exchanged the poverty of the mining district—a poverty that had nothing ignoble about it, that was a part of the economy of nature, and shared with his fellow-men and the birds and beasts in their rude encampments. He had given up the brotherhood of the miner, and that practical help and sympathy which brought no deg-

radation with it, for this rude shock of self-interested, self-satisfied civilization. He, who would not have shrunk from asking rest, food, or a night's lodging at the cabin of a brother miner or woodsman, now recoiled suddenly from these well-dressed citizens. What madness had sent him here, an intruder, or, even, as it seemed to him in his dripping clothes, an impostor? And yet these were the people to whom he had confidently expected to tell his story, and who would cheerfully assist him with work! He could almost anticipate the hard laugh or brutal hurried negative in their faces. In his foolish heart he thanked God he had not tried it. Then the apathetic recoil which is apt to follow any keen emotion overtook him. He was dazedly conscious of being rudely shoved once or twice, and even heard the epithet "drunken lout" from one who had run against him.

He found himself presently staring vacantly in the apothecary's window. How long he stood there he could not tell, for he was aroused only by the door opening in front of him, and a young girl emerging with some purchase in her hand. He could see that she was handsomely dressed and quite pretty, and as she passed out she lifted to his withdrawing figure a pair of calm, inquiring eyes, which, however, changed to a look of half-wondering, half-amused pity as she gazed. Yet that look of pity stung his pride more deeply than all. With a deliberate effort he recovered his energy. No, he would not beg; he would not ask assistance from these people; he would go back—anywhere! To the steamboat first; they might let him sleep there, give him a meal, and allow him to work his passage back to Stockton. He might be refused. Well, what then? Well, beyond, there was the bay! He laughed bitterly,—his mind was sane enough for that,—but he kept on repeating it vaguely to himself, as he crossed the street again, and once more made his way to the wharf.

The wind and rain had increased, but he no longer heeded them in his feverish haste and his consciousness that motion could alone keep away that dreadful apathy which threatened to overcloud his judgment. And he wished while he was able to reason logically to make up his mind to end this unsupportable situation that night. He was scarcely twenty, yet it seemed to him that it had already been demonstrated that his life was a failure; he was an orphan, and when he left college to seek his own fortune

in California, he believed he had staked his all upon that venture—and lost.

That bitterness which is the sudden recoil of boyish enthusiasm and is none the less terrible for being without experience to justify it—that melancholy we are too apt to look back upon with cynical jeers and laughter in middle age—is more potent than we dare to think, and it was in no mere pose of youthful pessimism that Randolph Trent now contemplated suicide. Such scraps of philosophy as his education had given him pointed to that one conclusion. And it was the only refuge that pride—real or false—offered him from the one supreme terror of youth—shame.

The street was deserted, and the few lights he had previously noted in warehouses and shops were extinguished. It had grown darker with the storm; the incongruous buildings on either side had become misshapen shadows; the long perspective of the wharf was a strange gloom from which the spars of a ship stood out like the cross he remembered as a boy to have once seen in a picture of the tempest-smitten Calvary. It was his only fancy connected with the future—it might have been his last, for suddenly one of the planks of the rotten wharf gave way beneath his feet, and he felt himself violently precipitated toward the gurgling and oozing tide below. He threw out his arms desperately, caught at a strong girder, drew himself up with the energy of desperation, and staggered to his feet again, safe—and sane. For with this terrible automatic struggle to avoid that death he was courting came a flash of reason. If he had resolutely thrown himself from the pier-head as he intended, would he have undergone a hopeless revulsion like this? Was he sure that this might not be, after all, the terrible penalty of self-destruction—this inevitable fierce protest of mind and body when *too late*? He was momentarily touched with a sense of gratitude at his escape, but his reason told him it was not from his *accident*, but from his intention.

He was trying to carefully retrace his steps, but as he did so he saw the figure of a man dimly lurching toward him out of the darkness of the wharf and the crossed yards of the ship. A gleam of hope came over him, for the emotion of the last few minutes had rudely displaced his pride and self-love. He would appeal to this stranger, whoever he was; there was more chance that in this rude locality he would be a belated sailor or some humbler wayfarer, and the darkness and

solitude made him feel less ashamed. By the last flickering street lamp he could see that he was a man about his own size, with something of the rolling gait of a sailor, which was increased by the weight of a traveling-portmanteau he was swinging in his hand. As he approached he evidently detected Randolph's waiting figure, slackened his speed slightly, and changed his portmanteau from his right hand to his left as a precaution for defense.

Randolph felt the blood flush his cheek at this significant proof of his disreputable appearance, but determined to accost him. He scarcely recognized the sound of his own voice now first breaking the silence for hours, but he made his appeal. The man listened, made a slight gesture forward with his disengaged hand, and impelled Randolph slowly up to the street lamp until it shone on both their faces. Randolph saw a man a few years his senior, with a slightly trimmed beard on his dark, weather-beaten cheeks, well-cut features, a quick, observant eye, and a sailor's upward glance and bearing. The stranger saw a thin, youthful, anxious, yet refined and handsome face beneath straggling damp curls, and dark eyes preternaturally bright with suffering. Perhaps his experienced ear, too, detected some harmony with all this in Randolph's voice.

"And you want something to eat, a night's lodging, and a chance of work afterward," the stranger repeated with good-humored deliberation.

"Yes," said Randolph.

"You look it."

Randolph colored faintly.

"Do you ever drink?"

"Yes," said Randolph, wonderingly.

"I thought I'd ask," said the stranger, "as it might play hell with you just now if you were not accustomed to it. Take that. Just a swallow, you know—that's as good as a jugful."

He handed him a heavy flask. Randolph felt the burning liquor scald his throat and fire his empty stomach. The stranger turned and looked down the vacant wharf to the darkness from which he came. Then he turned to Randolph again and said abruptly :

"Strong enough to carry this bag?"

"Yes," said Randolph. The whisky—possibly the relief—had given him new strength. Besides, he might earn his alms.

"Take it up to Room 74, Niantic Hotel,—top of next street to this, one block that way,—and wait till I come."

"What name shall I say?" asked Randolph.

"Need n't say any. I ordered the room a week ago. Stop; there's the key. Go in; change your togs; you'll find something in that bag that'll fit you. Wait for me. Stop—no; you'd better get some grub there first." He fumbled in his pockets, but fruitlessly. "No matter. You'll find a buckskin purse, with some scads in it, in the bag. So long." And before Randolph could thank him, he lurched away again into the semi-darkness of the wharf.

Overflowing with gratitude at a hospitality so like that of his reckless brethren of the mines, Randolph picked up the portmanteau and started for the hotel. He walked warily now, with a new interest in life, and then, suddenly thinking of his own miraculous escape, he paused, wondering if he ought not to warn his benefactor of the perils of the rotten wharf; but he had already disappeared. The bag was not heavy, but he found that in his exhausted state this new exertion was telling, and he was glad when he reached the hotel. Equally glad was he in his dripping clothes to slip by the porter, and with the key in his pocket ascend unnoticed to 74.

Yet had his experience been larger he might have spared himself that sensitiveness. For the hotel was one of those great caravansaries popular with the returning miner. It received him and his gold-dust in his worn-out and bedraggled working-clothes, and returned him the next day as a well-dressed citizen on Montgomery street. It was hard indeed to recognize the unshaven, unwashed, and unkempt "arrival" one met on the principal staircase at night in the scrupulously neat stranger one sat opposite to at breakfast the next morning. In this daily whirl of mutation all identity was swamped, as Randolph learned to know hereafter.

At present, finding himself in a comfortable bedroom, his first act was to change his wet clothes, which in the warmer temperature and the decline of his feverishness now began to chill him. He opened the portmanteau and found a complete suit of clothing, evidently a foreign make, well preserved, as if for "shore-going." His pride would have preferred a humbler suit as lessening his obligation, but there was no other. He discovered the purse, a chamois leather bag such as miners and travelers carried, which contained a dozen gold pieces and some paper notes. Taking from it a

single coin to defray the expenses of a meal, he restrapped the bag, and leaving the key in the door lock for the benefit of his returning host, made his way to the dining-room.

For a moment he was embarrassed when the waiter approached him inquisitively, but it was only to learn the number of his room to "charge" the meal. He ate it quickly, but not voraciously, for his appetite had not yet returned, and he was eager to get back to the room and see the stranger again and return to him the coin which was no longer necessary.

But the stranger had not yet arrived when he reached the room. Over an hour had elapsed since their strange meeting. A new fear came upon him: was it possible he had mistaken the hotel, and his benefactor was awaiting him elsewhere, perhaps even beginning to suspect not only his gratitude, but his honesty! The thought made him hot again, but he was helpless. Not knowing the stranger's name, he could not inquire without exposing his situation to the landlord. But again, there was the key, and it was scarcely possible that it fitted another 74 in another hotel. He did not dare to leave the room, but sat by the window, peering through the streaming panes into the storm-swept street below. Gradually the fatigue his excitement had hitherto kept away began to overcome him; his eyes once or twice closed during his vigil, his head nodded against the pane. He rose and walked up and down the room to shake off his drowsiness. Another hour passed—nine o'clock, blown in fitful, far-off strokes from some wind-rocked steeple. Still no stranger. How inviting the bed looked to his weary eyes! The man had told him he wanted rest; he could lie down on the bed in his clothes until he came. He would waken quickly and be ready for his benefactor's directions. It was a great temptation. He yielded to it. His head had scarcely sunk upon the pillow before he slipped into a profound and dreamless sleep.

He awoke with a start, and for a few moments lay vaguely staring at the sunbeams that stretched across his bed before he could recall himself. The room was exactly as before, the portmanteau strapped and pushed under the table as he had left it. There came a tap at the door—the chambermaid to do up the room. She had been there once already, but seeing him asleep, she had forbore to wake him. Apparently the spectacle of a gentleman lying on the bed fully dressed, even to his boots, was not an

unusual one at that hotel, for she made no comment. It was twelve o'clock, but she would come again later.

He was bewildered. He had slept the round of the clock,—that was natural after his fatigue,—but where was his benefactor? The lateness of the time forbade the conclusion that he had merely slept elsewhere; he would assuredly have returned by this time to claim his portmanteau. The portmanteau! He unstrapped it and examined the contents again. They were undisturbed as he had left them the night before. There was a further change of linen, the buckskin bag, which he could see now contained a couple of Bank of England notes, with some foreign gold mixed with American half-eagles, and a cheap, rough memorandum-book clasped with elastic, containing a letter in a boyish hand addressed "Dear Daddy" and signed "Bobby," and a photograph of a boy taken by a foreign photographer at Callao, as the printed back denoted, but nothing giving any clue whatever to the name of the owner.

A strange idea seized him: did the portmanteau really belong to the man who had given it to him? Had he been the innocent receiver of stolen goods from some one who wished to escape detection? He recalled now that he had heard stories of robbery of luggage by thieves—"Sydney ducks"—on the deserted wharves, and remembered, too, —he could not tell why the thought had escaped him before,—that the man had spoken with an English accent. But the next moment he recalled his frank and open manner, and his mind cleared of all unworthy suspicion. It was more than likely that his benefactor had taken this delicate way of making a free permanent gift for that temporary service. Yet he smiled faintly at the return of that youthful optimism which had caused him so much suffering.

Nevertheless, something must be done: he must try to find the man; still more important, he must seek work before this dubious loan was further encroached upon. He strapped the portmanteau and replaced it under the table, locked the door, gave the key to the office clerk, saying that any one who called upon him was to await his return, and sallied forth. A fresh wind and a blue sky of scudding clouds were all that remained of last night's storm. As he made his way to the fateful wharf, still deserted except by an occasional "wharf-rat,"—as the longshore vagrant or petty thief was called,—he wondered at his own temerity of

last night, and the trustfulness of his friend in yielding up his portmanteau to a stranger in such a place. A low drinking-saloon, feebly disguised as a junk-shop, stood at the corner, with slimy green steps leading to the water.

The wharf was slowly decaying, and here and there were occasional gaps in the planking, as dangerous as the one from which he had escaped the night before. He thought again of the warning he might have given to the stranger; but he reflected that as a seafaring man he must have been familiar with the locality where he had landed. But had he landed there? To Randolph's astonishment, there was no sign nor trace of any late occupation of the wharf, and the ship whose cross-yards he had seen dimly through the darkness the night before was no longer there. She might have "warped out" in the early morning, but there was no trace of her in the stream or offing beyond. A bark and brig quite dismantled at an adjacent wharf seemed to accent the loneliness. Beyond, the open channel between him and Verba Buena Island was racing with white-maned seas and sparkling in the shifting sunbeams. The scudding clouds above him drove down the steel-blue sky. The lateen sails of the Italian fishing-boats were like shreds of cloud, too, blown over the blue and distant bay. His ears sang, his eyes blinked, his pulses throbbed, with the untiring, fierce activity of a San Francisco day.

With something of its restlessness he hurried back to the hotel. Still, the stranger was not there, and no one had called for him. The room had been put in order; the portmanteau, that sole connecting-link with his last night's experience, was under the table. He drew it out again, and again subjected it to a minute examination. A few toilet articles not of the best quality, which he had overlooked at first, the linen, the buckskin purse, the memorandum-book, and the suit of clothes he stood in, still comprised all he knew of his benefactor. He counted the money in the purse; it amounted, with the Bank of England notes, to about seventy dollars, as he could roughly guess. There was a scrap of paper, the torn-off margin of a newspaper, lying in the purse, with an address hastily scribbled in pencil. It gave, however, no name, only a number: "85 California street." It might be a clue. He put it, with the purse, carefully in his pocket, and after hurriedly partaking of his forgotten breakfast, again started out.

He presently found himself in the main

thoroughfare of last night, which he now knew to be Montgomery street. It was more thronged than then, but he failed to be impressed, as then, with the selfish activity of the crowd. Yet he was half conscious that his own brighter fortune, more decent attire, and satisfied hunger had something to do with this change, and he glanced hurriedly at the druggist's broad plate-glass windows, with a faint hope that the young girl whose amused pity he had awakened might be there again. He found California street quickly, and in a few moments he stood before No. 85. He was a little disturbed to find it a rather large building, and that it bore the inscription "Bank." Then came the usual shock to his mercurial temperament, and for the first time he began to consider the absurd hopelessness of his clue.

He, however, entered desperately, and approaching the window of the receiving teller, put the question he had formulated in his mind: Could they give him any information concerning a customer or correspondent who had just arrived in San Francisco and was putting up at the Niantic Hotel, Room 74? He felt his face flushing, but, to his astonishment, the clerk manifested no surprise. "And you don't know his name?" said the clerk, quietly. "Wait a moment." He moved away, and Randolph saw him speaking to one of the other clerks, who consulted a large register. In a few minutes he returned. "We don't have many customers," he began politely, "who leave only their hotel-room addresses," when he was interrupted by a mumbling protest from one of the other clerks. "That's very different," he replied to his fellow-clerk, and then turned to Randolph. "I'm afraid we cannot help you; but I'll make other inquiries if you'll come back in ten minutes." Satisfied to be relieved from the present perils of his questioning, and doubtful of returning, Randolph turned away. But as he left the building, he saw a written notice on the swinging door, "Wanted: a Night Porter," and this one chance of employment determined his return.

When he again presented himself at the window the clerk motioned him to step inside through a lifted rail. Here he found himself confronted by the clerk and another man, distinguished by a certain air of authority, a keen gray eye, and singularly compressed lips set in a closely clipped beard. The clerk indicated him deferentially but briefly—everybody was astonishingly brief and businesslike there—as the president. The presi-

dent absorbed and possessed Randolph with eyes that never seemed to leave him. Then leaning back against the counter, which he lightly grasped with both hands, he said: "We've sent to the Niantic Hotel to inquire about your man. He ordered his room by letter, giving no name. He arrived there on time last night, slept there, and has occupied the room No. 74 ever since. We don't know him from Adam, but,"—his eyes never left Randolph's,—"from the description the landlord gave our clerk, you're the man himself."

For an instant Randolph flushed crimson. The natural mistake of the landlord flashed upon him, his own stupidity in seeking this information, the suspicious predicament in which he was now placed, and the necessity of telling the whole truth. But the president's eye was at once a threat and an invitation. He felt himself becoming suddenly cool, and, with a business brevity equal to their own, said:

"I was looking for work last night on the wharf. He employed me to carry his bag to the hotel, saying I was to wait for him. I have waited since nine o'clock last night in his room, and he has not come."

"What are you in such a d—d hurry for? He's trusted you; can't you trust him? You've got his bag?" returned the president.

Randolph was silent for a moment. "I want to know what to do with it," he said.

"Hang on to it. What's in it?"

"Some clothes and a purse containing about seventy dollars."

"That ought to pay you for carrying it and storage afterward," said the president, decisively. "What made you come here?"

"I found this address in the purse," said Randolph, producing it.

"Is that all?"

"Yes."

"And that's the only reason you came here, to find an owner for that bag?"

"Yes."

The president disengaged himself from the counter.

"I'm sorry to have given you so much trouble," said Randolph, concludingly. "Thank you and good morning."

"Good morning."

As Randolph turned away he remembered the advertisement for the night watchman. He hesitated and turned back. He was a little surprised to find that the president had not gone away, but was looking after him.

"I beg your pardon, but I see you want a night watchman. Could I do?" said Randolph, resolutely.

"No. You're a stranger here, and we want some one who knows the city. Dews-lake," he returned to the receiving teller, "who's taken Larkin's place?"

"No one yet," returned the teller, "but," he added parenthetically, "Judge Boom-pointer, you know, was speaking to you about his son."

"Yes, I know that." To Randolph: "Go round to my private room and wait for me. I won't be as long as your friend last night." Then he added to a negro porter, "Show him round there."

He moved away, stopping at one or two desks to give an order to the clerks, and once before the railing to speak to a depositor. Randolph followed the negro into the hall, through a "board room," and into a handsomely furnished office. He had not to wait long. In a few moments the president appeared with an older man whose gray side-whiskers, cut with a certain precision, and whose black-and-white-checked neckerchief, tied in a formal bow, proclaimed the English respectability of the period. At the president's dictation he took down Randolph's name, nativity, length of residence, and occupation in California. This concluded, the president, glancing at his companion, said briefly:

"Well?"

"He had better come to-morrow morning at nine," was the answer.

"And ask for Mr. Dingwall, the deputy manager," added the president, with a gesture that was at once an introduction and a dismissal to both.

Randolph had heard before of this startling brevity of San Francisco business detail, yet he lingered until the door closed on Mr. Dingwall. His heart was honestly full.

"You have been very kind, sir," he stammered.

"I have n't run half the risks of that chap last night," said the president, grimly, the least tremor of a smile on his set mouth.

"If you would only let me know what I can do to thank you," persisted Randolph.

"Trust the man that trusts you, and hang on to your trust," returned the president, curtly, with a parting nod.

Elated and filled with high hopes as Randolph was, he felt some trepidation in returning to his hotel. He had to face his landlord with some explanation of the bank's inquiry. He might consider him an impostor, and request him to leave, or, more dreadful still, insist upon keeping the bag. He thought of the parting words of the

president, and resolved upon "hanging on to his trust," whatever happened. But he was agreeably surprised to find that he was received at the office with a certain respect not usually shown to the casual visitor. "Your caller turned up to-day"—Randolph started—"from the Eureka Bank," continued the clerk. "Sorry we could not give your name, but you know you only left a deposit in your letter and sent a messenger for your key yesterday afternoon. When you came you went straight to your room. Perhaps you would like to register now." Randolph no longer hesitated, reflecting that he could explain it all later to his unknown benefactor, and wrote his name boldly. But he was still more astonished when the clerk continued: "I reckon it was a case of identifying you for a draft,—it often happens here,—and we'd have been glad to do it for you. But the bank clerk seemed satisfied with our description of you,—you're easily described, you know" (this in a parenthesis, complimentarily intended),—"so it's all right. We can give you a better room lower down, if you're going to stay longer." Not knowing whether to laugh or to be embarrassed at this extraordinary conclusion of the blunder, Randolph answered that he had just come from the bank, adding, with a pardonable touch of youthful pride, that he was entering the bank's employment the next day.

Another equally agreeable surprise met him on his arrival there the next morning. Without any previous examination or trial he was installed at once as a corresponding clerk in the place of one just promoted to a subagency in the interior. His handwriting, his facility of composition, had all been taken for granted, or perhaps predicated upon something the president had discerned in that one quick, absorbing glance. He ventured to express the thought to his neighbor.

"The boss," said that gentleman, "can size a man in and out, and all through, in about the time it would take you and me to tell the color of his hair. He don't make mistakes, you bet; but old Dingy—the dep—you settled with your clothes."

"My clothes!" echoed Randolph, with a faint flush.

"Yes, English cut—that fetched him."

And so his work began. His liberal salary, which seemed to him munificent in comparison with his previous earnings in the mines, enabled him to keep the contents of the buckskin purse intact, and presently to return the borrowed suit of clothes to the

portmanteau. The mysterious owner should find everything as when he first placed it in his hands. With the quick mobility of youth and his own rather mercurial nature, he had begun to forget, or perhaps to be a little ashamed of, his keen emotions and sufferings the night of his arrival, until that night was recalled to him in a singular way.

One Sunday a vague sense of duty to his still missing benefactor impelled him to spend part of his holiday upon the wharves. He had rambled away among the shipping at the newer pier-slips, and had gazed curiously upon decks where a few seamen or officers in their Sunday apparel smoked, paced, or idled, trying vainly to recognize the face and figure which had once briefly flashed out under the flickering wharf lamp. Was the stranger a shipmaster who had suddenly transferred himself to another vessel on another voyage? A crowd which had gathered around some landing-steps nearer shore presently attracted his attention. He lounged toward it and looked over the shoulders of the bystanders down upon the steps. A boat was lying there, which had just towed in the body of a man found floating on the water. Its features were already swollen and defaced like a hideous mask; its body distended beyond all proportion, even to the bursting of its sodden clothing. A tremulous fascination came over Randolph as he gazed. The bystanders made their brief comments, a few authoritatively and with the air of nautical experts.

"Been in the water about a week, I reckon."

"Bout that time; just rucked up and floated with the tide."

"Not much chance o' spottin' him by his looks, eh?"

"Nor anything else, you bet. Reg'lärly cleaned out. Look at his pockets."

"Wharf-rats or shanghai men?"

"Betwixt and between, I reckon. Man who found him says he's got an ugly cut just back of his head. Ye can't see it for his floating hair."

"Wonder if he got it before or after he got in the water."

"That's for the coroner to say."

"Much he knows or cares," said another, cynically. "It'll just be a case of 'Found drowned' and the regular twenty-five dollars to him, and five to the man who found the body. That's enough for him to know."

Thrilled with a vague anxiety, Randolph edged forward for a nearer view of the wretched derelict still gently undulating on

the tow-line. The closer he looked the more he was impressed by the idea of some frightful mask that hid a face that refused to be recognized. But his attention became fixed on a man who was giving some advice or orders and examining the body scrutinizingly. Without knowing why, Randolph felt a sudden aversion to him, which was deepened when the man, lifting his head, met Randolph's eyes with a pair of shifting yet aggressive ones. He bore, nevertheless, an odd, weird likeness to the missing man Randolph was seeking, which strangely troubled him. As the stranger's eyes followed him and lingered with a singular curiosity on Randolph's dress, he remembered with a sudden alarm that he was wearing the suit of the missing man. A quick impulse to conceal himself came upon him, but he as quickly conquered it, and returned the man's cold stare with an anger he could not account for, but which made the stranger avert his eyes. Then the man got into the boat beside the boatman, and the two again towed away the corpse. The head rose and fell with a swell, as if nodding a farewell. But it was still defiant, under its shapeless mask, that even wore a smile, as if triumphant in its hideous secret.

II.

THE opinion of the cynical bystander on the wharf proved to be a correct one. The coroner's jury brought in the usual verdict of "Found drowned," which was followed by the usual newspaper comment upon the insecurity of the wharves and the inadequate protection of the police.

Randolph Trent read it with conflicting emotions. The possibility he had conceived of the corpse being that of his benefactor was dismissed when he had seen its face, although he was sometimes tortured with doubt, and a wonder if he might not have learned more by attending the inquest. And there was still the suggestion that the mysterious disappearance might have been accomplished by violence like this. He was satisfied that if he had attempted publicly to identify the corpse as his missing friend he would have laid himself open to suspicion with a story he could hardly corroborate.

He had once thought of confiding his doubts to Mr. Revelstoke, the bank president, but he had a dread of that gentleman's curt conclusions and remembered his injunction to "hang on to his trust." Since his installation, Mr. Revelstoke had merely ac-

knowledged his presence by a good-humored nod now and then, although Randolph had an instinctive feeling that he was perfectly informed as to his progress. It was wiser for Randolph to confine himself strictly to his duty and keep his own counsel.

Yet he was young, and it was not strange that, in his idle moments, his thoughts sometimes reverted to the pretty girl he had seen on the night of his arrival, nor that he should wish to parade his better fortune before her curious eyes. Neither was it also strange that in this city, whose day-long sunshine brought every one into the public streets, he should presently have that opportunity. It chanced that one afternoon, being in the residential quarter, he noticed a well-dressed young girl walking before him in company with a delicate-looking boy of seven or eight years. Something in the carriage of her graceful figure, something in a certain consciousness and ostentation of coquetry toward her youthful escort, attracted his attention. Yet it struck him that she was neither related to the child nor accustomed to children's ways, and that she somewhat unduly emphasized this to the passers-by, particularly those of his own sex, who seemed to be greatly attracted by her evident beauty. Presently she ascended the steps of a handsome dwelling, evidently their home, and as she turned he saw her face. It was the girl he remembered. As her eye caught his, he blushed with the consciousness of their former meeting; yet, in the very embarrassment of the moment, he lifted his hat in recognition. But the salutation was met only by a cold, critical stare. Randolph bit his lip and passed on. His reason told him she was right, his instinct told him she was unfair; the contradiction fascinated him.

Yet he was destined to see her again. A month later, while seated at his desk, which overlooked the teller's counter, he was startled to see her enter the bank and approach the counter. She was already withdrawing a glove from her little hand, ready to affix her signature to the receipted form to be proffered by the teller. As she received the gold in exchange, he could see, by the increased politeness of that official, his evident desire to prolong the transaction, and the sidelong glances of his fellow-clerks, that she was apparently no stranger, but a recognized object of admiration. Although her face was slightly flushed at the moment, Randolph observed that she wore a certain proud reserve, which he half hoped was in-

tended as a check to these attentions. Her eyes were fixed upon the counter, and this gave him a brief opportunity to study her delicate beauty. For in a few moments she was gone; whether she had in her turn observed him he could not say. Presently he rose and sauntered, with what he believed was a careless air, toward the paying teller's counter and the receipt, which, being the last, was plainly exposed on the file of that day's "taking." He was startled by a titter of laughter from the clerks and by the teller ironically lifting the file and placing it before him.

"That's her name, sonny, but I did n't think that you'd tumble to it quite as quick as the others. Every new man manages to saunter round here to get a sight of that receipt, and I've seen hoary old depositors outside edge around inside, pretendin' they wanted to see the dep, jest to feast their eyes on that girl's name. Take a good look at it and paste a copy in your hat, for that's all you'll know of her, you bet. Perhaps you think she's put her address and her 'at home' days on the receipt. Look hard and maybe you'll see them."

The instinct of youthful retaliation to say he knew her address already stirred Randolph, but he shut his lips in time, and moved away. His desk-neighbor informed him that the young lady came there once a month and drew a hundred dollars from some deposit to her credit, but that was all they knew. Her name was Caroline Avondale, yet there was no one of that name in the San Francisco directory.

But Randolph's romantic curiosity would not allow the incident to rest there. A favorable impression he had produced on Mr. Dingwall enabled him to learn more, and precipitated what seemed to him a singular discovery. "You will find," said the deputy manager, "the statement of the first deposit to Miss Avondale's credit in letters in your own department. The account was opened two years ago through a South American banker. But I am afraid it will not satisfy your curiosity." Nevertheless, Randolph remained after office hours and spent some time in examining the correspondence of two years ago. He was rewarded at last by a banker's letter from Callao advising the remittance of one thousand dollars to the credit of Miss Avondale of San Francisco. The letter was written in Spanish, of which Randolph had a fair knowledge, but it was made plainer by a space having been left in the formal letter for the English name, which was

written in another hand, together with a copy of Miss Avondale's signature for identification—the usual proceeding in those early days, when personal identification was difficult to travelers, emigrants, and visitors in a land of strangers.

But here he was struck by a singular resemblance which he, at first, put down to mere coincidence of names. The child's photograph which he had found in the portmanteau was taken at Callao. That was a mere coincidence, but it suggested to his mind a more singular one—that the handwriting of the address was, in some odd fashion, familiar to him. That night when he went home he opened the portmanteau and took from the purse the scrap of paper with the written address of the bank, and on comparing it with the banker's letter the next day he was startled to find that the handwriting of the bank's address and that in which the girl's name was introduced in the banker's letter were apparently the same. The letters in the words "Caroline" and "California" appeared as if formed by the same hand. How this might have struck a chirographical expert he did not know. He could not consult the paying teller, who was supposed to be familiar with signatures, without exposing his secret and himself to ridicule. And, after all, what did it prove? Nothing. Even if this girl were cognizant of the man who supplied her address to the Callao banker two years ago, and he was really the missing owner of the portmanteau, would she know where he was now? It might make an opening for conversation if he ever met her familiarly, but nothing more. Yet I am afraid another idea occasionally took possession of Randolph's romantic fancy. It was pleasant to think that the patron of his own fortunes might be in some mysterious way the custodian of hers. The money was placed to her credit—a liberal sum for a girl so young. The large house in which she lived was sufficient to prove to the optimistic Randolph that this income was something personal and distinct from her family. That his unknown benefactor was in the habit of mysteriously rewarding deserving merit after the fashion of a marine fairy godmother, I fear did not strike him as being ridiculous.

But an unfortunate query in that direction, addressed to a cynical fellow-clerk, who had the exhaustive experience with the immature mustaches of twenty-three, elicited a reply which shocked him. To his indignant protest the young man continued:

"Look here; a girl like that who draws money regularly from some man who does n't show up by name, who comes for it herself, and has n't any address, and calls herself 'Avondale'—only an innocent from Dutch Flat, like you, would swallow."

"Impossible," said Randolph, indignantly. "Anybody could see she's a lady by her dress and bearing."

"Dress and bearing!" echoed the clerk, with the derision of blasé youth. "If that's your test you ought to see Florry—"

But here one may safely leave the young gentleman as abruptly as Randolph did. Yet a drop of this corrosive criticism irritated his sensitiveness, and it was not until he recalled his last meeting with her and her innocent escort that he was himself again. Fortunately, he did not relate it to the critic, who would in all probability have adduced a precocious motherhood to the young lady's possible qualities.

He could now only look forward to her reappearance at the bank, and here he was destined to a more serious disappointment. For when she made her customary appearance at the counter, he noticed a certain businesslike gravity in the paying teller's reception of her, and that he was consulting a small register before him instead of handing her the usual receipt form. "Perhaps you are unaware, Miss Avondale, that your account is overdrawn," Randolph distinctly heard him say, although in a politely lowered voice.

The young girl stopped in taking off her glove; her delicate face expressed her wonder and paled slightly; she cast a quick and apparently involuntary glance in the direction of Randolph, but said quietly:

"I don't think I understand."

"I thought you did not—ladies so seldom do," continued the paying teller, suavely. "But there are no funds to your credit. Has not your banker or correspondent advised you?"

The girl evidently did not comprehend. "I have no correspondent or banker," she said. "I mean—I have heard nothing."

"The original credit was opened from Callao," continued the official, "but since then it has been added to by drafts from Melbourne. There may be one nearly due now."

The young girl seemed scarcely to comprehend, yet her face remained pale and thoughtful. It was not until the paying teller resumed with suggestive politeness that she roused herself: "If you would like

to see the president, he might oblige you until you hear from your friends. Of course my duty is simply to—"

"I don't think I require you to exceed it," returned the young girl, quietly, "or that I wish to see the president." Her delicate little face was quite set with resolution and a mature dignity, albeit it was still pale, as she drew away from the counter.

"If you would leave your address," continued the official, with persistent politeness, "we could advise you of any later deposit to your credit."

"It is hardly necessary," returned the young lady. "I should learn it myself, and call again. Thank you. Good morning." And settling her veil over her face, she quietly passed out.

The pain and indignation with which Randolph overheard this colloquy he could with the greatest difficulty conceal. For one wild moment he had thought of calling her back while he made a personal appeal to Revelstoke; but the conviction borne upon him by her resolute bearing that she would refuse it, and he would only lay himself open to another rebuff, held him to his seat. Yet he could not entirely repress his youthful indignation.

"Where I come from," he said in an audible voice to his neighbor, "a young lady like that would have been spared this public disappointment. A dozen men would have made up that sum and let her go without knowing anything about her account being overdrawn." And he really believed it.

"Nice, comf'able way of doing banking business in Dutch Flat," returned the cynic. "And I suppose you'd have kept it up every month? Rather a tall price to pay for looking at a pretty girl once a month! But I suppose they're scarcer up there than here. All the same, it ain't too late now. Start up your subscription right here, sonny, and we'll all ante up."

But Randolph, who seldom followed his heroics to their ultimate prosaic conclusions, regretted he had spoken, although still unconvinced. Happily for his temper, he did not hear the comment of the two tellers.

"Won't see her again, old boy," said one.

"I reckon not," returned the other, "now that she's been chucked by her fancy man—until she gets another. But cheer up; a girl like that won't want friends long."

It is not probable that either of these young gentlemen believed what they said, or would have been personally disrespectful or uncivil to any woman; they were fairly

decent young fellows, but the rigors of business demanded this appearance of worldly wisdom between themselves. Meantime, for a week after, Randolph indulged in wild fancies of taking his benefactor's capital of seventy dollars, adding thirty to it from his own hard-earned savings, buying a draft with it from the bank for one hundred dollars, and in some mysterious way getting it to Miss Avondale as the delayed remittance.

The brief wet winter was nearly spent; the long dry season was due, although there was still the rare beauty of cloud scenery in the steel-blue sky, and the sudden return of quick but transient showers. It was on a Sunday of weather like this that the nature-loving Randolph extended his usual holiday excursion as far as Contra Costa by the steamer after his dutiful round of the wharves and shipping. It was with a gaiety born equally of his youth and the weather that he overcame his constitutional shyness, and not only mingled without restraint among the pleasure-seekers that thronged the crowded boat, but, in the consciousness of his good looks and a new suit of clothes, even penetrated into the aristocratic seclusion of the "ladies' cabin"—sacred to the fair sex and their attendant swains or chap-erones.

But he found every seat occupied, and was turning away, when he suddenly recognized Miss Avondale sitting beside her little escort. She appeared, however, in a somewhat constrained attitude, sustaining with one hand the boy, who had clambered on the seat. He was looking out of the cabin window, which she was also trying to do, with greater difficulty on account of her position. He could see her profile presented with such marked persistency that he was satisfied she had seen him and was avoiding him. He turned and left the cabin.

Yet, once on the deck again, he repented his haste. Perhaps she had not actually recognized him; perhaps she only wished to avoid him because she was in plainer clothes—a circumstance that, with his knowledge of her changed fortunes, struck him to the heart. It seemed to him that even as a humble employee of the bank he was in some way responsible for it, and wondered if she associated him with her humiliation. He longed to speak with her and assure her of his sympathy, and yet he was equally conscious that she would reject it.

When the boat reached the Alameda wharf she slipped away with the other passengers. He wandered about the hotel

garden and the main street in the hope of meeting her again, although he was instinctively conscious that she would not follow the lines of the usual Sunday sight-seers, but had her own destination. He penetrated the depths of the Alameda, and lost himself among its low, trailing oaks to no purpose. The hope of the morning had died within him; the fire of adventure was quenched, and when the clouds gathered with a rising wind he felt that the promise of that day was gone. He turned to go back to the ferry, but on consulting his watch he found that he had already lost so much time in his devious wanderings that he must run to catch the last boat. The few drops that spattered through the trees presently increased to a shower; he put up his umbrella without lessening his speed, and finally dashed into the main street as the last bell was ringing. But at the same moment a slight, graceful figure slipped out of the woods just ahead of him, with no other protection from the pelting storm than a handkerchief tied over her hat, and ran as swiftly toward the wharf. It needed only one glance for Randolph to recognize Miss Avondale. The moment had come, the opportunity was here, and the next instant he was panting at her side, with the umbrella over her head.

The girl lifted her head quickly, gave a swift look of recognition, a brief smile of gratitude, and continued her pace. She had not taken his arm, but had grasped the handle of the umbrella which linked them together. Not a word was spoken. Two people cannot be conversational or sentimental flying at the top of their speed beneath a single umbrella, with a crowd of impatient passengers watching and waiting for them. And I grieve to say that, being a happy American crowd, there was some irreverent humor. "Go it, sis! He's gainin' on you!" "Keep it up!" "Steady, sonny! Don't prance!" "No fancy licks! You were nearly over the traces that time!" "Keep up to the pole!" (i.e., the umbrella). "Don't crowd her off the track! Just swing on together; you'll do it."

Randolph had glanced quickly at his companion. She was laughing, yet looking at him shyly as if wondering how he was taking it. The paddle-wheels were beginning to revolve. Another rush, and they were on board as the plank was drawn in.

But they were only on the edge of a packed and seething crowd. Randolph managed, however, to force a way for her to an angle of the paddle-box where they were

comparatively alone, although still exposed to the rain. She recognized their enforced companionship by dropping her grasp of the umbrella, which she had hitherto been holding over him with a singular kind of mature superiority very like—as Randolph felt—her manner to the boy.

"You have left your little friend?" he said, grasping at the idea for a conversational opening.

"My little cousin? Yes," she said. "I left him with friends. I could not bear to make him run any risk in this weather. But," she hesitated half apologetically, half mischievously, "perhaps I hurried you."

"Oh, no," said Randolph, quickly. "This is the last boat, and I must be at the bank to-morrow morning at nine."

"And I must be at the shop at eight," she said. She did not speak bitterly or pointedly, nor yet with the entire familiarity of custom. He noticed that her dress was indeed plainer, and yet she seemed quite concerned over the water-soaked state of that cheap thin silk pelerine and merino skirt. A big lump was in his throat.

"Do you know," he said desperately, yet trying to laugh, "that this is not the first time you have seen me dripping?"

"Yes," she returned, looking at him interestingly; "it was outside of the druggist's in Montgomery street, about four months ago. You were wetter then even than you are now."

"I was hungry, friendless, and penniless, Miss Avondale." He had spoken thus abruptly in the faint hope that the revelation might equalize their present condition; but somehow his confession, now that it was uttered, seemed exceedingly weak and impotent. Then he blundered in a different direction. "Your eyes were the only kind ones I had seen since I landed." He flushed a little, feeling himself on insecure ground, and ended desperately: "Why, when I left you, I thought of committing suicide."

"Oh, dear, not as bad as that, I hope!" she said quickly, smiling kindly, yet with a certain air of mature toleration, as if she was addressing her little cousin. "You only fancied it. And it is n't very complimentary to my eyes if their kindness drove you to such horrid thoughts. And then what happened?" she pursued smilingly.

"I had a job to carry a man's bag, and it got me a night's lodging and a meal," said Randolph, almost brusquely, feeling the utter collapse of his story.

"And then?" she said encouragingly.

"I got a situation at the bank."
"When?"

"The next day," faltered Randolph, expecting to hear her laugh. But Miss Avondale heaved the faintest sigh.

"You are very lucky," she said.

"Not so very," returned Randolph, quickly, "for the next time you saw me you cut me dead."

"I believe I did," she said smilingly.

"Would you mind telling me why?"

"Are you sure you won't be angry?"

"I may be pained," said Randolph, prudently.

"I apologize for that beforehand. Well, that first night I saw a young man looking very anxious, very uncomfortable, and very weak. The second time—and not very long after—I saw him, well dressed, lounging like any other young man on a Sunday afternoon, and I believed that he took the liberty of bowing to me then because I had once looked at him under a misapprehension."

"Oh, Miss Avondale!"

"Then I took a more charitable view, and came to the conclusion that the first night he had been drinking. But," she added, with a faint smile at Randolph's lugubrious face, "I apologize. And you have had your revenge; for if I cut you on account of your smart clothes, you have tried to do me a kindness on account of my plain ones."

"Oh, Miss Avondale," burst out Randolph, "if you only knew how sorry and indignant I was at the bank—when—you know—the other day—" he stammered. "I wanted to go with you to Mr. Revelstoke, you know, who had been so generous to me, and I know he would have been proud to befriend you until you heard from your friends."

"And I am very glad you did nothing so foolish," said the young lady, seriously, "or"—with a smile—"I should have been still more aggravating to you when we met. The bank was quite right. Nor have I any pathetic story like yours. Some years ago my little half-cousin whom you saw lost his mother and was put in my charge by his father, with a certain sum to my credit, to be expended for myself and the child. I lived with an uncle, with whom, for some family reasons, the child's father was not on good terms, and this money and the charge of the child were therefore intrusted entirely to me; perhaps, also, because Bobby and I were fond of each other and I was a friend of his mother. The father was a shipmaster, always away on long voyages, and has been home but once in the three years I have

had charge of his son. I have not heard from him since. He is a good-hearted man, but of a restless, roving disposition, with no domestic tastes. Why he should suddenly cease to provide for my little cousin,—if he has done so,—or if his omission means only some temporary disaster to himself or his fortunes, I do not know. My anxiety was more for the poor boy's sake than for myself, for as long as I live I can provide for him." She said this without the least display of emotion, and with the same mature air of also repressing any emotion on the part of Randolph. But for her size and girlish figure, but for the dripping tangles of her hair and her soft eyes, he would have believed he was talking to a hard, middle-aged matron.

"Then you—he—has no friends here?" asked Randolph.

"No. We are all from Callao, where Bobby was born. My uncle was a merchant there who came here lately to establish an agency. We lived with him in Sutter street—where you remember I was so hateful to you," she interpolated, with a mischievous smile—"until his enterprise failed and he was obliged to return; but I stayed here with Bobby, that he might be educated in his father's own tongue. It was unfortunate, perhaps," she said, with a little knitting of her pretty brows, "that the remittances ceased and uncle left about the same time; but, like you, I was lucky, and I managed to get a place in the Emporium."

"The Emporium!" repeated Randolph, in surprise. It was a popular "*magasin* of fashion" in Montgomery street. To connect this refined girl with its garish display and vulgar attendants seemed impossible.

"The Emporium," reiterated Miss Avondale, simply. "You see, we used to dress a good deal in Callao and had the Paris fashions, and that experience was of great service to me. I am now at the head of what they call the 'mantle department,' if you please, and am looked up to as an authority." She made him a mischievous bow, which had the effect of causing a trickle from the umbrella to fall across his budding mustache, and another down her own straight little nose—a diversion that made them laugh together, although Randolph secretly felt that the young girl's quiet heroism was making his own trials appear ridiculous. But her allusion to Callao and the boy's name had again excited his fancy and revived his romantic dream of their common benefactor. As soon as they could get a more perfect

shelter and furl the umbrella, he plunged into the full story of the mysterious portmanteau and its missing owner, with the strange discovery that he had made of the similarity of the two handwritings. The young lady listened intently, eagerly, checking herself with what might have been a half-smile at his enthusiasm.

"I remember the banker's letter, certainly," she said, "and Captain Dornton—that was the name of Bobby's father—asked me to sign my name in the body of it where he had also written it with my address. But the likeness of the handwriting to your slip of paper may be only a fancied one. Have you shown it to any one," she said quickly—"I mean," she corrected herself as quickly, "any one who is an expert?"

"Not the two together," said Randolph, explaining how he had shown the paper to Mr. Revelstoke.

But Miss Avondale had recovered herself, and laughed. "That that bit of paper should have been the means of getting you a situation seems to me the more wonderful occurrence. Of course it is quite a coincidence that there should be a child's photograph and a letter signed 'Bobby' in the portmanteau. But"—she stopped suddenly and fixed her dark eyes on his—"you have seen Bobby. Surely you can say if it was his likeness?"

Randolph was embarrassed. The fact was that he had always been so absorbed in her that he had hardly glanced at the child. He ventured to say this, and added a little awkwardly, and coloring, that he had seen Bobby only twice.

"And you still have this remarkable photograph and letter?" she said, perhaps a little too carelessly.

"Yes. Would you like to see them?"

"Very much," she returned quickly, and then added, with a laugh, "you are making me quite curious."

"If you would allow me to see you home," said Randolph, "we have to pass the street where my room is, and," he added timidly, "I could show them to you."

"Certainly," she replied, with sublime unconsciousness of the cause of his hesitation; "that will be very nice."

Randolph was happy, albeit he could not help thinking that she was treating him like the absent Bobby.

"It's only on Commercial street, just above Montgomery," he went on. "We go straight up from the wharf—" he stopped short here, for the bulk of a bystander, a

roughly clad miner, was pressing him so closely that he was obliged to resist indignantly—partly from discomfort, and partly from a sense that the man was overhearing him. The stranger muttered a kind of apology, and moved away.

"He seems to be perpetually in your way," said Miss Avondale, smiling. "He was right behind you, and you nearly trod on his toes, when you bolted out of the cabin this morning."

"Ah, then you *did* see me!" said Randolph, forgetting all else in his delight at the admission.

But Miss Avondale was not disconcerted. "Thanks to your collision, I saw you both."

It was still raining when they disembarked at the wharf, a little behind the other passengers, who had crowded on the bow of the steamboat. It was only a block or two beyond the place where Randolph had landed that eventful night. He had to pass it now; but with Miss Avondale clinging to his arm, with what different feelings! The rain still fell, the day was fading, but he walked in an enchanted dream, of which the prosaic umbrella was the mystic tent and magic pavilion. He must needs even stop at the corner of the wharf, and show her the exact spot where his unknown benefactor appeared.

"Coming out of the shadow like that man there," she added brightly, pointing to a figure just emerging from the obscurity of an overhanging warehouse. "Why, it's your friend the miner!"

Randolph looked. It was indeed the same man, who had probably reached the wharf by a cross-street.

"Let us go on, do!" said Miss Avondale, suddenly tightening her hold of Randolph's arm in some instinctive feminine alarm. "I don't like this place."

But Randolph, with the young girl's arm clinging to his, felt supremely daring. Indeed, I fear he was somewhat disappointed when the stranger peacefully turned into the junk-shop at the corner and left them to pursue their way.

They at last stopped before some business offices on a central thoroughfare, where Randolph had a room on the third story. When they had climbed the flight of stairs he unlocked a door and disclosed a good-sized apartment which had been intended for an office, but which was now neatly furnished as a study and bedroom. Miss Avondale smiled at the singular combination.

"I should fancy," she said, "you would never feel as if you had quite left the bank

behind you." Yet, with her air of protection and mature experience, she at once began to move one or two articles of furniture into a more tasteful position, while Randolph, nevertheless a little embarrassed at his audacity in asking this goddess into his humble abode, hurriedly unlocked a closet, brought out the portmanteau, and handed her the letter and photograph.

Woman-like, Miss Avondale looked at the picture first. If she experienced any surprise, she repressed it. "It is *like* Bobby," she said meditatively, "but he was stouter then; and he's changed sadly since he has been in this climate. I don't wonder you did n't recognize him. His father may have had it taken some day when they were alone together. I did n't know of it, though I know the photographer." She then looked at the letter, knit her pretty brows, and with an abstracted air sat down on the edge of Randolph's bed, crossed her little feet, and looked puzzled. But he was unable to detect the least emotion.

"You see," she said, "the handwriting of most children who are learning to write is very much alike, for this is the stage of development when they 'print.' And their composition is the same: they talk only of things that interest all children—pets, toys, and their games. This is only *any* child's letter to *any* father. I could n't really say it *was* Bobby's. As to the photograph, they have an odd way in South America of selling photographs of anybody, principally of pretty women, by the packet, to any one who wants them. So that it does not follow that the owner of this photograph had any personal interest in it. Now, as to your mysterious patron himself, can you describe him?" She looked at Randolph with a certain feline intensity.

He became embarrassed. "You know I only saw him once, under a street lamp—" he began.

"And I have only seen Captain Dornton—if it were he—twice in three years," she said. "But go on."

Again Randolph was unpleasantly impressed with her cold, dryly practical manner. He had never seen his benefactor but once, but he could not speak of him in that way.

"I think," he went on hesitatingly, "that he had dark, pleasant eyes, a thick beard, and the look of a sailor."

"And there were no other papers in the portmanteau?" she said, with the same intense look.

"None."

"These are mere coincidences," said Miss Avondale, after a pause, "and, after all, they are not as strange as the alternative. For we would have to believe that Captain Dorn-ton arrived here—where he knew I and his son were living—with a word of warning, came ashore for the purpose of going to a hotel and the bank also, and then unaccountably changed his mind and disappeared."

The thought of the rotten wharf, his own escape, and the dead body were all in Randolph's mind; but his reasoning was already staggered by the girl's conclusions, and he felt that it might only pain, without convincing her. And was he convinced himself? She smiled at his blank face and rose. "Thank you all the same. And now I must go."

Randolph rose also. "Would you like to take the photograph and letter to show your cousin?"

"Yes. But I should not place much reliance on his memory." Nevertheless, she took up the photograph and letter, and Randolph, putting the portmanteau back in the closet, locked it and stood ready to accompany her.

On their way to her house they talked of other things. Randolph learned something of her life in Callao: that she was an orphan like himself, and had been brought from the Eastern States when a child to live

with a rich uncle in Callao who was childless; that her aunt had died and her uncle had married again; that the second wife had been at variance with his family, and that it was consequently some relief to Miss Avondale to be independent as the guardian of Bobby, whose mother was a sister of the first wife; that her uncle had objected as strongly as a brother-in-law could to his wife's sister's marriage with Captain Dorn-ton on account of his roving life and unsettled habits, and that consequently there would be little sympathy for her or for Bobby in his mysterious disappearance. The wind blew and the rain fell upon these confidences, yet Randolph, walking again under that umbrella of felicity, parted with her at her own door-step all too soon, although consoled with the permission to come and see her when the child returned.

He went back to his room a very hopeful, foolish, but happy youth. As he entered he seemed to feel the charm of her presence again in the humble apartment she had sanctified. The furniture she had moved with her own little hands, the bed on which she had sat for a half-moment, was glorified to his youthful fancy. And even that magic portmanteau which had brought him all this happiness, that too—but he gave a sudden start. The closet door, which he had shut as he went out, was unlocked and open, the portmanteau—his "trust"—gone!

(To be continued.)

THE END OF SUMMER.

BY MADISON CAWEIN.

PODS are the poppies, and slim spires of pods
 The hollyhocks; the balsam's pearly bredes
 Of rose-stained snow are little sacs of seeds
 Collapsing at a touch; the lote, that sods
 The pond with green, has changed its flowers to rods
 That balance cell-pierced disks; and all the weeds,
 Around the sleepy water and its reeds,
 Are one white smoke of seeded silk that nods.
 Summer is dead, ay me! sweet summer 's dead!
 The sunset clouds have built her funeral pyre,
 Through which, e'en now, runs subterranean fire;
 While from the east, as from a garden bed,
 Mist-vined, the dusk lifts her broad moon, like some
 Great golden melon, saying, "Fall has come."

EDMUND BURKE AND THE FRENCH REVOLUTION.

BY WOODROW WILSON,

Professor of Jurisprudence and Politics in Princeton University.

MUCH has been said and written about Edmund Burke, and all the world knows his fame; but it is not necessary to repeat all in order to see him live again. It is not necessary to tell the whole story of his life to make it clear what manner of man he was, or of what force and consequence in his day. It is possible to look at him from a single point of view and in a single situation, and yet see him complete and whole, in his habit as he lived. There is often to be found in the life of a great man some point of eminence at which his powers culminate and his character stands best revealed, his characteristic gifts brought to light and illustrated with a sort of dramatic force. Generally it is a moment of success that reveals him, when his will has had its way and his genius its triumph. But Edmund Burke gave the most striking proofs of his character and genius in the evil days in which his life ended—not when he was a leader in the Commons, but when he was a stricken old man at Beaconsfield. That Burke was a great statesman, no thinking man who reads his pamphlets and speeches can deny; but a man may be a great statesman and yet fall very far short of being a great man. Burke makes as deep an impression upon our hearts as upon our minds. We are taken captive, not so much by his reasoning, strongly as that moves to its conquest, as by the generous warmth that steals out of him into our hearts. There is a tonic breath of character and of generous purpose in what he writes—the fine sentiment of a pure man; and we are made aware that he who could write thus was great, not so much by reason of what he said or did, as by reason of what he was. What a man was you may often discover in the records of his days of bitterness and pain better than in what is told of his seasons of cheer and hope; for if the noble qualities triumph then and show themselves still sound and sweet, if his courage sink not, if he show himself still capable of self-forgetfulness, if he still stir with a passion for the service of causes and policies which are beyond himself, his stricken age is even greater than his full-pulsed years of manhood. This is the test which Burke endures

—the test of fire. It has not often been judged so, I know; but let any man of true insight take that extraordinary "Letter to a Noble Lord," which was written in 1796, and which is Burke's *apologia pro vita sua*, consider the circumstances under which it was written, its tone, its scope, its truth, its self-revelations, and the manner of man revealed, and say whether this be not the real Burke, undaunted, unstained, unchanged in purpose and in principle.

Some of Burke's biographers have turned their faces away from these last scenes and from the last writings of his life with a sort of sad reverence, as if loath to blame and yet unable to approve. They have bidden us draw the veil over these days of disturbed judgment and unbalanced passion, and think only of the great days when he was master of himself and the foremost political thinker in Europe. His vision had until now been so clear, his judgment so sane and sure-footed, his knowledge of the facts with which he dealt so comprehensive and unerring, that it is simple pity, they say, that he should have gone mad about the French Revolution. For that is the fact they are at a loss to account for and despair of justifying. Burke threw all his magnificent resources against the French Revolution, and with a sort of fury assisted to carry England into the war which monarchical Europe was waging to suppress or annul it. Yet that Revolution was the salvation of France, and perhaps of Europe too. How else could the fetters that bound men to an antiquated and intolerable system of tyranny have been shaken off? Certainly it would seem that France, at any rate, could not otherwise have been set in the way of a free life and a reformed and purified government. Frightful as were its excesses, her Revolution was but the violent purging of a wholesome and cleansing disease; and Burke, with his knowledge of France and of affairs, ought to have seen how inevitable and how tonic a thing it was. Burke, they will tell you, knew France better than any other Englishman living, except Arthur Young. He was not arguing for or against France, you suggest, but only crying out against the introduction of the French revolutionary ideas into England,

whether the disease seemed likely to be carried by contagion, and where it would feed upon a healthy, not upon a distempered, society, and work death, it might be, instead of purification and a healing restoration. There was no such danger, they reply; and Burke of all men should have known that there was none. They will cite you that famous passage in which, in the days of his calm vision, Burke had described the placid self-possession and content of England, and had laughed at those who supposed that the noise of a few politicians could disturb it. "Because half a dozen grasshoppers under a fern make the field ring with their importunate chink," he had laughed, "while thousands of great cattle beneath the shadow of the British oak chew the cud and are silent, pray do not imagine that those who make the noise are the only inhabitants of the field, that of course they are many in number, or that, after all, they are other than the little, shriveled, meager, hopping, though loud and troublesome, insects of the hour." Had he now himself at last been betrayed into mistaking the insects of the field for the great cattle of the herd, and did he fear a stampede because these chirped with excited clamor?

The question is radical. Settle it, and you have analyzed Edmund Burke. You are easily able to prove that, at any rate in the late year 1791, the year after he wrote his great "Reflections on the Revolution in France," which was his first ordered attack, he was as clear-sighted as ever, and as poised in judgment. A correspondent in France, a member of the National Assembly, had asked him to suggest a course of action for those who were seeking to guide affairs at that critical juncture in the unhappy kingdom; but he had declined, and had given these luminous and statesmanlike reasons for declining. "Permit me to say," he wrote, "that if I were as confident as I ought to be diffident in my own loose general ideas, I never should venture to broach them, if but at twenty leagues' distance from the center of your affairs. I must see with my own eyes; I must in a manner touch with my own hands, not only the fixed, but momentary circumstances, before I could venture to suggest any political project whatsoever. I must know the power and disposition to accept, to execute, to persevere. I must see all the aids and all the obstacles. I must see the means of correcting the plan, where correctives would be wanted. I must see the things; I must see

the men. Without a concurrence and adaptation of these to the design, the very best speculative projects might become not only mischievous but useless. Plans must be made for men. People at a distance must judge ill of men. They do not always answer to their reputation when you approach them. Nay, the perspective varies, and shows them quite other than you thought them. At a distance, if we judge uncertainly of men, we must judge worse of *opportunities*, which continually vary their shapes and colors, and pass away like clouds." Here, assuredly, was a lucid interval, if the man was mad. It is matter of common knowledge, too, that in the very midst of his excitement about French affairs he was able to give counsel with all his old-time wisdom and self-possession about the deeply disturbed and almost revolutionary affairs of Ireland—counsel which rang true to the sane and tolerant and liberal standards he had so courageously stood by while there was revolutionary war in America. He wrote, too, the while, calm "Thoughts and Details on Scarcity," from every line of which spoke the hopeful, the informed, the philosophical economist. His thought held steadily on its way, without excitement or serious error. His training held good, as in every previous effort of his mind. "I had earned my pension before I set my foot in St. Stephen's Chapel," he said, with a flash of pride. "The first session I sat in Parliament I found it necessary to analyze the whole commercial, financial, constitutional, and foreign interests of Great Britain and its empire." He keeps to the last the assured and confident step of the veteran. I take leave to say again that the real Burke may be found and admired in the "Letter to a Noble Lord," written in 1796, in the midst of the French frenzy, no less than in the noble utterances of twenty years before, in which he defended his opposition to the American war, and opened to the world the real principles of constitutional liberty.

The "Letter" was written in defense of the pension which had been granted him in 1794, and contains his own estimate of his public services. If a man can be petty, expect him to be so when he is defending a bounty bestowed upon himself; if ever an old man may be petulant, indulge him when the rewards of his old age are sneered at and condemned. But Burke is neither. There was everything to sting him in the circumstances of the attack. He had in these last days accepted a considerable pension from

the government of William Pitt, his arch opponent in politics until now, when their common fear of the French Revolution had drawn them together and brought about an artificial coalition in affairs. It was possible for malicious men to make him out an apostate Whig and twit him cruelly with being a beneficiary of the court, though all his life he had championed a proud independence and talked against the extravagance of private grants. Pitt had not brought the matter of the pension before Parliament, but had arranged it by direct gift from the crown, and Burke had had the mortification of feeling that Pitt had taken this course because he feared the opposition the grant would excite in Parliament and the awkwardness of defending it. Outside Parliament it raised a storm of animadversion and abuse, as it was, and its discussion was not wholly avoided in the houses. The Duke of Bedford and the Earl of Lauderdale attacked the pension in the Lords, as part of their general indictment of the ministry; and it was to their attack that Burke replied. "Loose libels ought to be passed by in silence and contempt," he said, with his accustomed gravity. "By me they have been so always. I knew that, as long as I remained in public, I should live down the calumnies of malice and the judgments of ignorance. If I happened to be now and then in the wrong (as who is not?), like all other men, I must bear the consequence of my faults and my mistakes. The libels of the present day are just of the same stuff as the libels of the past. But they derive an importance from the rank of the persons they come from, and the gravity of the place where they were uttered. In some way or other I ought to take some notice of them. To assert myself thus traduced is not vanity or arrogance. It is a demand of justice; it is a demonstration of gratitude." And it must be said that the defense is made with singular moderation and dignity, considering the passions of the man and the times.

The year 1794, the year in which the pension was granted, had been the darkest of all Burke's strenuous career. The active work of his life was ended. The long trial of Hastings, begun in 1788, had that very year at length been concluded, and with it the last, as it was also the most arduous, public business he was to engage in. He had recognized this as the end of active duty, had withdrawn from the House of Commons, and had but just turned to Beaconsfield for the solace of a quiet old age,

when the cruel blow fell upon him which was to poison the sources of happiness and snatch hope away. He had loved Richard Burke, his son and only child, with all the passion of his ardent nature; and the year had opened bright with the hope that Richard was to succeed him as member for Merton in the Commons. But death had come of a sudden and taken his son away. "The storm has gone over me," he cried, "and I lie like one of those old oaks which the late hurricane has scattered about me. I am stripped of all my honors, I am torn up by the roots, and lie prostrate on the earth. . . . I live in an inverted order. They who ought to have succeeded me have gone before me. They who should have been to me as posterity are in the place of ancestors."

There was nothing to break the force of the blow. Only absorbing labor can lighten such a man of a grief like this. Quiet Beaconsfield, lying remote from the business of the world, out upon the gentle plains of Buckinghamshire, was no place in which to seek forgetfulness. Here was leisure for every memory; here were days open to be possessed by any thoughts that might come; here was no business, but only a desolated home, with an old man for tenant. The very sympathy of his tender wife, bereaved like himself, was but a part of the same grief. Even the relish of old friendships was not vouchsafed him. His friends of the old days which had seen his life run strong, with the full sunlight on it,—the friends whose comradeship and sympathy and counsel had given to his days of labor their keenest zest and confidence,—now no longer sought him out or could bring him any succor. They had not cast him off; he had withdrawn himself from them, because they would not think as he did of the Revolution oversea, in France. He had feared and hated it from the first; they had been tolerant toward it, had even hailed its advent with a burst of hopeful ardor. "How much the greatest event it is that ever happened in the world," Fox had cried, "and how much the best!" It would render France, he said, "a better neighbor, and less disposed to hostility, than when she was subject to the cabal and intrigues of ambitious and interested statesmen"; and it would advance the cause of liberty throughout the world, as the revolt of the colonies had done. From such sentiments Burke turned relentlessly away, for he deemed them mad who uttered them. He broke with Fox in the open House, though they had loved and consorted like

brothers. "Whatever the risk of enmity," he said, "and however bitter the loss of friendship, he would never cease from the warning to flee from the French constitution." "But there is no loss of friends," exclaimed Fox, eagerly. "Yes," cried Burke, "there is a loss of friends. I know the penalty of my conduct. I have done my duty at the price of my friend; our friendship is at an end." It was the price, not of his conduct, but of his nature. His passion for the principles he served was deeper than his passion for his friend. A shallower man, for whom public questions were less like the very essences of life and thought and action, might have kept his friend without giving up his opinions; but for Burke no such divided comradeship and allegiance was possible, and he had found himself among strangers and one-time foes for a little in the debates of the hour. How it fared with his own feelings in these painful times we have good evidence in the pathetic closing passage of his will. "If the intimacy which I have had with others"—these are the sad words—"has been broken off by political differences on great questions concerning the state of things existing and impending, I hope they will forgive whatever of general human infirmity or of my own particular infirmity has entered into that contention; I heartily entreat their forgiveness."

Many of his old associates had followed him at last, indeed,—the great Duke of Portland, Lord Fitzwilliam, Windham, Grenville, and a great company of the rank and file of the old Whigs, till men laughed and said there were not enough members left in the minority that clung to Fox to fill a hackney-coach,—for the atrocities of the revolutionists in France had wrought a deep change in English opinion. But this was, after all, no rehabilitation of former companionships; and Burke must have felt it, though no humiliation or dishonor, yet a thing unpalatable and in need of explanation, that he should be the pensioner of a Tory government with which his old-time associates were acting only for a little, and because political necessity and the critical stress of affairs compelled them. And so his apology was written, in answer to the taunts of Bedford and Lauderdale, and we turn to it to learn his assessment of himself.

Here, if you look nowhere else, is a sufficient explanation of the critical matter of his life's history: there need be no mystery about Burke's attitude toward the French Revolution after reading this luminous

"Letter"; and there need no longer be any pitiful apologizing for it, either, or any whispering that the man was out of his mind. He had not mistaken the noisy insects of the hour for the great cattle of the pasture. Some of the first minds of the kingdom, whether for philosophy or for statesmanship, had hailed the doctrines of the French revolutionists as the true gospel of liberty; men of both parties in the state, and not a few of those who were most seriously studious in affairs, were looking to see the world liberalized by the gracious influences of "The Rights of Man." No doubt it was clear enough in the end that the mass of the steady English people were safe against the infection, and that Burke's fears were exaggerated: the "thousands of great cattle beneath the shadow of the British oak" continued to chew the cud and looked forth upon their quiet fields with unruffled philosophy. But who could foresee that they would thus keep the subtle breath of war and panic out of their nostrils? Who can say how much of their quiet they took from the voice of their herdsman, crying out the familiar words of government and control? This was no common or vulgar danger that Burke set himself first to expose and then to neutralize. It was no mere French spirit of disorder that he feared would cross the Channel, but a spirit of change that was without nationality or country, an abstract thing of dogma and belief, like the spirit of the Reformation, which had ignored all boundaries of states, and moved upon the kingdoms of the world as if they had been but a single community.

"The present Revolution in France," he said, "seems to me to bear little resemblance or analogy to any of those which have been brought about in Europe upon principles merely political. *It is a revolution of doctrine and theoretic dogma.* It has a much greater resemblance to those changes which have been made upon religious grounds, in which a spirit of proselytism makes an essential part. The last revolution of doctrine and theory which has happened in Europe is the Reformation. It is not for my purpose to take any notice here of the merits of that revolution, but to state only one of its effects. That effect was, *to introduce other interests into all countries than those which arose from their locality and natural circumstances.* The principle of the Reformation was such as, by its essence, could not be local or confined to the country in which it had its origin. For instance, the doctrine of

'justification by faith or by works,' which was the original basis of the Reformation, could not have one of its alternatives true as to Germany and false as to every other country. Neither are questions of theoretic truth or falsehood governed by circumstances any more than by places. On that occasion, therefore, the spirit of proselytism expanded itself with great elasticity upon all sides; and great divisions were everywhere the result." Similarly, Burke saw, the new gospel of the rights of man might be counted on, if unchecked, to divide the nations of the world and unsettle every government of them all. "The political dogma," he said, "which, upon the new French system, is to unite the factions of different nations, is this: that the majority, told by the head, of the taxable people in every country, is the perpetual, natural, unceasing, indefeasible sovereign; that the majority is perfectly master of the form as well as the administration of the state, and that the magistrates, under whatever names they are called, are only functionaries to obey the orders which that majority may make; that this is the only natural government; that all others are tyranny and usurpation." He did not pretend to prescribe for France: but he saw her leaders engaged in a mad work of destruction; he knew that such doctrines as theirs logically and inevitably breed a corresponding practice; he believed that such a way of reform as they had produced in France would mar not only the institutions of England, but also the whole moral and political habit of the English people; and he meant to keep out the infection, if he could.

He meant to keep England, if he might, from the "dreadful contagion" of revolutionary ideas—"to preserve, pure and untainted, the ancient, inbred integrity, piety, good nature, and good humor of the people of England," so he put it, "from the dreadful pestilence which, beginning in France, threatens to lay waste the whole moral, and in a great degree the whole physical world, having done both in the focus of its most intense malignity."

There is here the whole philosophy of his course with regard to the Revolution in France. If his excitement rose beyond measure in the struggle, who shall say that it was an unnatural excitement, or an unhallowed? If you would see him at his best, Miss Burney said, you must not mention politics. "His irritability is so terrible on that theme," she declared, "that it gives immediately to his face the expression of a

man who is going to defend himself from murderers." We should not expect a man to be easy and affable when he deems himself in a death-grapple with the enemies of his country. If the French revolutionary doctrines had taken root in England, what then? They did not. Who shall say how much this vehement and eloquent Irishman did to keep them out?

At any rate, it turned out that he was speaking the real mind of England about the Revolution. When once they saw the monstrous progeny it brought forth in action, Englishmen flocked, rank and file, to the defense of authority and orderly government, and Burke found himself for the nonce a European power. Statesmen of every opinion sought his advice. He had in the first days of his new power sent his son to Koblenz to act as his representative in helping the exiled noblemen of France to form practicable plans of action. Richard Burke had neither the talents nor the nobleness of disposition with which his father credited him. The great-hearted man gave his love as his nature bade him; chose his intimates by rules of affection and duty, rather than by rules of interest; and had fewer connections to command him to the great than any other public man of his generation, and yet ruled by sheer force of genius among those who sought and formed counsel. "Burke has now got such a train after him," wrote Gilbert Elliot in 1793, "as would sink anybody but himself: his son, who is quite *nauseated* by all mankind; his brother, who is liked better than his son, but is rather oppressive with animal spirits and brogue; and his cousin William Burke, who is just returned unexpectedly from India, as much ruined as when he went years ago, and who is a fresh charge on any prospects of power Burke may ever have. Mrs. Burke has in her train Miss French, the most perfect *She Paddy* that ever was caught. Notwithstanding these disadvantages, Burke is in himself a sort of power in the state." (It is noteworthy that this critical contemporary should have seen it.) "It is not too much to say that he is a sort of power in Europe, though totally without any of those means, or the smallest share in them, which give or maintain power in other men."

Sir James Mackintosh, who had written an earnest defense of the Revolution in answer to Burke's first and great pamphlet against it, himself surrendered at discretion when he saw what things the

years brought forth in France; confessed that he had been the dupe of his enthusiasm; and sought Burke out in his retirement at Beaconsfield to win his friendship and render him homage in his closing days. There he saw Burke roll on the carpet, a gleeful participant in the sports of children, and heard such talk as no man else could utter, so full of life and power was it, so amazingly various, so free and unpremeditated in its copiousness and beauty. This was not the morbid and unbalanced man some have thought they saw, who now look back to the French Revolution as, after all, a wholesome, though terrible, catastrophe, and feel themselves repelled by Burke's savage onslaught upon it. These were the days in which Burke wrote his defense of his pension, and surely that masterly "Letter" is a wonderfully perfect mirror in which to see the man and the meaning of his life. We are first of all struck by the splendid pride of this once obscure attorney's son, with his queer following of discredited Irishmen, his own tongue, as we know, touched with the brogue of that volatile race which Englishmen half despised, half feared, and wholly distrusted. It was a sad indiscretion on the part of the Duke of Bedford, it turned out, to have ventured to attack this apparently broken old man. "Why will his Grace, by attacking me," cries the formidable Celt, "force me reluctantly to compare my little merit with that which obtained from the crown those prodigies of profuse donation by which he tramples on the mediocrity of humble and laborious individuals? I would willingly leave him to the Heralds' College. . . . The merit of the grantee he derives from was that of being a prompt and greedy instrument of a *leveling* tyrant, who oppressed all descriptions of his people, but who fell with particular fury on everything that was *great and noble*. Mine has been in endeavoring to screen every man, in every class, from oppression, and particularly in defending the high and eminent, who, in the bad times of confiscating princes, confiscating chief governors, or confiscating demagogues, are the most exposed to jealousy, avarice, and envy." Had the duke forgot that the first peer of his name was a Mr. Russell, "raised by being a minion of Henry VIII," or was he too young to know, that he should attack the pension of this man, who had, by his steadfast defense of the existing order, "strained every nerve to keep the Duke of Bedford in that situation" of power and property which alone gave him

privilege and precedence? "Let him employ all the energy of his youth," exclaimed the indignant old statesman, "and all the resources of his wealth to crush rebellious principles which have no foundation in morals, and rebellious movements that have no provocation in tyranny. Then will be forgot the rebellions which, by a doubtful priority in crime, his ancestor had provoked and extinguished. . . . My merits, whatever they are, are original and personal. . . . I was not, like his Grace of Bedford, swaddled and rocked and dandled into a legislator: *Nitor in adversum* is the motto for a man like me. I possessed not one of the qualities, nor cultivated one of the arts, that recommend men to the favor and protection of the great. . . . At every step of my progress in life (for in every step was I traversed and opposed), and at every turnpike I met, I was obliged to show my passport, and again and again to prove my sole title to the honor of being useful to my country by a proof that I was not wholly unacquainted with its laws and the whole system of its interests both abroad and at home." As we read, how much greater does the recent house of Burke seem, in the person of this single man, than all the generations of the ancient house of Bedford, and how noble, without patent from the crown!

In this great "Letter" is set forth, too, Burke's own estimate of the services he had rendered. "If I were to call for a reward (which I have never done), it should be for those services in which for fourteen years without intermission I showed the most industry and had the least success: I mean in the affairs of India. They are those on which I value myself the most: most for the importance, most for the labor, most for the judgment, most for constancy and perseverance in the pursuit." There is here no egotism. It is a great mind's satisfaction in great tasks to which it justly feels itself equal. More than that, it is a great mind's satisfaction in great ideals. This "Letter" is, indeed, from first to last, a defense of his own life and motives, and, knowing it to be this, you can but wonder at its noble dignity, its largeness of spirit, its essential importance, as if it were a state paper. And yet, if you will analyze it, if you will look again at the quality that has struck you, you will find that you do not think of Burke's life as you read. First you think of the indiscretion the young Duke of Bedford has committed in attacking this veteran master of argument and retort. His young bones hardly so much as

crack in the jaws of the lion, so soft are they, so swift and utter is their annihilation. There is a sense of overwhelming, if not of pitiless, power to be got from those terrible sentences in which the fame of the house of Bedford is to be seen engulfed and ruined. But there ensues upon this another impression. You feel that there is no personal passion, no anger, no spirit of retaliation or revenge. You have risen, imperceptibly, into a region of high principle. You begin to realize that the Duke of Bedford has not offended Burke (that is a mere detail) so much as he has outraged great principles of moral order and political wisdom. Burke is taking you straight to the uplands of the region of thought in which he finds himself, —not so much by deliberation, it would seem, as by instinct,—and is placing you at the point he knows and loves so well: the point from which you can see all the ancient kingdoms of government, their old landmarks and strong defenses.

He must always have a concrete object for his thought. It is the folly of Bedford that has brought him out of Beaconsfield into the familiar forum of public controversy again. This peer of the realm has shown himself ready to consort with those who justify the revolutionists oversea, and has found fellows in the Lords to cheer him while he questions the very principles of ancient privilege upon which that house and the peerage itself were founded. Burke runs upon the challenge to the defense of the realm and its immemorial constitution. It is there he feels his passions deeply engaged. He writes a manual of statesmanship for the rebuke of a heady young duke and the be-hoof of all England. A single, very celebrated passage from the "Letter" will illustrate the whole purpose and habit of this great mind.

As long [he says, with deep and solemn passion]—as long as the well-compacted structure of our Church and State, the sanctuary, the holy of holies of that ancient law, defended by reverence, defended by power, a fortress at once and a temple, shall stand inviolate on the brow of the British Sion,—as long as the British monarchy, not more limited than fenced by the orders of the state, shall, like the proud Keep of Windsor, rising in the majesty of proportion, and girt with the double belt of its kindred and coeval towers, as long as this awful structure shall oversee and guard the subjected land,—so long the mounds and dikes of the low, fat Bedford level will have nothing to fear from all the pickaxes of all the levelers of France. As long as our sovereign lord the king, and his faithful subjects, the lords and commons

of this realm,—the triple cord which no man can break,—the solemn, sworn, constitutional frank-pledge of this nation,—the firm guarantees of each other's being and each other's rights,—the joint and several securities, each in its place and order, for every kind and every quality of property and dignity,—as long as these endure, so long the Duke of Bedford is safe, and we are all safe together,—the high from the blights of envy and the spoliations of rapacity, the low from the iron hand of oppression and the insolent spurn of contempt.

Here is to be had a key to the whole "Letter"—a key to Burke's thought when he spoke of government, a key to his method and to his style throughout all his writings.

He did not erect "the proud Keep of Windsor" there, in that famous passage, merely as a majestic ornament of style, nor in any way as an object of pleasure. It, in fact, stands not very far away from the "low, fat Bedford level." There is but Buckinghamshire and a slender arm of Hertford between; and Burke means you to see it as an actual bulwark of the land. But as his own eye turns southward to the majestic pile, his thought is quickened, as always, by the simile of power. It seems to him a type and image of the law, upon its walls "the awful hoar of innumerable ages," within it the title-deeds of a nation grown old in privilege and in ordered liberty. It is this that exhilarates the mind in Burke, this *reality* of great thought. You stand ever with your feet upon the earth, you are always in the midst of affairs, men and concrete powers round about you; and yet your vision is not of them, it is of the great verities in the midst of which they move. You are strengthened by a sense of the nearness, the immanence of great principles of action. They are seen to dwell at the very heart of affairs, and to form as it were an intrinsic part of circumstance. They are abroad and operative in the world. Burke's thought has, therefore, a certain *visible* quality. It does not seem wholly bred of the mind. It has always about it the scenery and atmosphere of action.

That you should be moved by such thinking is of course inevitable: it comes from a mind itself stirred and quick with practical effort. Never, while it keeps to its normal processes, is that mind betrayed into preferring the speech it uses to the meaning it would convey, and that meaning carries with a quite inevitable appropriateness the superb ornaments with which it is so often adorned. If images abound, it is

because the mind that speaks conceives the world always thus in concrete and almost tangible shapes. It is because its eye is ever upon the object of its thought. It is not reflecting; it is observing: it *sees* the field of action. Men and nations are not still before it, but move always with the large variety and dramatic force of life itself. Its retina is crowded with images and deeply touched with color, like a little world.

It is this vivid realization of the world of fact and of spirit as it is that makes Burke's thought seem so conservative, and makes us wonder whether, after all, we should call him a liberal or not. There is no element of speculation in it. It keeps always to the slow pace of inevitable change, and invents nothing, content to point out the accepted ways and to use the old light of day to walk by. Nevertheless, there is one infallible test by which you know Burke's thought to have the power of life in it, and, if the power of life, the power of growth. You are exhilarated by it. It does not hold your powers back; it quickens them mightily. There are visions of the future in it, as well as of the past, and the future is bright with a reasonable hope of healing change. But he loved above all things, and very wisely loved, a sober, provident, and ordered progress in affairs; the balanced force of government seemed to him more likely to work out results that would last and could be lived by than the wilful and too hasty ardor of enthusiasm. "I have ever abhorred," he said in that memorable "Letter"—"I have ever abhorred, since the first dawn of my understanding to this its obscure twilight, all the operations of opinion, fancy, inclination, and will, in the affairs of government, where only a sovereign reason, paramount to all forms of legislation and administration, should dictate. Government is made for the very purpose of opposing that reason to will and to caprice, in the reformers or in the reformed, in the governors or in the governed, in kings, in senators, or in people."

This is our own doctrine. It is with a hope to have such moderation and restraint in affairs that we have made our written constitutions, that they may govern the course of law and of policy. "It was my aim," said Burke, "to give to the people the substance of what I knew they desired, and what I thought was right, whether they desired it or not; and this must ever be the best maxim of statesmanship among a free people."

It was this very genius for slow action and confident self-mastery that Tocqueville

found and praised as the first and greatest of all political qualities in the conduct of our own affairs. He had seen France stagger from revolution to revolution like a tipsy lad, high-spirited, generous, full of an engaging dash and hope, but incapable of self-government or of sober effort, sustained and manful, and he knew how to appreciate the maturing powers of a self-governing race.

"The temperament of our nation," he said, speaking of his own France, "is so peculiar that the general study of mankind fails to embrace it. France is ever taking by surprise even those who have made her the special object of their researches: a nation more apt than any other to comprehend a great design and to embrace it, capable of all that can be achieved by a single effort of whatever magnitude, but unable to abide long at this high level, because she is ever swayed by sensations, and not by principles, and that her instincts are better than her morality; a people civilized among all civilized nations of the earth, yet, in some respects, still more akin to the savage state than any of them, for the characteristic of savages is to decide on the sudden impulse of the moment, unconscious of the past and careless of the future." Tocqueville knew, as Burke did, with his vivid insight, that it is a long drill in the moderate processes of an ordered liberty that makes a people conscious of the past and careful of the future; and it was under the influence of this thought that, with a half-envious admiration, Tocqueville paid us that incomparable compliment, the perfect phrases of which linger in the memory like the tones of verse. "It is a novelty in the history of society"—he is speaking of the self-possession and capable deliberateness of those critical days during which we exchanged the flimsy Confederation for our present firm and consistent frame of government—"it is a novelty in the history of society to see a great people turn a calm and scrutinizing eye upon itself, when apprised by the legislature that the wheels of government are stopped; to see it carefully examine the extent of the evil, and patiently wait for two years until a remedy was discovered, which it voluntarily adopted without having wrung a tear or a drop of blood from mankind."

It was this superlative gift of sobriety and good temper in affairs that Burke feared to see England lose, should she too weakly indulge herself in any feeling of partiality for the feverish reforms of France. Those who blame him dispraise the very qualities

that made him great. Burke had the supreme literary gift of vision. He saw things steadily and saw them whole, and other men were daunted and in doubt about his trustworthiness because they could not see so much. But he had not the literary mind in affairs, and protested it should not be used in matters of government. "I have lived long and variously in the world," said he. "Without any considerable pretensions to literature myself, I have aspired to the love of letters. . . . I can form a tolerable estimate of what is likely to happen from a character chiefly dependent for fame and fortune on knowledge and talent. . . . Naturally men so formed and finished are the first gifts of Providence to the world. But when they have once thrown off the fear of God . . . and the fear of man, . . . nothing can be conceived more hard than the heart of a thoroughbred metaphysician. . . . It is like that of the Principle of Evil himself, incorporeal, pure, unmixed, dephlegmated, defecated evil. . . . Their imagination is not fatigued with the contemplation of human suffering through the wild waste of centuries added to centuries of misery

and desolation. Their humanity is at their horizon—and, like the horizon, it always flies before them. . . . These philosophers consider men in their experiments no more than they do mice in an air-pump or in a recipient of mephitic gas." Only philosophers and philosophical historians—philosophical after the fact—blame Burke for his hot antipathy for the French Revolution. It is all very well for the literary mind to brood in air, high above the levels whereon men breathe the atmosphere of their own time and neighborhood, and from this aerial point of vantage look down with unruffled composure, cool tolerance, and a final reckoning of loss and gain upon the troubled affairs of generations gone, looking before and after, and saying all was well, like a minor Providence. But statesmen cannot afford thus to withdraw from affairs. Opportunities change from moment to moment, like the color and shape of summer clouds, as Burke said. After you have seen and done your duty, then philosophers may talk of it and assess it as they will. Burke was right, and was himself, when he sought to keep the French infection out of England.

THE MIRAGE OF THE HOMESICK.

BY EDITH M. THOMAS.

I KNEW not how I loved thee—thou, my land
(Mine and my fathers' land, in very deed)—
Until embarked I watched the pier recede,
Tear-dimmed, and dim with many a waving hand.
Still, all the onward day, that farewell band,
Undistanced by the steamer's throbbing speed,
Arose, with tender, outreached palms, to plead,
"Return, return, exile from Heaven's strand!"
Aye, all day long, though past the glimpse of thee,—
O land, my own,—far on the restless verge,
Between the hollow and the foam-flecked surge,
Many a meadow-vale I seemed to see—
White spire, and village-green, and orchard tree
Lift from the deep, within the deep to merge!

TOPICS OF THE TIME

The Good Done at Buffalo.

THE great expositions—like the one at Buffalo, which Mr. Gray and Mr. Castaigne help the readers of *THE CENTURY* to imagine—are not only a peculiar glory to the communities that carry them through successfully, but also a tremendous responsibility and labor for these communities. The public of other cities hear of but a few leading individualities as connected with such enterprises, but none could be more generous in acknowledging the work done by other men and women than the leaders themselves. This work is distinctly patriotic—work insistent, anxious, costly, self-sacrificing. Those visitors to the Buffalo Exposition who lingered long enough to see beyond the buildings and their contents soon recognized the fact that here were men and women who were spending more than money in the work—men and women whose civic pride had been thoroughly aroused, who were, with cheerfulness and elation of spirits, straining every faculty in the attempt to make the event a notable one, a noble one, creditable to the community, worthy of the approval of the nation, of all the countries of the two Americas called upon to participate, and of the world at large.

Such labor of citizenship not only stirs the particular community to its depths; it is widely exemplary. Other cities may not feel called upon to hold enormous exhibitions; but there can hardly fail to be a sensible quickening of civic patriotism through such distinguished examples of devotion.

During the early days of the Pan-American Exposition a highly interesting occasion was the visit of some seventy citizens of St. Louis, who, with ex-Governor Francis at their head, have charge of the exposition to be held there. At the dinner given by the Buffalo directors to those of St. Louis, President Milburn spoke, with frankness and felicity, of the moral effect of such public endeavors upon those who take part in them; he did not deny that the labor was oppressive, but declared that it was well worth while, not only in the general objects attained, but likewise in the friendships created or strengthened, and in the result upon the character of the workers themselves. Another speaker referred to the bringing together, in counsel and sympathy, by means like these, of the men of light and leading of so many prominent cities of the country, to the advancement throughout America of the cause of civic patriotism and civic betterment.

To speak especially of the Pan-American Exposition: pictures and descriptions can convey but an insufficient idea of its unexpected beauty. Mr. Gray has described succinctly and well, often in the language of the architects and artists them-

selves, the effects which have been produced, and, particularly, the one supreme effect of the night illumination. That effect should hardly be called unexpected, for it is the result of long calculation and intense, skilled effort—not unexpected, to be sure, to those who intended it; and yet, though long announced, far beyond, in beauty and wonder, the expectation of the public who behold it. On the other hand, the architectural and landscape effects are those which must have, perhaps, the greatest utility, by way of suggestion and inspiration. Every such concentration of artistic effort and device upon a given and greatly frequented field like this must be awaking and enlightening to an extent impossible to conjecture. It should not fail to be noted, moreover, that the visitor drawn by an exceptional event to this inland metropolis carries away with him not only the recollection of the "City of Light," but the recollection of Buffalo itself, a city of separate houses, surrounded by flowers and green of grass and trees, with residences often of extreme elegance—truly a city of homesteads, worthy of praise and imitation.

But the Buffalo Exposition is dignified and unique through its relation to imposing international interests—interests important by their very limitation, that limitation being to the continents and islands of the New World. At the opening exercises Vice-President Roosevelt and Senator Lodge naturally dwelt upon this phase of the enterprise,—the senator more "strenuously," indeed, than the Vice-President,—and, later, Secretary of State Hay, in an address at Buffalo, fitly glorified "this ideal of the brotherhood of the nations of the Western World." There was, in Secretary Hay's address, that perfection of form, breadth of statesmanship, and nobility of thought which make so many of his public utterances a delight to the ear and a treasure for the memory. From this speech we take the opening and the closing words, as exquisitely expressing the central and distinguishing thought of the Pan-American Exposition:

Last night as I looked from my window at this marvelous creation lined in fire upon the evening sky, and to-day as I have walked through the courts and the palaces of this incomparable exhibition, the words of the prophet have been constantly in my mind: "Your old men shall dream dreams, your young men shall see visions." We who are old have through many hopeful years dreamed this dream. It was noble and inspiring, leading to earnest and uplifting labor. And now we share with you who are young the pleasure of beholding the vision, far nobler and more inspiring than the dream. . . .

All the triumphs of the spirit and of the skilled hands of labor, the garnered treasures of science, the witcheries of art, the spoils of earth and air and sea,

are gathered here to warn, to delight, to encourage and reward the ever-striving, the indomitable mind of man. Here you have force which enables men to conquer and tame the powers of nature; wealth not meant, as Tennyson sang, to rest in mounded heaps, but smit with the free light to melt and fatten lower lands; beauty, not for the selfish gratification of the few, but for the joy of the many, to fill their days with gladness and their nights with music; and hovering over all, the sublime, the well-nigh divine conception of a brotherhood of mutually helpful nations, fit harbinger and forerunner of the brotherhood of man.

God forbid that there should be in all this the slightest hint of vainglory, still less of menace to the rest of the world! On the contrary, we cannot but think that this friendly challenge we send out to all peoples, invoking them also to join in this brotherly emulation, in which the prizes are, after all, merely the right to further peaceful progress in good work, will be to the benefit and profit of every country under the wide heaven. Every great achievement in art, in science, in commerce, communicates to the universal human spirit a salutary shock which in ever-widening circles spreads to regions the most remote and obscure, to break at last in lingering ripples on the ultimate shores of space and time. Out of a good source evil cannot flow; out of the light darkness cannot be born. The benignant influences that shall emanate from this great festival of peace shall not be bounded by oceans nor by continents.

Stillman.

A FEW weeks ago, at a little village in Surrey, England, where he had gone deliberately to await the last change, passed out of life one of the keenest, bravest, and most interesting spirits of our time. William James Stillman was, in the early days of this magazine, its correspondent in London, and he has always been a valued contributor to THE CENTURY. Some of the events recorded in his recently issued and highly entertaining "Autobiography of a Journalist" were, indeed, first described in these pages, as, for instance, his experiences in the Adirondacks — when the Adirondacks were truly a wilderness — with men like Lowell, Emerson, Agassiz, Dr. Howe, and others of that ilk; and his adventures on a mission for Kossuth.

Artist and critic of art, photographer, politician in the better sense, expert woodsman, correspondent, essayist, archeologist, traveler, consul of the United States, friend of many good causes in many lands — these phrases, while they give some idea of the variety of his activities, do not fully set forth the range of his sympathies, and by no means indicate the quality of his personality or the pitch to which he carried certain of his occupations. His own title for himself, that of a journalist, perhaps points out the line of labor in which he was, on the whole, most remarkable. In his position as correspondent of the London "Times" at Rome, Athens, and elsewhere, not only was his work distinguished by his power of literary expression, but, owing to the purity and disinterestedness of his character, his swiftness of perception, his bravery, and, not the least, the charm of his personality, his position rose to diplomatic importance. Nothing is more noteworthy in the romantic history of this indefatigable, keen-minded, knightly souled American than the confi-

dence and regard inspired by him through a long lifetime in the hearts of so many of the leading spirits of our time in the New World and the Old — poets, artists, men of science, statesmen, kings, the good and great of earth.

If his love of conflict led at times to a note of severity in his writings, these became more and more genial; and his renewed interest in animal life in later years resulted in an exquisite tenderness and spirituality of tone, instanced especially in the article published in THE CENTURY in February, 1897, entitled "Billy and Hans."

Our Printer.

THE readers of THE CENTURY will pardon us if we presume too much in thinking that they will not be indifferent to the recognition which has come to the printer of this magazine, Mr. Theodore L. De Vinne, in the honorary degrees (in each case that of Master of Arts) which in June were conferred upon him by the universities of Columbia and Yale. At the commencement of Columbia, Mr. De Vinne's claims to this distinction were thus recounted by Dean Van Amringe:

The sumptuous volumes that have issued from his well-known press, the noble folio of the Book of Common Prayer, the notable publications of the Grolier Club, have won for him the proud title, "Master of the Art which is the Preserver of all the Arts." As author and typographer, in the broadest sense, his name will be associated in the coming time with those of Gutenberg, Aldus, Caxton, Plantin, the Elzevirs, Baskerville, the Didots, the Whittinghams, and our own Franklin.

High as this praise may seem, we believe it is not overstated as to Mr. De Vinne's rank in the history of printing; but it is clearly incomplete in omitting the chief item which entitles him to the regard of his countrymen and of all lovers of art. We refer to the eminence which he has achieved as a printer of illustrative work, first of woodcuts and then of subtle and difficult half-tone plates. In this field of modern progress, in which the rotary press, with its thousands upon thousands of rapidly printed sheets, has reached results once thought possible only to individual hand-printing, Mr. De Vinne has had to contend with novel, changing, and harassing commercial conditions of great complexity. His progressive and intelligent grappling with these problems first gave worldwide fame to the school of American wood-engraving, which, though in the retrospect it seems almost a part of ancient history, is still one of the artistic glories of the country. For, though most of the engravers who gave the movement its *cachet* and importance are now engaged in work upon half-tones (a necessary and honorable work, ably done, but of secondary individuality), Mr. De Vinne still has the task and pleasure of doing considerable woodcut-printing for this magazine, so that he is not yet *emeritus* in this field.

Chief in scope and importance of such work is Mr. Cole's series of wood-engravings from the masters of painting, in which series the examples of English art are soon to be succeeded by those of the Spanish school. Since Mr. Cole began in

this magazine, in 1888, the group of Italian Old Masters, a whole generation of readers has come upon the stage, and there has been a great increase in the number and variety of cheap processes of reproduction and printing. Whatever the excellences of this movement, no one perhaps would claim that it has made any advance upon the artistic standard which characterized the woodcut period, and we are probably well within the mark in saying that, with due allowance for isolated results of an admirable sort, it has, on the whole, been a serious obstacle to artistic progress. The multiplication by inferior processes of poorly printed photographs of even the best paintings is a dubious service to art, and we are convinced that, in spite of the flood of this class of illustration, there is still a considerable body of opinion which recognizes the superiority and the permanent value of the woodcut. We are presenting to our readers nearly every month prod-

ucts of Mr. Cole's graver, any one of which gives dignity and uniqueness to the number that contains it. The ordinary impressions of these cuts (barring occasional accidents due to printing in untoward weather) are so near the excellence of the "artist's proofs" that they are often mistaken for them. The time is likely to come, indeed, when old numbers of this magazine will be sought and treasured for these pictures alone. We sometimes wonder whether our readers are alive to the artistic significance of these facts, and; also, whether they suspect the toil and anxiety, often in the broiling heat of summer, that go to the production of these results. It is part of our large indebtedness to Mr. De Vinne—which we here cheerfully acknowledge—that he has so organized an institution that its coöperation with the artistic direction of THE CENTURY continues to perpetuate the traditions of the golden era of wood-engraving.



OPEN LETTERS

The Proposed Appalachian National Park.

PRIOR to the Civil War, comparatively little or nothing was known of the immense tract of country which makes up the southern Appalachian Mountains. Few railroads existed in the region, highways were poor, and travel was difficult. The writings of such men as Professor Elisha Mitchell (who lost his life in surveying the highest peak east of the Rockies) and Professor Asa Gray have done much to call attention to this, one of the most beautiful mountain regions of our whole country, and during the last twenty years railways have multiplied, and visitors, hunters, fishermen, excursionists, and home-seekers have flocked thither, until to-day the whole world knows and recognizes the value, healthfulness, and beauty of the region.

For many years there has been talk of the necessity of the government acquiring control of a portion of this southern Appalachian country. Dr. Henry O. Marcy of Boston, in a paper on climatology read before the Academy of Medicine, October 25, 1885, was one of the first to write in favor of the movement. It was not, however, until November 22, 1899, that any systematic effort was made to bring the attention of the government to the matter. During the summer of 1899 private citizens of Asheville, North Carolina, started a movement which resulted in a well-formed and chartered organization named the Appalachian National Park Association, with the aim of securing a national park and forest reserve in the southern Appalachian Mountains. The territory which it is proposed thus to purchase and include in the park lies in western

North Carolina, eastern Tennessee, northern Georgia, and northern South Carolina.

The objects of the association were set forth in a memorial which was presented to Congress in January, 1900. The reasons given for praying the government to investigate the matter were briefly as follows:

The southern Appalachian Mountains contain the largest tracts of hardwood forests to be found in the United States, and the scarcity of lumber is now compelling the lumbermen to enter these mountains, which, on account of their inaccessibility, heretofore have been unmolested. Present methods of lumbering will denude the mountains and leave them barren wastes. All the rivers of the southeastern United States have their origin in these mountains; denude the mountains, and the streams become raging torrents in the rainy season and dry up in summer. The Great Smokies and the Blue Ridge make up one of the most popular health-resorts in the country; the climate is fine the year round, and the scenery compares favorably with any to be found in the world, embracing the highest mountains east of the Rockies, Mount Mitchell being 6710 feet high, while there are over sixty peaks in this region with an altitude exceeding 6000 feet. Being within twenty-four hours of New York, Chicago, or New Orleans, this region is easily accessible to the masses of the people. There is no national park or forest reserve east of the Rockies. Large appropriations are made yearly to deepen and improve the river harbors; if this is necessary, how much more important it is to preserve their source and supply! Few residents now live on these tracts, and the

holdings, being in large areas controlled by corporations, could be secured at a minimum cost, averaging from two to five dollars per acre. If the forests are not preserved, a few years will see them destroyed, and future generations will condemn our devastating policy of to-day, as history to-day condemns the similar neglect of Switzerland and Spain. Game and fish will soon become extinct, as in the North and West, and no better trout streams exist than are found here. The flora and timber of the region are various, as here the different species of the North and South meet; our government foresters claim that under scientific forestry such a reserve would be self-sustaining. Upon the solicitation of the Appalachian National Park Association, the States interested have passed legislation requesting the government to establish such a park, and have granted the right to acquire title to such lands by the power of eminent domain, if necessary.

The only opposition to this movement has been on the part of a few selfish lumber operators. The majority of the lumber corporations, however, are in favor of the establishment of such a park and are rendering the association every assistance in their power.

The organization whose object it is to see the establishment of this preserve secured the passage of a bill by Congress in January, 1900, appropriating five thousand dollars for a preliminary investigation. The investigation was left in the hands of the Secretary of Agriculture. This department, with the assistance of the Geological Survey, mapped the whole region from Virginia to South Carolina and Georgia during the summer of 1900, and made investigations of the forests (with different varieties of hardwood timber), and examined streams, burned districts, areas under cultivation, etc.

On January 16, 1901, the President of the United States, in a special message to Congress, sent the report of the Secretary of Agriculture to that body and recommended it to favorable consideration. Following this, Senator Pritchard introduced a bill into the Senate praying for an appropriation of five million dollars. This bill was referred to the Committee on Agriculture and Forest Reser-

vations, and was favorably reported back by this committee to the Senate. More important matters crowded the question out, and a vote was not taken at the last session of Congress. The movement, however, has warm friends in both houses, and the indications are that it will receive favorable consideration when the opportune time arrives. The wide-spread interest which has been manifested in it, and the fact that there is no reasonable opposition to it, give assurance that before long a large forest reserve in the southern Appalachian Mountains will be established.

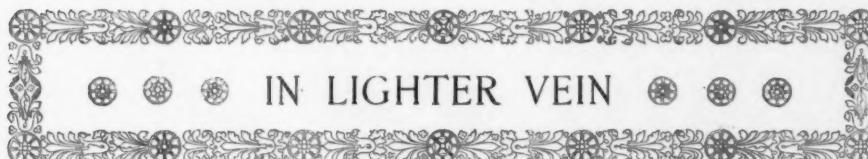
ASHEVILLE, N. C.

C. P. Ambler.

"The Century's" American Artists Series.

JOSEPH LINDON SMITH.

JOSEPH LINDON SMITH, whose portrait "Molly" is reproduced on page 653, was born at Pawtucket, Rhode Island, in the year 1863. His professional studies began in 1881, and, with the exception of many trips to Italy, Mexico, and Egypt, have been prosecuted in Paris and in Boston, where his pictures are chiefly owned. He went to Paris in 1884, and was a pupil there of Boulanger and Le Febre for two years. He has exhibited at Philadelphia, Boston, and New York. In 1899 he spent some weeks on the Nile and in Greece, and returning, in 1900, he spent three months on the Nile, mostly at Abu Simbel and Luxor, with two months in Constantinople, making some fifty studies, the most important of which were reproductions of the great temple at Abu Simbel and of the frescos of the so-called Alexander sarcophagus in Constantinople. The latter were ordered for and are now in the Boston Museum of Fine Arts. For this latter work he was decorated by the Sultan of Turkey with the third order of the Medjidi. He is now in Japan, making drawings of the old temples, statues, and pictures, which he expects to exhibit here this fall. His reproductions of Italian Renaissance and Egyptian sculpture and architecture are veritable portraits of these great works. No subtlety of color or texture has been too elusive for the delicate touch of this sympathetic translator of the charm of art, as heightened by time and the suns of Italy and Egypt.



Policeman Flynn's Adventures.
X. HE RESISTS TEMPTATION.

THE man with the high silk hat and the fat cigar was the one who put temptation in the way of Patrolman Barney Flynn. This man had been successful as a politician in a minor way, and he realized that there were elements of strength

in the resourceful, conscientious little policeman who was well and favorably known to virtually every one in the ward. Furthermore, he was looking for some one to run against an old political enemy.

"Why don't you enter the aldermanic race?" he asked one day.

"Go 'way, now; go 'way from me," returned Patrolman Flynn, waving his arms to keep the man at a distance. "Ye ha-ave th' elemnts iv th' contagion about ye, an' I 'll take no cha-ances."

"What contagion?" demanded the politician.

"Th' contagion iv seekin' office," answered Patrolman Flynn. "Oho! 't is a ter'ble thing fr to ca-atch, an' th' cure fr it is not to be found this side iv th' gra-ave. 'T is like th' opium habit, only 't is wor-rse. It dr-rags ye down an' down till ye think th' city owes ye a livin', an' if it's back'ard about givin' it to ye, why thin' t is fr ye to ta-ake it from th' pockets iv th' taxpayers without askin' their consint."

"Nonsense!" returned the politician. "Any popular man who knows the ropes and has good advice can rise in politics. Why, five years ago I was doin' odd jobs for a livin', and look at me now."

"I know, I know," returned Patrolman Flynn. "Five years ago ye was doin' all kinds iv jobs, an' now ye 're doin' all kinds iv min. I ray-mimber ye in th' ol' days. Ye wore a shabby suit iv clo'es an' a soft hat, an' ye was hustlin' all th' time; an' now I luk at ye, an' I see a shtovepipe hat on th' ba-ack iv ye'er head, an' a suit iv clo'es that's loud enough to be hear-rd a block, an' a fat see-gar, an' a watch-chain that ye might loan to th' capt'in iv a boat fr to hold his anchor. Oho! 't is a gr-reat objec'-lesson ye are. If ye go over to Long Island whin a prize-fight 's comin' off, they'll take wan luk at ye-er r-rig an' let ye in as th' manager iv th' show. Ye luk like a hot spoort, ye do fr a fac'; but if I had to wear them clo'es, I'd think th' pinalty iv gettin' office was gr-reater than th' ray-ward. Besides, there's no chanst fr me to get through th' door iv war-rd politics."

"What door do you mean?" asked the politician, ignoring the criticism of his personal appearance.

"Th' say-loon door, iv coarse," replied Patrolman Flynn. "T w'u'd be fr me to open a say-loon be wa-ay iv sta-artin' on me career."

"Oh, that's not necessary," protested the politician.

"R-right ye are; 't is not," admitted Patrolman Flynn; "but 't is cheaper an' surer that wa-ay. Th' cost iv settin' up th' dhrinks is not so gr-reat if ye 're behind th' ba-ar as it is if ye 're on th' other side iv it, an' ye ha-ave more chanst fr to contrhol th' vote. But 't is not fr me wan wa-ay or th' other. 'T w'u'd be har-rd fr me to br-break mesilf iv th' habit iv wor-rkin' fr me livin', an' thin I can't frget Clancy. Do ye ray-mimber Clancy? Oho! he was a fine lad if he 'd only been imperv-yus to th' contagion. He was a hard-wor-kin' ma-an, an' he br-rought his sal'ry home to th' good woman iv'ry Saturday night till he begun thryin' fr office. Thin he had to be a good felly, an' th' money wint over th' ba-ar. 'Me eliction ixpinsees is eatin' up me sal'ry,' he told his wife, 'but 't will be all r-right whin th' votes is counted.' But 't was not. A felly that kep' a say-loon beat him out, an' he had a har-rd time shtandin' off th' grocer till he cu'd r-raise a bit iv th' ca-ash. Thin th' pa-arty give him a job fr th' wor-rk he'd

done in th' campaign, an' 't was all up with him. He cu'd n't br-reak himself if th' bad habit he 'd contrahcted, an' he 's r-run fr some office in iv'ry eliction since. He dr-raws a sal'ry whin th' fellies he knows is on top, an' whin they're not, he gets a bit be kitin' r-round th' war-rd an' keepin' th' min in line fr th' next eliction. Oho! he has it ba-ad, fr sure, an' 't is th' same with most iv th' rist iv thim that gets sta-arterd that wa-ay. I tell



"FIVE YEARS AGO I WAS DOIN' ODD JOBS FOR A LIVIN', AND LOOK AT ME NOW!"

ye, th' felly that gets into politics gin'rally belongs in a feeble-minded inshtitute or ilse in a sanitar-yum. He 's th' victim iv a microbe that takes hold iv th' shtronkest constitution an' ha-angs on tighter than a wa-alkin' diligate to a la-abor union that pa-ays him fr makin' throuble. 'T is all wr-rong anyway. Did ye ever hear iv Cincin-nati?"

"In Ohio?"

"Niver a bit. I mean Cincinnati, th' ol' Roman."

"I guess you're thinking of the late Allen G. Thurman," suggested the politician, whose historical knowledge did not date back to the time of Cincinnatus.

"T is fr' you to guess wance more," retorted Patrolman Flynn. "I'm thinkin' iv th' ma-an me gir-rl Maggie was talkin' about. Whin he was elicted prisdint iv Rome,—or mebbe it was may'r,—they had to go to his far-rm fr' to let him know, an' whin they got there he was plowin' in a field. 'Tell him,' they says to his hired ma-an, 'fr' to come up to th' house an' be ma-ade prisdint.' 'Tell thim,' says Cincinnati, be wa-ay iv reply, 'fr' to br-ing th' office out to me. I ha-ave no time fr' to go chasin' afther it.' That's th' kind iv a ma-an Cincinnati was. No settin' them up fr' th' byes fr' him, no hangin' on th' tiliphone-wires, no log-rollin' an' thricery, no manipulatin' convintions. 'If ye want me fr' to ha-ave th' goods,' says he, 'sind thim to me, an' I'll luk them over an' tell ye what I think iv them whin I have time.'

"But what's all this got to do with the aldermanic election?" inquired the politician.

"T is this wa-ay," replied Patrolman Flynn. "I'm goin' out fr' to do a little plowin' along me beat, an' whin ye ha-ave anny political goods fr' me, ye can bring them to me there."

"You'll never get office that way in these days," asserted the politician.

"I sup-pose not," said Patrolman Flynn.

"You have to go after it," persisted the politician.

"R-right ye are," admitted Patrolman Flynn; "but there's wan thing ye'll notice about ol' Cincinnati that's missin' in th' fellies that r-runs fr' office now."

"What's that?"

"Th' politicians iv that da-ay," said Patrolman Flynn, slowly, "th' practical an' professional politicians, had no chanst fr' to assess him fr' campaign xpenses an' lead him a wild an' excitin' chase fr' two or three months, an' thin ha-and him a gold brick fr' his time an' his money."

Elliott Flower.



WHEN Johnny spends the day with us, you never seen the beat
O' all the things a-happenin' in this ole house an' street.

Ma she begins by lockin' up the pantry door an' cellar,
An' ev'ry place that's like as not to interest a feller.
An' all her chiny ornymnts, a-stickin' round the wall,
She sets as high as she kin reach, fer fear they'll git a fall.
An' then she gits the arnicky, an' stickin'-plaster, out,
An' says, "When Johnny's visitin' they're good to have about."

I tell you what, there's plenty fuss
When Johnny spends the day with us!

When Johnny spends the day with us, Pa puts his books away,
An' says, "How long, in thunder, is that noosance goin' to stay?"
He brings the new lawn-mower up, an' locks it in the shed;
An' hides his strop, an' razor, 'tween the covers on the bed.

He says, "Keep out that liberry, whatever else you do,
Er I shall have a settlement with you, an' Johnny too!"

Says he, "It makes a lot o' fuss
To have him spend the day with us!"

When Johnny spends the day with us, the man across the street
Runs out an' swears like anything, an' stamps with both his feet;
An' says he'll have us 'rested 'cause his winder-glass is broke,
An' if he ever ketches us it won't be any joke!



He never knows who done it, 'cause there's no one ever round,
An' Johnny, in particular, ain't likely to be found.
I tell you what, there's plenty fuss
When Johnny spends the day with us!

When Johnny spends the day with us, the cat gits up an' goes
A-scootin' 'crost a dozen lots to some ole place she knows;

The next-door childern climb the fence, an' hang around fer hours,
An' bust the hinges off the gate, an' trample down the flowers;
An' break the line with Bridget's wash, an' muddy up the cloze;
An' Bridget she gives warnin' then—an' that's the way it goes—
A plenty noise an' plenty fuss,
When Johnny spends the day with us!

Elisabeth Sylvester.



Mixed Morals.

THE TWO BUSINESS MEN.

ONCE on a Time two Business Men were Each Confronted with what seemed to be a Fine Chance to Make Money.

One Man, being of a Cautious and Prudent Nature, said: "I will not Take Hold of this Matter until I have Carefully Examined it in All its Aspects and Inquired into All its Details."

While he was thus Occupied in a Thorough Investigation he Lost his Chance of becoming a Partner in the Project, and as It proved to be a Booming Success, he was Much Chagrined.

The Other Man, when he saw a Golden Opportunity Looming Up Before him, Embraced it at once, without a Preliminary Question or Doubt.

But alas! after he had Invested all his Fortune in it, the Scheme proved to be Worthless, and he Lost all his Money.

MORALS:

This Fable teaches that you should Strike While the Iron is Hot and Look Before you Leap.

THE TWO HUSBANDS.

ONCE on a Time there were Two Men, each of whom married the Woman of his Choice. One Man devoted all his Energies to Getting Rich.

He was so absorbed in Acquiring Wealth that he worked Night and Day to Accomplish his Ends.

By this Means he lost his Health, he became a Nervous Wreck, and was so Irritable and Irasci-

ble that his Wife Ceased to live with him and Returned to her Parents' House.

The Other Man made no Efforts to Earn Money, and after he had Spent his own and his Wife's Fortunes, Poverty Stared them in the Face.

Although his Wife had loved him Fondly, she could not Continue her affection toward One who could not Support her, so she left him and Returned to her Childhood's Home.

MORALS:

This Fable teaches that the Love of Money is the Root of All Evil, and that When Poverty Comes In At the Door, Love Flies Out Of the Window.

THE ECONOMICAL PAIR.

ONCE on a Time there was a Man and his Wife who had Different Ideas concerning Family Expenditures.

The Man said: "I am Exceedingly Economical; although I spend Small Sums here and there for Cigars, Wines, Theater Tickets, and Little Dinners, yet I do not buy me a Yacht or a Villa at Newport."

But even with these Praiseworthy Principles, it soon Came About that the Man was Bankrupt.

Whereupon he Reproached his Wife, who Answered his Accusations with Surprise.

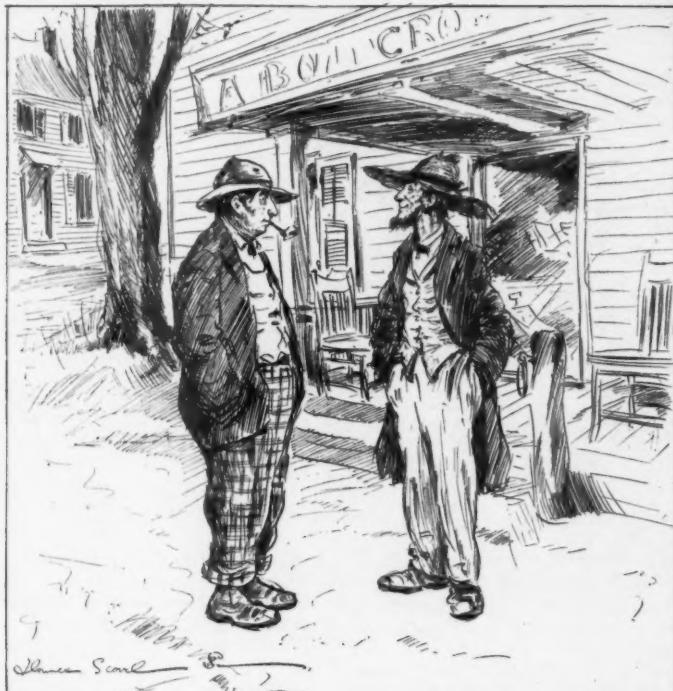
"Me! My dear!" she exclaimed. "Why, I am Exceedingly Economical. True, I Occasionally

buy me a Set of Sables or a Diamond Tiara, but I am Scrupulously Careful about Small Sums; I Diligently unknot all Strings that come around Parcels, and Save Them, and I use the Backs of Old Envelops for Scribbling-Paper. Yet, somehow, my Bank-Account is also Exhausted."

MORALS:

This Fable teaches to Take Care of the Pence and the Pounds will Take Care of Themselves, and that we Should Not Be Penny-Wise and Pound-Foolish.

Carolyn Wells.



Proof Positive.

"I HEAR your sister Lyddy 's visitin' yer. Lyddy 's some eddicated, ain't she?"
"Eddicated! Well, I should say she war. Why, she never sets down to read that she don't have a big dictionary right by her!"

K. McD. Rice.

Och, I was a Green Gossoon.

OCH, I was a green gossoon
When Molly I met in the morn!
Nor e'en such a colleen had seen,
Forninst the day I was born!
Oh, the blink o' her beauty it blinded me,
An' no other colleen I findeth me!

Och, I was a green gossoon,
When Molly a smile to me flung!
Me heart was hers in a breath,
An' tied in a knot was me tongue.

Och, I was a green gossoon,
When Molly a word to me spoke!

I dreamt that the angels did sing,
An' the windys o' heaven were broke!

Och, I was a green gossoon,
When Molly a kiss did me give!
I thought that I surely should die,
For one so bewitched could no live.

No longer a green gossoon,
My hair is turning to gray;
I limp down the street on the morn,
An' Molly I meet on the way:
Oh, the blink o' her beauty it blindeth me,
An' no other colleen I findeth me.

Jennie E. T. Dowe.

